LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

By JAMES MASON, Esq.

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CIRCUMSTANCES

RESPECTING

THE LATE CHARLES MONTFORD, ESQ.

BY GEORGE HARLEY, ESQ.

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CIRCUMSTANCES.

CHAP. I.

I HAVE sometimes smiled at men, who in the midst of sorrow for the loss of those they loved, have seemed to find the greatest consolation in describing their merits, and dwelling upon their virtues, their talents, and their accomplishments. Grief I have supposed to be sedate and retiring, indisposed to communication, and above all things, incapable of exertion. I ridiculed the woes of Lord Lyttelton, whose poem on the death of his wife, though I could not deny its power over the heart of the reader, did not in my opinion proceed from that of the author. I am now undeceived by severe experience. I acknowledge, with humble gra-

titude to the Giver of all good, that when the first violence of grief is past, a state of comparative tranquillity succeeds, in which the highest pleasure is to expatiate at large upon the character of the friend we shall see no more, to dwell with minute exactness upon the various occurrences of his life, to suppose situations in which, had he been still alive, he would have acted in this or in that manner, and to linger with inexhaustible garrulity upon the last melancholy scene, when he closed his eyes in death. The world seems to me a cheerless and dreary waste, in which all the joys that once danced before me in such gay succession, are shrunk and blasted; yet thus cold and desolate, I feel some relief in describing my friend as he was, and sometimes, as I enumerate upon paper his many virtues, I seem to snatch him for a moment from the grave. Thus employed, as I have sustained a double loss, I shall receive in some small measure a double consolation. The part of his history which now fixes my attention, is inseparably connected with that of her whom I loved as a sister. I may do some ser-

vice to the world by exhibiting excellence too great, alas! to be so early lost; I shall execute the last wish of my dying friend, and by a simple narration of events as they took place, I shall perhaps rescue myself and those who acted with me from a censure, I will hope, unmerited, and a punishment, which, surely, the sternest moralist will confess to be more than superfluous.

I first knew Charles Montford at Cambridge. There were points in his character, which peculiarly attracted my admiration—a lively susceptibility, corrected by a most distinguishing simplicity, and an union, still more uncommon, of pleasing gentleness; with the most manly frankness—still more uncommon! Independance of character, when it becomes so evident as to draw notice, is often accompanied with a ferocity, which, if it is not so disgusting as hypocrisy, is infinitely more troublesome and oppressive. Such men deceive themselves—they are proud of the lofty independance, the generous frankness of their natures, yet, perhaps, if they were not rude and impertinent, they would be hypocritical and mean. In

Montford, a total want of disguise and reserve, an incapacity as it were, to conceal any wish, or thought, or principle, where the secrets of friendship were not concerned, were so tempered with a softness and playfulness of disposition, that he could speak most harshly, if his words alone were considered, without giving the least offence. These traits of character were embellished and set off by that indescribable grace, which is only found in early life, and which exemplified in Montford more than any man I ever saw, what the most elegant of all poets means, when he speaks of the purple light of youth.

It may be supposed from this description, that Montford was caressed by a numerous acquaintance, that he was sought for as a necessary part of every society, that he was surrounded by friends. He was not however generally liked at the university; the easy gaiety with which he gained the victory in many a well-fought dispute, roused the enmity of the graver sort, who could not endure the defeat of long-treasured learning and laboured knowledge, from a man who was not furnished with similar weapons. While

he was present, they could scarcely avoid joining in the laugh against themselves, but in his absence they sneered at him as superficial and frivolous. Others, who found him fond of pleasures, but requiring in these pleasures a delicacy they did not understand, accused him of affectation, while some brought against him a heavier charge, which every look, word, and gesture disproved, and called him insincere. While he felt within himself numerous and inexhaustible resources, he regarded little the title of superficial; while he gratified the elegant refinement of his nature, he despised the cry of the vulgar; but he was roused to some degree of vexation by the glaring injustice of the last accusation; feeling that most of his misfortunes in life, had arisen from the excess of that virtue in which he was said to be deficient.

I must confess, however, though in reality he was eminently free from this vice, that his conduct was sometimes attended with its effects; and though I can write of him only to praise him, I would not wish him in this respect to become the object of imitation. By his too great solicitude to please, he frequently raised ex-

pectations, which it was impossible for him to gratify, and many were induced to rank themselves amongst his friends, whom in fact he never esteemed. Another cause of this reproach, was the inequality of his temper—no man on earth was so subject to variations in his spirits—when these were high, when his soul was in its elevation, in its holiday, every object around him seemed clothed with ten thousand beauties. The barren heath was enamelled with flowers, the withered tree flourished in luxuriant vegetation, every sound was harmony, every gale fragrant. That art, by which all that is noxious or unpleasant disappears, by which the dregs of life are made to sink, leaving nothing on the surface that is not either salutary or delightful, was in these moments peculiarly his own. Whomever he met, he accosted with the ardent benevolence which burnt so vividly within him—he professed his eagerness to serve, and he professed no more than he felt—he made no promises for the future, but at the time he spoke, no sacrifices of his own convenience would have been too great. Two or three hours afterwards, perhaps, those

he had thus caressed, found him unsociable and distant. I would not justify, or even excuse an uncertainty of character, which is poorly compensated even by the brilliancy of genius; but let me remind the censurers of my friend, that if he was sometimes cold, he was never morose; that in his gayer moments he had professed to them no lasting attachment, or called them his friends, that if he had treated them with affection, he would have treated all the world in the same manner. Had they wished his services, they should have accepted them when he made the offer—they would then have been gainers—if they missed the opportunity, they should have condemned themselves as well as him who presented it. Did they not display an ignorance of human nature? had they known it better, they would surely have been less severe upon a man, who, whatever might be their disappointment, suffered more than themselves, in the depression of the spirits, the sinking of the heart, in that horrible state, when the present is intolerable, and the future hopeless. If at such a time Montford shewed no affection for others, how gladly would

he have fled from himself. That he was capable of a lasting attachment, I have witnessed in a long unaltered friendship; if his bitterest enemy will follow me through a few pages, he will acknowledge the same truth.

In figure, Montford was something above the middle size, slender, well-made, and extremely active. His countenance, varying perpetually according to the changes of his mind, faithful to its director, never entirely lost its native sweetness. There was a mild lustre in his eye, as far removed from fierceness as from indolence. His complexion was pale, but with no appearance of ill health. His features were not perfectly regular, but this circumstance did not diminish the attractions of his countenance. The tones of his voice were manly and pleasing, singularly adapted to every species of eloquence. He was the natural son of a distinguished nobleman in the west of England. He was always treated by his father with the greatest affection, and it was not until within a few years, when a legitimate offspring, the fruit of a late marriage, were growing towards maturity, that he found

his home in any respect uncomfortable. His father perceiving this alteration, settled upon him a handsome annuity, with a promise to leave him a considerable estate at his death, and my friend thus supplied, entered himself at the university, intending to pay his father a visit once a year. They had never the least quarrel. The greatest affection continued between them, and as things were so well understood, there was no danger of its interruption.

A short time after I first saw Montford, I became so much attached to him, that I was anxious to introduce him to my relations. By this means I was in hopes of preserving his society during the vacation. My nearest surviving relation was an uncle who lived in Essex, about fifty miles from Cambridge, and who, by unaltered kindness and tenderness, had endeavoured to supply the place of my parents, whom I lost in very early life. He was an excellent man, full of strong affections, which he lavished on all whom his good judgment pointed out as worthy of them. He had prejudices, alas! fatal prejudices. Yet perhaps he would have relinquished them,

had he lived long enough to see the necessity of such a sacrifice. They should indeed have been weaker or better known.

The family of Harley is nearly as ancient and illustrious as any to be found in the British annals. Without staying to inquire if some friendly antiquarians have been justified in giving them a place of no trifling consideration under the Saxon Edgar, we certainly find them enrolled under Harold at the battle of Hastings, and can ascertain that they were highly instrumental in sustaining that opposition to the conqueror which was for some time lengthened out in the south-east part of England. Whether William despised their subsequent weakness, or wished by his lenity to bribe their indolence, cannot now be discovered; but we trace them with some difficulty through a tranquil and splendid retirement, till they again emerged in the reign of Henry IV. and became connected by marriage with that ambitious and politic prince. Such an alliance may be regarded as a fresh proof of their previous importance, for it must be ascribed to the wishes of Henry, who was probably eager to strengthen his usurped

power, by attaching to his interest and person the principal attendants on his court. The barony of Chelmsford, and a permission to quarter the arms of England, were the first brilliant consequences of this royal connexion. In the unfortunate dispute between the houses of Lancaster and York, the Harleys took a decided part with the former; and on the accession of Edward IV. were deprived of their title and estate. They were allowed, however, on all sides, to have exhibited the virtues of statesmen and soldiers, and a high and honourable fame attended the last survivor of his now impoverished family. During the reign of Henry VII. they recovered a considerable part of their property, but their title was still withheld, as much indeed in mercy as severity, unless the whole of their possessions were restored together with it. From this period, when they might justly have adopted the "plaintive motto" of the Courtnay family, having suffered for their attachment to their reigning and peculiarly connected sovereign, they enjoyed and distributed the blessings of an ample, though not an immense fortune; and my uncle contemplated with

equal pleasure, the virtues, misfortunes, and splendor of his race. His paternal love did not prevent him from lamenting the want of a male heir, but upon the accomplishments and fortune of his daughter, he had formed the scheme of marrying her to some gentleman of high birth and opulence, with the hopes that one of her younger sons might assume and perpetuate the name and dignity of Harley. That my uncle had formed such a plan I perfectly knew, but certainly I did not perceive the steadfastness and warmth with which he embraced it, and which led him with such disastrous perseverance through details almost evanescent.

When Mr. Harley was pressing his feelings on this subject too far, I have sometimes entered into dispute with him, endeavoured to mark the line of termination, and pointed out the most melancholy consequences in instances where such immoderate views have effected the complete misery of families. His constant answer was, that in the present state of the country, it was more than ever necessary to maintain the pride of birth in its full extent, as the only antidote against that vulgar sentiment

which is the general concomitant of overflowing commerce. He would sometimes break out into violent indignation against those wretched reasoners, as deficient, he would say, in judgment as in heart, who would destroy the high and peculiar privileges of man, by confining him to the present hour, or at least limit them, by cutting off the recollection of the past. Then the natural excellence of his disposition would shew itself, and he would allow, that extreme cases, which could not rationally find place in arguing upon the subject, must be left to be provided for in an extraordinary manner. Would to God he had lived to put this maxim into execution, a maxim as coming from him, which I wish peculiarly to impress on the reader's mind.

Of Mrs. Harley I will not speak. I could fill pages in her praise, but her heavy afflictions will sanctify her in the eyes of the reader, and I should appear to do her violence in displaying her virtues to the world. But surely, without offence, I may expatiate upon those of the dead, and pay that tribute to the daughter, which the mother would refuse. Yes! Louisa, I will

shew thee as thou wast, and never surely will a brighter example appear of sensibility and firmness, of affection and honour. Ah! why was not such a mind gifted with a frame capable of sustaining its virtuous and heroic struggles.

Louisa Harley was just of that size which gives a woman sometimes the appellation of handsome, sometimes that of beautiful, according to the dress she may happen to wear. No one would say, her appearance was insignificant, still less that it was masculine or bold. But though at first sight you might have doubted how to describe her, after a few minutes' conversation with her, you would not have hesitated to call her beautiful, rather than handsome. The gentleness of her manner and the softness of her voice, removed from you at once all idea of the heroine. Her complexion was singularly delicate, not of that sort which creates a suspicion of the use of art, but perpetually varying with blushes. When we were children, it was my constant reproach, in all our little quarrels, that she could not speak without blushing. I might have been equally severe when she was eighteen, the time I am

now alluding to, but I was no longer a school-boy, and my taste was changed. Her eyes did not quite deserve the title of blue, but her long eye-lashes gave them a soft and silken cast, particularly fascinating, and their water was strikingly clear. Her features were so regular, that the world would have stiled her beautiful, whatever had been her countenance. This I shall not describe; it was the faithful index of her mind, which will sufficiently appear as I proceed.

The most powerful sentiment of Louisa's mind, was an entire admiration of her father. Her affectionate and simple disposition indeed, would not allow her to follow him through all the painful subtleties of genealogical distinction; and the feeling which in him at short intervals gave birth to perplexing conversation, and a conduct somewhat offensive from its haughtiness, in his daughter seemed just enough to support and dignify a nature which, without such an auxiliary, might, perhaps, have confided too much in the supposed excellence of all around it. When Mr. Harley spoke of his matrimonial schemes for her, she would only request to have an opinion

in the affair, a claim which was more than once granted her with a tear of paternal tenderness.

In the Easter of 98, I wrote to my uncle to say I should bring my friend with me to pass the vacation at his house, and not doubting of a welcome, we almost overtook my letter. Mr. and Mrs. Harley received us with the greatest cordiality, and Louisa, who always thought of me as a brother, flew into my arms. Montford was melted almost to tears by this display of unaffected feeling, and, when fearing she had been guilty of some indecorum, she turned from me with confusion, and with one of her characteristic blushes, to receive him with all due ceremony, he bowed to her as if he was paying his adorations to some superior being. With few opportunities of enjoying female society, he had seen no woman like Louisa—I shall be laughed at for ascribing so much to a bow, yet it surely spoke surprise, admiration, a feeling perhaps softer than admiration. There was something added from the spirit of gallantry, that spirit which finds its source in delicacy and honour, and throws such a charm, not the less valuable because

indescribable, into the intercourse of the sexes.

After some time we retired to prepare ourselves for dinner. Returning into the parlour, I overtook my fair cousin on the staircase. "Well, Louisa, and what do you think of my friend?" "why, really, he is not ill-looking." At that moment Montford's door opened, and he appeared just above us upon the landing—Louisa, tapping me on the shoulder, cried, "ah traitor!" and ran as fast as she could down the stairs. Montford joined me—"never before was there such a charming creature in the world," said he. "You have seen too little both of her and the world," I replied, "to be able to judge." "She can have no equal, by heaven!" said he. We were then at the parlour door—on opening it, he said, "I fear I alarmed you, Miss Harley,"—"No, no," she returned, "you but interrupted a tête-a-tête, but indeed the place was a little too public," looking archly at me. I recollect these circumstances, trifling as they are, as if they were of yesterday,—let the reader pardon me if I am too minute in relating them. At dinner, Montford was in high spirits, and I saw

with singular pleasure, that the family rejoiced in their new acquaintance. In the private intercourse of life there is not, perhaps, a higher gratification, than to form an intimacy between strangers whom we respect and love. The new friendship becomes a pledge and security for the old. It is a link which seemed wanting to complete the chain—this added, all is complete, firm and durable—as far as human power alone is concerned, indissoluble. Oh what a melancholy office has that historian to perform, who has to relate some disastrous combination of circumstances, by which the purest of all feelings, apparently uncontaminated with the frailty of our nature, has become the source of the most insupportable of all calamities.

After dinner, my uncle began to talk of the improvements he was making upon his estate. Agriculture was a subject which Montford had studied. He hinted some experiments which had been made with success by his father, at his instigation. My uncle was delighted. The bottle went round with uncommon expedition, and had not a message from the ladies proposed a a walk rather earlier than usual, we might

perhaps have incurred the hazard of offending them in some degree by spirits rather too boisterous. Montford and I rose, leaving my uncle to take his evening nap.—We were scarcely out of the room when he called me back—"Come here, George—that friend of yours is a fine fellow, a very fine fellow," said he, "on my life I never thought so well of you before—such a friend is as great an ornament as an advantage to you—hold him fast, my boy, to your old age—well, go and take your walk, I am sure it will be a pleasant one—I could almost forsake my arm chair and accompany you, but habits, old habits, are too strong." I went up to him, and giving him a hearty shake by the hand, followed my friend. I never knew Montford more entertaining than during this walk. Whether it is, as Sir Harry Wildair tells us, "that burgundy makes a man talk like an angel," or that he was inspired by the charming tranquillity of the evening, or, what is most probable, by the beauty of Louisa, who walked by his side, he pursued whatever subject occurred, with such a combination of wit, sense, and feeling, as to astonish me, who had often acknowledged his conversa-

tional powers. My aunt, who was leaning upon my arm, whispered now and then her admiration. Louisa's eyes sparkled more than ever, if it was not the glow of exercise suffused over her lovely face, that gave them their new lustre. We almost forgot Mr. Harley, and it was not till after the usual time of tea, that we returned to him. He received us however with the greatest good humour. The rest of the evening was passed in cards, and other amusements, almost as pleasantly as the first part of it. The next morning Montford and I rode out. He discovered ten thousand beauties in the different prospects I pointed out to him, which had never struck me before. The day after I persuaded Louisa to accompany us, and she was more surprised than I had been to find how little she knew of the country, where she had spent the greatest part of her life. Thus passed our time, and almost the only vexation, a vexation of which the whole party partook, was caused by the arrival of any visitor.

One morning Montford did not appear at the breakfast hour—I looked for him in his room, but he was not to be found. Mr. Harley, whose serenity of temper was now and

then disturbed by the gout, and who had suffered a restless night from its attacks, was angry. "Yes," said he, "these are your modern manners—you receive a fellow into your house, he goes out and comes in just when he pleases—he disregards the usual hours of the family, and this he calls ease. By Jupiter, if he were any other man than Charles Montford, he should have no breakfast at all." Montford, however, did not arrive. Louisa was discomposed. She was hurt at the displeasure of her father, which, however slight, interrupted most painfully to her gentle and affectionate mind, the harmony in which we had been living. At length Charles entered the room.—"A thousand pardons!" cried he, "I fear I am beyond the proper hour." Mr. Harley looked at his watch—"Ah Mr. Harley." continued he, "a silent reproof is the most horrible of all, but you shall hear my adventure, and then I am sure you will forgive me." My uncle stretched out his hand to him.—"What a poor wretch this gout makes a man," said he. The reconciliation was complete. The blood mounted into the cheeks of Louisa, and she was obliged to bend closely over the table to conceal a

transient tear. "I was returning from my walk," said Montford, "when I met one of your laborers going to his work—his mien at some distance, struck me. There appeared in him a grace, visible even in his method of walking, which resembled in no respect that of a poor peasant. As I approached nearer, I thought I perceived a peculiar dignity in his countenance—Lavater would find here, thought I, a patient sorrow, an acute sense of suffering, with a lofty pride, a generous magnanimity, capable of bearing the most severe—when I came up to him, I could not help bidding him good morning and bowing to him—he took off his hat—I was in a romantic mood, and his broad and ample forehead bespoke in my eyes, extent of capacity." He has seen the count," said Louisa. "The count!" replied Montford, staring, "What do you mean?" "Not a ghost," returned Louisa, "but did you speak to him?" "Yes," said Montford, laughing, "and entered into conversation with him. I found him a foreigner, and can now guess, by the rank you have given him, a part of his history." Louisa shall give it you at full length," said my uncle, after breakfast.

You will then see the necessity of maintaining in its extent, that high-born pride which makes a man ashamed of sinking under adversity—you will see how closely this is connected in the count de Liancourt with that of birth. He looks back upon a long line of illustrious ancestry, and finds unspeakable pleasure in the thought, that even in the hardest circumstances, he has not degraded those from whom he is sprung. He is not so rich as they were; he has not the same number of dependants and followers; but he has the same unsullied honor, and this still makes his relationship clear." After breakfast, which Montford now hurried as much as he had before delayed it, he reminded Louisa of the task she was to undertake; this might have been performed in a few minutes, but from the frequent interruptions of the auditor, it occupied more than an hour.

The count de Liancourt was an emigrant noble of France, he had adhered to the fortunes of his sovereign, long after they became hopeless, and by his intrepid language and conduct, had been the object of the fear and hatred of the ruling powers. He was fortunate, enough however, to make

his escape in the beginning of the reign of Roberspierre. On his arrival in England, he had been supported, in common with many others in a similar situation, by the subscriptions so liberally made for this purpose; but his proud and lofty mind could ill bear a state of dependance upon the bounty of the affluent, and he determined to earn by labor that subsistence, which he could not endure as a gift. With this view he made diligent inquiries in the counties bordering upon Middlesex, for he was then in London, and having informed himself of the character of Mr. Harley, applied to him, as the person under whom he wished to put his project into execution. My uncle was happy in being able to serve a man of such a character, and hoping that the bare intention of working would be sufficient to satisfy honor, received him, nominally he imagined, amongst his laborers. The count de Liancourt, however, had not so satisfied himself. His imperious and searching soul suffered no self-delusion. He labored with the lowest peasant, and never shrunk from the task. He steadily refused every invitation from the hall, declaring with a smile, that he had seen enough in

his own country of the confusion of ranks and situations. The sole difference between him and the rest of the workmen, was in his not appearing with them at the end of the week to receive his wages; what he had earned was sent to his cottage. This my uncle insisted upon.

De Liancourt was a man of great power, and naturally of warm and vehement passions.—By the nature of his education, these passions had centered in a romantic love of virtue.—Had he remained in society, his life would have been one continued scene of exertion for the benefit of others —his projects would have been large, and his labors persevering.—Yet we may doubt whether he would have sufficiently condescended to the detail of common events, to have brought his schemes to success—his virtues were too abstracted—his aim was the indulgence of a sentiment, rather than the execution of an act—the mere feeling of having done well or greatly, would have been his great reward—and thus, disinterestedness pushed to its extreme, would sometimes have assumed the form and been attended with the consequences of real selfishness. This temper fitted de Liancourt for retirement and exile—It was not his

fault that he was deprived of the opportunity of usefulness—it was not the object he had loved, so much as the means—not the acquisition, so much as the sentiment. More than half his enjoyment still remained. Calm, and unruffled by misfortunes, he proudly reposed on himself—if accidentally he betrayed sallies of sourness and misanthropy, even then he hardly sunk to a level with our common nature.

The disposition I have described, is perhaps almost the only one which enables a man, who has been accustomed to active life, to bear seclusion with real cheerfulness; and this disposition scarcely ever existing, we can be at no loss to account for the general disappointment of those, who are induced at some unfortunate moment to adopt a retired life. There is indeed scarcely any subject on which men, and those too of great and splendid qualities, practise more self-delusion. Tired with follies they despise, and shocked with crimes and vices, whose fatal consequences they can only foretel, they fly to the tranquillity of the country, where, if there is nothing violently to please, there is at least nothing to offend. The villa raises its modest head, and the lengthening walk knows

no step but that of its possessor. When he is wearied with solitude, he finds company in his books—here he converses with the best and wisest of men in their happiest moments—he can forsake them without giving offence—if he wishes to resume them, they are already with him—in the world of his library he finds virtue without formality, and genius without caprice. The friend, the friend of his youth may perhaps be admitted, who hears him express his wonder that any should engage in the feverish struggle of mankind.—Then is this negative praise terminated by splendid declamation on his present happiness.—We might answer with a smile, that real happiness is seldom eloquent, and we may venture to suspect, amidst the self-congatulations of the all-accomplished and philosophic Gibbon, that his brilliant labors did not rescue him from that weariness and ennui, which not seldom raised a wish that he might exchange his clear sky and chrystal lake, for the social pleasures of a populous city, with all its noise, smoke, and irritation.—How shall we account for this? shall we say, that powers disused become painful to the possessor? that he, who has been ac-

customed to the applause of mankind, like a good actor still requires a large audience? Is it constitution? is it vanity? or is it rather the love of society implanted in all men, and never so deeply as in those, whose great and lofty qualities enable them to serve all around them? De Liancourt was of powerful mind, but his power was employed to bear up against his misfortunes, and to sustain him in the midst of bitter recollections—he never had been vain, and his love of society was so diminished by the events of the revolution, that any future exertions for the service of others, would arise from principles of duty, rather than sentiments of affection. This temper, as I before observed, received a vast accession of strength from the nature of his education, which I shall soon take occasion to describe.

The only circumstance that seemed materially to oppress the spirits of the count, was his uncertainty with regard to the fate of his wife. Had he supposed that the rage of the tyrant who then governed France, would have been directed against women, nothing would have induced him to leave her; but hoping that she might

follow him at her leisure, he took the only means of escape in his power, in flying alone. From that time to the period of which I am writing, all his inquiries concerning her had totally failed of success. Thus were these unfortunate persons torn from each other—it was in the ardor of early affection—they were both young, and had not been long married.

Montford found singular pleasure in visiting his new acquaintance. I seldom accompanied him, for though the count had taken no personal dislike to me, but on the contrary always treated me with the greatest politeness, I perceived he did not wish to put himself on a footing of familiarity with me. This I attributed to some delicate reflection on my near relationship with Mr. Harley, and I did not dare to intrude.

It would not be difficult to describe the figure and countenance of the count de Liancourt—the outlines are strongly marked, and not to be mistaken; but I have seen a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which represents him with singular accuracy—if there is a difference, I would say, that the count has somewhat of a gayer air—it is generally known, I believe, under the de-

nomination of the banished lord, and to it I refer the reader.

At length the day arrived when Montford and myself were obliged to return to Cambridge for the term. After a pressing invitation from Mr. Harley to spend a part of the next summer with him, and having accepted it with more warmth if possible than it was given, we set out. My friend, who had shewn sufficiently without the help of words, how deeply he was impressed with the remembrance of the pleasant fortnight he had passed, began, when we were scarcely seated in the carriage, to describe it in its minutest circumstances. "As for your cousin, Harley," said he, "on my life, you are the most fortunate fellow in the universe.—Well—you'll let me come and see you sometimes—perhaps as I grow old I shall not envy you." "Envy me! no, no—but what are you thinking of? I am not going to marry my cousin," "Not marry her! why she loves you, that is plain, and what blessing can equal the affection of a woman like her!" "Pshaw! Pshaw! Charles, you would not have me marry my sister, for so I have always considered Louisa—Ah Charles, if it was not

for that frightful bar in your escutcheon—but my uncle must have a clear pedigree." Montford laughed. "No, no," said he, "my ambition soars not so high; I will observe her from a distance, I will admire her—but love, love, Harley, is too costly a passion for us poor sons of chance." Here we were silent a few minutes—Alas! how far was I from reflecting on the ruin to which I was contributing.

I had not been long at Cambridge before I was congratulated by many, on the great improvement in the spirits of my friend. He was no longer subject to those sudden and extreme variations, which made it uncertain, when he entered into society, whether he would amuse or sadden it. He was now always cheerful, sometimes rising into his former elevation, but never sinking in his former depressions. I was not slow in attributing this fortunate change to its real cause. Montford, on his return from school, had passed two years with his father. Amongst those who live at a great distance from the capital and large cities, the progress of knowledge is slow and heavy. Prejudices are seldom attacked, and therefore increase rather than diminish. Real

merit, perhaps seldom seen, is not understood.—We must not be surprised, therefore, that Montford was received in his father's neighbourhood with far less consideration than he deserved. He soon perceived that his company was endured, rather than solicited, and that he owed even the cold civilities he met with, to that nobleman's situation. A natural son could not be admitted into society upon a footing with others—this was to infringe the sacred laws of wedlock, to set a wretched example to the poor, to encourage vice in all ranks—the danger was pressing—the politician at the coffee-house uttered his decree, the old lady at the card-table enforced its execution. It may easily be conceived, how much a man of Montford's disposition would feel the misery of such an entrance into the world. He was severely disappointed, and lamented, as he has often told me, with indescribable anguish, that the period which is the object of all the ardent prayers of other men, should be thus cheerless for him. Even his home became intolerable. An imperious woman and her family treated him with harshness; and from the description he has given me of his

and from the description he has given me of his situation for a year, I think he would scarcely have survived a second similar to it. Now all was changed, he had been treated not only without coolness, but with the greatest cordiality, by a family, whom, in his coldest moments, he could esteem for their many virtues, but of whom, when he recollected their attachment to him, he could not think without the warmest affection. He had scarcely supposed there were such people in existence. Now he hoped, there were many like them—if not—he felt himself satisfied.

Considering me as the author of all his happiness, he became more attached to me, if possible, than before. We lived together almost entirely, and if I were to select the period of my life I should most wish to repeat, it would undoubtedly be the two, or three months, I now passed with him at Cambridge.

One evening, as we were sitting together, after one of our little dinners, which we often agreed must shame the Sabine banquets of a great poet, however he might compare them to those of heaven—our window wide open, to admit the warm, yet

refreshing breezes—our wine old, and fresh from the cellar—as we were thus sitting, sometimes still, and sometimes swinging on our chairs, making a thousand remarks, with or without meaning, laughing at a thousand jests, with or without point—"Charles," I said, "I am going to send a packet to my cousin Louisa."—"What is it?" "Oh! a true university present, a book." "Indeed!" "Nothing less than Rousseau's Heloisa." "You intend it as a mirror in which she may see herself, I suppose." "Heaven forbid!" "Ah! be assured at that moment I but thought of Julia's virtues, I had forgotten her weaknesses." "That is but a poor escape; would Julia have been so excellent if she had not erred; did not many of her brightest charms arise from these weaknesses; where would have been the merit of her virtuous struggles; should we have so much admired her as the wife of Mr. Wolmar? No, no, my cousin will not thank you for the compliment." "She will not think herself disparaged when she has read the book, and whatever she may tell us, I shall persist, that unassuming in the midst of power, animated with every tender affection, and

all the sublime of virtue, beautiful, gentle, unaffected, sensible, she is still very like Julia." "Well then, said I, let us fill our glasses, and drink my cousin's health." Charles threw the wine on the table, and I was sure that my uncle would overlook the bar in the escutcheon.

Montford resuming said—what will the world think of your sending such a book as a present to a young lady? Will they not accuse you of endeavouring to poison her mind with dangerous and sometimes licentious sentiments? Will they not say you expose her to the destructive fascinations of an author, who, perpetually hurrying between unnatural refinement and gross indelicacy, leaves nothing to the quiet and secure moderation of virtue and nature? I answered that it had always appeared to me absurd to exclude such a work as the Heloisa from female perusal, or rather to place it amongst those productions, which were to be read only by stealth, and really became mischievous from being generally supposed so. Indeed, I have always thought that the book in question should by no means be put under an universal interdict. Its indelicacies are of such a nature as to

be perfectly laughable rather than alluring: its exaggerated sentiment will never injure the generality of minds, not certainly the minds of those who have been prudent enough to avoid reading it on account of its imagined dangers. It is hard then that its beautiful descriptions, its enchanting eloquence, its embellished virtue, and its thousand nameless excellencies, should be shut out from any persons capable of estimating them, those persons forming one half the world, on account of some passages, which are in every point of view incomparably the worst in the whole performance, and which, if expunged, would, in my opinion, render the book not only more moral but more attractive." "You mistake me," replied Montford. "It is not the grossness of the Heloisa I think dangerous; it is because all the excellencies you have mentioned are combined and directed with a power truly astonishing, for the purpose of elevating the passion of love above all other feelings—of rendering it more desirable than any virtue, and a prompt and complete apology for every error. Hence the peril to soft and tender spirits, on which the usual intercourse of the world is

frequently of itself too severe a tax. Our conversation on this subject was concluded with my saying—we shall see my cousin's opinion—I will hazard the experiment—her education, disposition, and good sense, shall protect her against Julia's romance, and, for the rest, to the pure all things are pure. I extorted a promise that she would send me a critique, though this was almost as difficult a task as getting her to read the book. Montford smiled, but still seemed diffident upon the propriety of such a present. I dare not oppress myself with supposing that it conduced in secret to deepen the gloom of this sad history.

A little more than a month after this, I received a letter from Louisa, which, as it serves to shew her character, and, from its effect on Montford's mind, had a considerable influence on the events I am about to relate; I shall be pardoned if I transcribe.

"I have at last read your wonderful book, and I assure you, though your praises had raised my expectations very high, I was not disappointed. I was rather alarmed by the preface, for you know I am hardly beyond the age the author so confi-

dently threatens with destruction. However, when I perceived how unlike his characters are to the beings of this world, I began to lose my fears, for as I cannot resemble them in their virtues, I may hope to escape their errors. You had prepared me for these celestial creatures, but I do not agree with you in your censure upon the author, for not being content with the men and women of this world. To be sure there are no such friends as Julia and Clara, or as Lord Edward and St. Preux; and though I have a pretty good opinion of myself, I am afraid I should not make so good a wife to an old man of fifty, as Mrs. Wolmar, particularly if I was before attached to one nearer my own age. How you would have behaved to him who had taken your love from you, I cannot guess. Would you have become his best friend? All this is, as you say, very unnatural, but then it is unnaturally good; not what is, I know, but what we would wish to be. We may approach as near as we can, and our incapacity to complete the imitation, may teach us humility. I have got a simile for you, and, like a true woman, I have taken it from my toilette. These unnaturally ex-

cellent characters, I compare to a spotless mirror, in which whoever looks, will discover his deformities, and, perhaps become better by self-abasement. You will go on and say they are easily destroyed. Alas! it is too true. They are exposed to ten thousand evils, grosser spirits know not—a breath soils them—a gale of wind breaks them in pieces. But if the persons in this exquisite performance were a little more within our reach, I do not see the danger of studying them. However fond of power you men may be, surely the greatest tyrant amongst you would not wish a more dutiful and humble wife than Julia. Then every one sees that she is much happier with her old husband than her youthful lover—the fond and judicious mother of two lovely children, the idol of a doating father, the adored mistress of a family, the giver of happiness to a large neighbourhood—should we not imitate her in this situation, rather than when she is torn by contending emotions, and perpetually fluctuating between error and repentance? The author must surely have had a very poor opinion of the ladies. But perhaps he had raised his expectations of us too

high, and took this method of resenting his disappointment—perhaps he supposed we should not read his book through—there is some danger of this, for he has followed the first part, which alone can be formidable, by some very dull letters—I mean those upon the Parisian manners. I know you admire them, but I agree with Julia, and I was very glad to find she reproved her lover for writing them. You see I am resolved to have my revenge on the author, for his bad opinion of us—yet I am very willing to forgive him—he must have been a strange, whimsical, susceptible being, full of the highest and most dignified sentiments of virtue—his passions I am sure were violent—how often did they betray him into vice, and how insupportable was his subsequent remorse! My only sensations with regard to him shall be, pity for his errors, and gratitude for the pleasure I have found in his writings. You see I venture to differ from you, and I am going to differ from you still more. You told me I should find some stupid domestic descriptions in the fourth and fifth parts. Now really my attention was never more fixed through the book, than by these very

letters. I was so interested in Julia, that I began to be sorry she was not a little more human, and I rejoiced to meet her on more equal ground in domestic life. I think if I were a Swiss I could love the country as well as she did; and if she had been an English woman, perhaps she would have indulged herself in a trip to London once a year—at least I hope so. You were right, (I must agree with you at last) in your praises upon the description of her death, and particularly poor Clara's sorrow. This too the critics call unnatural, I suppose.—Tell me, my dear philosophical cousin, if it is unnatural to be affected with such a description, or is there something more interesting than nature? But how came you in your critique to forget a letter of only a page and a half, written to be sure by no very important person in the drama, the little Henrietta. Its naivetè, its simplicity, the affection expressed in it, are inimitable, and the author could give no better proof, had he studied for ages, that he knew and felt what virtue was. There is one letter I cannot make up my mind upon, and I expect a grave university epistle from you, to enlighten me upon it. I mean that from

Julia to St. Preux, just before she died. After having been so faithful a wife for seven or eight years, after having so long centered her affections in her husband, her friends, and her children, ought she to have been in love at last? I do not like this, and you must prove it to be right.

As you insisted upon my opinion on the book you have sent me, and given me a privilege seldom allowed us, by your lordly sex, I cannot finish my letter without one more sneer at the ridiculous vanity of the author, who, to gratify this passion, has passed the severest satire possible on his own performance, for surely if his book is half as dangerous as he supposes it to be, nothing can justify its publication. But let him be acquitted from the severity of his own sentence.

"See what a grave serious critique I have written you. Yet do not think my temper changed. When I see you again, I shall be as gay and ridiculous as ever."

I could not forbear shewing this letter to Montford. He returned it without making any remark, but it was easy to see how much it increased his admiration of the writer.—I was prevented from making my

promised visit to Mr. Harley, till late in the summer, and Montford took the opportunity of seeing his father in the west. However, about the middle of August we met in Essex. At the time we arrived, a large party was expected for the shooting season, and every day brought some new visitor. Among these was Mr. Melville, a gentleman of large fortune, who professed himself an admirer of Louisa. He was of an ancient family, and this, added to his wealth, made him, in the eye of the world, a most desirable suitor. My uncle was too much inclined to think on this subject with the rest of mankind. Though warm in his affections for his daughter, he was not quite free from a species of self-deceit, which many fathers practise on themselves. They love their children tenderly, but with a sort of abstracted love, that chiefly evaporates in sentiment and trifles, and is not strong enough to resist a favorite prejudice of their own. Yet his good judgment would not allow him to commend the character of Mr. Melville. He satisfied himself however with saying, that if not very excellent, it was as good as the present day required, for estimation and respect. It

was by no means his intention to use any species of violence with his daughter—far from it—Whenever she peremptorily expressed her dislike, he yielded to her wishes. Mr. Melville, however, was still invited to the house, and it was evident that my uncle was displeased whenever Louisa appeared to repress his more than usual civilities.

The character of this gentleman was not uncommon. He had some power of mind, with very little judgment to regulate it. Ambitious to shine, he had espoused with avidity the favorite opinions of the day. After affecting for some time the greatest horror for whatever was heterodox in religion, morals, or politics, he had really become what he at first only professed. Though he still frequently talked from mere vanity and parade, he had much real intolerance and bigotry. He had not read much, but he had heard of the principal leaders among those from whom he differed, and here he perpetually poured forth all the weight of his eloquence. Upon politics, indeed, he was cautious, for, living much in the world, he had found this subject less safe than most others. But however religious, or moral, he might be in

opinion, no man could be less so in conduct. He was madly fond of play, and sometimes condescended to gratify his passion in company far below him. He was esteemed knowing at New-market, and few were more renowned for their attachment to the bottle. Yet in spite of his dissipation, at the age of forty, he was still handsome. He was remarkable for his " bonnes fortunes," and even Louisa, sometimes called him an agreeable man. But she could not agree with her farther, that he would reform if he was married, and shine in the character of a husband.

Montford, who had never seen such a man, was amused with what he called so singular a mixture of contradictions. He could not avoid throwing out now and then a sarcastic jest against him; the less so, as he perceived it gave some little pleasure to Louisa, but it was always attended with so much good nature, as to give no offence even to the object of it.

Another of our party was a Mr. Granby, of whose character I must be allowed to attempt a sketch. His claims to notice he professed to be merely literary. He thought himself a poet, though neither criticism

nor the more charitable opinion of the world had ever allowed him such a title. He was full of that sensibility, which would perhaps be better characterised by the name of restlessness; for the joys and sorrows of his acquaintance must have been transient indeed, if they did not survive his sympathy. His passions and his affections were equally momentary—unsupported by the decisions of the judgment, they passed away in rapid succession, to recur or not to recur, in proportion as new objects of pursuit were or were not presented to him. Too apt to mistake caprice for versatility, he gloried in his greatest disgrace, and, flying from the reflection that he had no friends, found consolation in the thought that his powers were too much envied to allow a fair estimate of his character. His readiness, however, which now and then assumed an air of enthusiasm, made him entertaining; and from his very inconstancy, he became a valuable visitor in the country, where sameness is the evil generally most dreaded. We listened with some degree of amusement to the irregular productions of his muse—if without skill, they were also without labor; and the subjects

were interesting to us, as they described scenes in which we were hourly engaged. Louisa laughed at the affectation of his sentiments and the extravagance of his compliments; yet, in her graver moments would she sometimes lament with Montford, that any man should be so totally dependent upon the mere animal spirits of youth, for the happiness of his whole life.

The rest of the party was composed of men such as we usually find in the fashionable world—graceful in manner, easy and unobtrusive in conversation, enjoying the pleasures of life with an epicurean indolence, the result of lassitude indeed, rather than principle; wishing all men well, but endeavouring to do good to none; and pleased with hearing of the welfare of others, provided they had no trouble in promoting it.

Mr. Melville had considerable powers of conversation, and delighted in argument. This he frequently introduced before women, and seemed to make use of it as a weapon of conquest with them. He found my warm and sanguine friend always ready to meet him, and I do not recollect ever to have perceived, in spite of the fatigues of

the field, the least marks of weariness, or ennui, in any of the company during their longest discussions. I was extremely pleased with this warfare. It opened to me the opinions of my friend, upon many important subjects, more fully than I had yet known them. It displayed in its extent, the excellence of his temper. It set in amusing contrast two men who had something similar in a certain warmth of temperament, but who were called, and justly so, the opposites of each other. The one was chiefly actuated by the great over-ruling passion of vanity, which found no place, not the smallest, in the character of the other. I can scarcely refrain from smiling, when I recollect how soon after their first meeting they began the contest. After a slight introduction in the morning, we were scarcely seated at dinner, when Mr. Melville began to describe a visit he had made in his way to Mr. Harley's. "It was to an old college friend," he said—"poor fellow, he has been bitten by this new mania—upon my soul, in his dress I should never distinguish him from his servants—yet he is clever, he makes excellent speeches in the house—he is warm-hearted

too—he was going to welcome me with sincere cordiality, but then my eye happened to catch his coat, and I could not give my hand very warmly to my groom." ——"Ah!" said Montford, rather sharply, "if he is a warm friend, and a good patriot, if he is social, and hospitable, and takes an interest in every important subject, we may as well overlook his country tailor." "But," said Mr. Melville, rather disconcerted, "it is not his dress alone I dislike—he has an unfortunate eagerness of mind, that makes him embrace every object that engages his attention with such a nonsensical ardor—I found him in his library, covered with the dust of twenty old folios, now turning over this, now that, like a poor author from necessity, who was obliged to write a book, and had no materials of his own for the work—there was a look in his eyes that would have made him a successful candidate for Bedlam—then he talks of travelling through half the world in search of manuscripts —really such a fellow is no better than a lunatic." "Your friend is very much obliged to you," returned Montford, "I can scarcely think the temper you de-

scribe so contemptible—as to myself, I would not encourage it I own—to say nothing of the intervals of pain that beset these fiery natures, it is better I believe to estimate pleasures by their duration, than their intensity; but do not degrade with the name of lunacy, a nature, which, if it sometimes scarcely escapes our ridicule, seems necessary to support the highest and most powerful efforts of wisdom." Montford spoke this in a manner which shewed a deep and lively interest in what he said. I understood him—he had often been reproached himself for his too great subjection to the impulses of the moment, and though his judgment pointed out to him the danger of such a disposition, he had experienced too much pleasure from it, not to engage zealously in its defence, whenever it was attacked. The natural warmth with which he now spoke, seemed to electrify the whole party, and Mr. Melville was more disconcerted than before. I turned my eyes towards Louisa, and was not surprised to find a deeper glow taking possession of her countenance—Pleasure was predominant, yet there was as much triumph as so gentle a nature could feel, over

an enemy, confounded, but not fallen. Mr. Melville, who, if he was sometimes refuted, was never silenced, rewarded himself for his momentary defeat, with more than usual loquacity. My friend was always prepared to answer him, and from this time they became acknowledged combatants.

Not many days afterwards, they happened to dispute upon the merits of some modern writers upon morality. Mr. Melville was loud in their praise. He had scarcely looked into their works, but they were ecclesiastics, and their sacred profession was with him a sufficient security for their excellence. Montford warmly dissented from him.—It is almost impossible to recollect the language of a conversation, but if my friend had spoken without interruption, his ideas would have assumed the following form.—" I dislike these modern moralists, they write in a dry didactic form, in defiance, and apparently in contempt of every species of eloquence. Now surely, if there is any subject, in treating which the fascinations of stile are valuable, it is that of morality. Is there any danger that the desires should be too much raised, or the pas-

sions too much inflamed in the cause of virtue? is the moral sentiment of men too quick and refined? is their conscience too much awake? is their horror of vice too severe? their pleasure in virtue too rapturous? Some dull opiate is surely necessary to allay the keen delicacy of noble sentiment. Recollect for a moment the general characteristics of the most popular moral writings of the day. A gross quarto is presented you, which it requires some discipline in reading to venture to open—you look into it—you perceive a dry and terse rule, followed by the motive, stated in the same unattractive manner. The rest of the book is occupied with the discussion of the question of utility in some difficult cases, which never occur to the generality of men, and to no man more than once or twice in his life. The moral sentiment, that feeling, which is in reality the chief ruler and director of every virtuous action, is either entirely overlooked, or slightly mentioned; or, after an invective rather than a discussion, dismissed as unworthy the serious attention of the philosopher, and only calculated to amuse the inquisitive. All the attractions of stile are disre-

garded, and none are able to proceed through the work, for whom books, from long habit, have not a peculiar attraction. Unfortunately, however, it is more necessary that the vulgar should be improved, than that the learned should have new subjects of dispute and argument. The mode of writing on moral subjects adopted by the ancients, was surely infinitely preferable. Look at the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, in how engaging a manner are the severest maxims laid down and discussed. A man, venerable for his wisdom and his age, is represented as walking out, mildly rebuking folly, restraining the impetuosity of youth, giving an opinion in unaffected and natural language upon all questions proposed to him. Turn to the offices of Tully—in what an imposing form are they addressed to you—in the very title-page is a lesson of morality—they are a gift from a father to his son—who does not wish to know the result of paternal wisdom and love? if you carelessly turn the pages over, and cast a glance on the conclusion, you find this adieu—"Adieu, then, my Cicero! believe me I love you with the most tender affection, but that I shall love you still more,

if you take delight in precepts like these." Is it possible, after having read this, to throw the book aside without further examination? The reader will not be disappointed. He will find the grand distinction between the right and the useful made with firmness and decision—all the virtues belonging to each, numbered with conciseness and accuracy—the rank of every virtue ascertained, and all its degrees noted and marked out. He will be led from the narrowest connexion man forms with man, through all the stages of accumulating society, to the fulness of it's majesty, when it becomes subject to the law of nations and of nature. He will see the right and the useful compared, and the former invested with it's due dignity and authority above the latter. He will observe that the whole subject is irradiated with a steady unintermittent eloquence, and he will rise from the perusal, not informed only, but animated, not only understanding better than before what virtue is, but inflamed with a desire to practise it. Nor will he fail to draw an admirable lesson from the circumstances of the author, who, when the republic, the object of his cares, his thoughts, and his la-

bours, was overthrown, when the forum and the senate were silent, could find a resource for his activity, and a solace for his sorrows, in tracing virtue to its first principles, and recommending every part of it with that power which had raised him from obscurity to honors never equalled.

" The New Testament also, though certainly formed on no model, makes the same appeal to the feelings, by instances rather than precepts of virtue; and thus, perhaps, exhibits the best proof of the divinity of its origin, by its condescension to the earthly character of those to whom it was addressed.—Our Saviour was stern only in his own sufferings, and assuming the human nature, he did not think it beneath him to inculcate the practice he recommends, by embellishing truth with the graces of fiction. The modern moralist may lengthen out his system, he may declaim upon his rules and his motives; but it is the story of the ungrateful and cruel servant that will best teach us justice, and of the benevolent Samaritan, that will most allure to charity.

" What are all these laborious theories, what these finely-spun systems? What are

they to prove, what are they to discover? Is the world so old, and are men still unable to find by what rule they are to measure their conduct, and why it is better to be virtuous than vicious? Is there no answer to the question, Why should we act well, or greatly, independent of sects, and times, and countries? Or rather, is there not some mighty impulse, co-extensive with the earth and coeval with man, which in all times, and through all countries, and under all religious persuasions, has taught the sage to reflect, the statesman to counsel, the soldier to dare, and given force and energy to all, who in various ways have contributed to the happiness and advancement of their fellow men? Socrates did not want a sterner climate or the christian's heaven.*—Tully gave new force to virtue,

* To avoid misconstruction, I must guard the reader against supposing, that it is intended in these pages to undervalue the great truths of christianity—It was my object in this little book to sketch the character of a great and amiable man, or rather of a man who possessed the foundation of much that is great and amiable. For this purpose, it was above all things necessary that I should exhibit his moral principles—these principles, I am sure, are by no means inconsistent with the religious sentiment properly understood, nor do they tend to weaken its force. There is no

and new energy to thought; he has furnished us with the best rules to make age venerable, and the purest dictates how to sweeten life with the charms of friendship; he defended the weak, he abashed and confounded the rapacious oppressor, he deserved and obtained the title of father of his country. But why should I have recourse to celebrated names? There never was a period when myriads of moral excel-

enemy to any cause so great as an exaggerating panegyrist, and true piety, which cannot be inconsistent with reason and experience, while it maintains the promises of the gospel to be the safest support of virtue, will allow that virtue existed in many instances before these promises were made, that it frequently exists now in the child who does not understand them, and the savage whom they have never reached. How often has the enthusiastic missionary, on the wild and trackless desert, been compelled to confess, that where he went to teach religion, he himself was taught virtue. But it is said, in answer, that one of the principal truths of christianity is the necessity of faith to salvation.—Be it so, I reply, in christian countries—yet faith is a virtue by itself, nor is it more enjoined in the new testament than the other virtues, which are all equally necessary to salvation. And I do not remember, that faith is ever spoken of in higher terms of commendation than these virtues, than *charity* for instance; still less as being the foundation of them, or having a stronger connexion with them, than fortitude with benevolence, or justice with generosity.

lencies were not displayed every succeeding day, in all the walks of life—nor is virtue more confined by place than by time. Is it too much to say, that the obscurest village in the remotest part of the world, exhibits all the excellencies, which, more vigorously cultivated, more widely expanded, and upon a broader scale, might terminate in the salvation of countries, and the melioration of mankind? The feeling, under the influence of which the peasant extends his hand to relieve a suffering prisoner, is the same that filled the bosom of a Howard—that by which he is impelled to resist the proud intruder on his little possession, has animated the exertions of a Hampden, a Russel, and a Fox—he that has calmed the passions of his angry neighbours, might, with higher opportunities, have settled the affairs of nations—and in the village church-yard to mourn over 'some mute inglorious Milton,' or 'some Cromwel guiltless of his country's blood' —is to employ a moment, alike consistently with sublime poetry and moral truth.

Does then the question recur, Whence are these virtues, these virtues that have existed at all times and in all places—

whence do they arise—from what quarter do they come? I answer,—they spring from the nature of man: and surely not even the monastic recluse would wish a stronger ground for adoration to the great disposer of all things, than such an assertion.—Man is a being composed of various feelings and passions, some virtuous and some vicious —he pities, without asking why, he pities —he devotes himself to his friends, without asking why he loves them. Do the innocent and the modest, asks Tully, practise their respective virtues in order to be well spoken of, and to acquire renown? The reputation of modesty is the very thing that makes the modest blush. In speaking of human actions, we are much too apt to ascribe them to certain motives. I feel convinced, from reflecting on myself and others, that many of our actions have no motive at all. It is chiefly in extraordinary occurrences that men have recourse to some determining principle. I suspect too, that our actions are as often attributed to habit, with as little justice, as to motives; at least the actions of an infant or child, which are frequently the shadowings and sketches of maturer life, cannot be

said to be habitual—at all events, those who ascribe so much to habits, have yet to account for the formation of those habits. Still, however, the great question remains, why should we cultivate feelings that are virtuous, in preference to those which are vicious?—The general answer of modern times applies only where the benefits of the christian religion are dispensed; but as I cannot prevail upon myself to suppose, that it is only for the period of 1800 years that men have enjoyed any motive to virtue at all, and this too most narrowly limited in space, or that the illustrious persons I have named were destitute of so great a blessing; I feel compelled to search for a motive of more general application—To the question then, Why should men be virtuous? I answer, because they are so formed, that virtue and happiness are synonymous even on earth—because illiberality, unkindness, anger, hatred, and feelings of the same class, are positively painful; while beneficence, gentleness, forgiveness, gratitude, charity, and the like, are real pleasures. It is this disposition to be happy in the exercise of virtue, and miserable in the commission of crime, that is

called the moral sense—the general existence of which is as obvious as the sight, the taste, or the smell—it may be injured in various ways, diminished by affectation, dulled by disuse; in the hurry of business or the storm of the passions, it may almost disappear; but the occasional and unsought pangs of the most hardened criminal, however high and splendid his situation, so often recorded by antient as well as modern historians, are sufficient to prove that it forms an inherent part of the nature of man. Added and auxiliary to this, the doctrine of a future state supplies it where it fails, and confirms it where it is weak; but yet, perhaps, this benevolent and all-wise revelation has more claims upon our gratitude, as a consolation under affliction, than as a necessary incentive to virtue—at least, were I to venture accurately to appreciate the gracious and invaluable promises of the gospel, were I to say in what respect I felt most grateful to them, I should mention, in the first instance, their power to soothe and even remove the miseries of death.

" I confess I admire in many respects the moral system of Mr. Hume, and prin-

cipally in this, because it is universal in its application—he gives no narrow definition of virtue, which at once condemns the whole world for more than two thousand years, and the greatest part of the world since the origin of christianity. I fly with disgust from a precept, which seems to involve in one general curse the objects of my youthful admiration, those on whose writings I endeavoured to form my taste, or whose actions have ever filled me with astonishment and delight. Mr. Hume proscribes no one—his comprehensive creed includes all times and all persuasions, and is equally applicable to the learned and the ignorant. Taking for granted the existence of the moral sense, he examines what is virtue, by bringing before the reader those actions and maxims, which, by the universal concurrence of mankind, have been found most conformable to this sense. Some of these arrest applause immediately; others being more complicated, require consideration from the reasoning powers, and consequently involve the question of utility; but the judgment having decided, the same feeling of approbation, according to Mr. Hume,

arises in the mind as in instances more clear and striking.—As an example of the latter class, he has represented the dying Pericles disregarding and disparaging all his past glories and honors, his trophies, his triumphs, and dwelling upon this reflection alone—that no citizen ever wore mourning on his account.* Whoever can read this anecdote, told with the simple elegance characteristic of the author, without some admiration, will certainly require a much stronger motive to virtue than any this earth can bestow. The hope of reward and the fear of punishment, each eternal in duration, and infinite in degree, may, perhaps, accomplish this purpose. He must

* The passage alluded to is as follows:—" When Pericles, the great Athenian statesman and general, was on his death-bed, his surrounding friends, deeming him now insensible, began to indulge their sorrow for their expiring patron, by enumerating his great qualities and successes, his conquests and victories, the unusual length of his administration, and his nine trophies erected over the enemies of the republic. *You forget*, cries the dying hero, who had heard all, *you forget the most eminent of my praises, while you dwell so much on those vulgar advantages, in which fortune had a principal share. You have not yet observed, that no citizen has ever yet worn mourning on my account.*"

have recourse to authors who have displayed these motives in their strongest light. Far be it from me to complain that they have so employed their time—I rejoice most sincerely, that the unfortunate natures which have no inclination to virtue for itself, are not left without a director. But I complain of writers and preachers, who insist upon these motives only, who apparently deem it impious to support any other.—I complain of those dark and sombre enthusiasts, to whom the beneficent Father of All never appears, but armed with his thunders—who meditate upon our Saviour only in his sufferings, not his virtues—who have no symbols but the cross, the scourge, and the spear. Still more do I complain of them, when they dare to chastise the social affections, when, commanding impossible exertions, they prevent those which are really practicable, and inspiring the credulous multitude with visionary aims and ideal terrors, have too often, I fear, sapped the very foundation of the purest virtues, the best, and perhaps the only pleasures the poor man can exercise or enjoy.

"I repeat it—a man may act virtuously

from momentary impulse and feeling, without any motive to virtue at all, this impulse being the creature of habit, or by itself and original—this is very frequently the case in common life. He may act virtuously, from a conviction that to act thus is to be happy—he may act virtuously, from a hope of eternal reward, or a fear of eternal punishment. Finally, he may act virtuously, from an union and mixture of all these excitements. Those whose conduct is directed by the two last, must be admired as wise and prudent men; but he that is virtuous without asking why, is generally thought most amiable; and as, in all probability, he will not want the stronger motives, when such motives are necessary, he is not only the most to be loved, but the most to be applauded.

"Conscience! Conscience!" exclaims the most eloquent and fascinating of writers, "instinct divine! immortal and celestial voice, secure guide of a being ignorant and limited, but intelligent and free, infallible judge of good and evil, that renderest man like God, it is thou that constitutest the excellence of his nature and the morality of his actions—without thee I feel nothing

in myself that elevates me above the brutes, but the mournful privilege of wandering from error to error, by the aid of an understanding without rule, and a judgment without principle."

Another dispute which Montford conducted with more than his usual warmth, was upon the different political characters of the day. Mr. Melville, practised in the hackneyed sentiments of the world, made success his only criterion of excellence.—" The long-continued minister must be as commanding in intellect as in power; as rich in virtue as authority; the sense and feeling of the public were so clear and just, that popularity could only be the well-earned reward of real and extensive merit." Montford repelled these ideas with all his ardor—" Success, he contended, so far from being the certain stamp of merit, ought generally to be considered as a proof of many slippery arts, which morality must blush to own, of many mean submissions, from which the pride of talents must turn in disgust."—" Really," cried he, " when I meet one of these men, called great, who are so admired and idolized, I can scarcely refrain from a sentiment of pity, at the consideration of all the

humiliations, the sacrifices of opinion, the desertion of friends, the contradictions, the tergiversations, the concealments, which he must not only have endured, but solicited, to arrive at his envied eminence—Shall we make success our only measure in estimating the characters of men?—Let us imagine one, of a comprehension of mind equal to the most extensive subject, who has discussed every topic in a manner that leaves nothing to be added, either by the politician, or the philosopher; who, without weakening his arguments, introduces those general principles, those excursive allusions, those bursts of genius, which will give his orations life, when the circumstances that occasioned them shall be buried in oblivion; who, disdaining the least contrivance or disguise, and with a certainty of being rewarded for a contrary conduct, declares what he thinks, equally in defiance of the threats of power, and the hisses of the populace; and this, when his circumstances do not raise him above the want of the emoluments of office, and while the generous softness of his temper renders popularity only less dear than his duty. Let us imagine this man, with a

warmth of heart which the desertion of friends has not chilled, a simplicity of character undiminished by the dissipation of youth, an ardent patriotism, persevering through the long and blind ingratitude of his countrymen, forsaking the retirement he loves, and still standing forth on every occasion, the grand unmanaging advocate of liberty and peace. Is it possible, is it possible," cried Montford, " to suppose such a character, and say that success is the only criterion of excellence?"

To the older and more experienced, opinions like these may appear hyperbolical and extravagant. But Montford was young—he had seen little of men— his knowledge was chiefly the result of self-contemplation.

Having shewn what were the morals of my friend, I shall now endeavour to recollect a conversation which may give some idea of his taste. Upon his politics I shall have an opportunity of insisting hereafter. —I must again guard the reader against the supposition that I represent these conversations exactly as they took place—far from it—never was there a man so little inclined to harangue in common life—though firm,

constant, inflexible, enthusiastic even in all his sentiments, he never displayed them to an unwilling audience, or without frequent interruptions; which, while they enabled him to perceive if those around him were fatigued, at the same time gave them an opportunity of replying to him.—This deference to others is dictated by good manners —in Montford, however, it proceeded so far as to be remarkable—there was some pride as well as delicacy in this—forming no opinions lightly, when he had embraced them, he cherished them with all the ardor of his disposition; nor could he bear to expose them to the hazard of a rejection, which might arise from momentary disgust, rather than a fair discussion of them. With this caution to the reader, I can repeat most faithfully his expressions and allusions—his manner perpetually recurs to me, and I feel how little I am able to do his opinions justice.

One morning, as Montford and I were sitting together, Granby broke suddenly in upon us, and holding a book in his hand, —"There," said he to Montford, "now at last you will be convinced—your favorite Virgil appears here in his true character—

a plagiarist, from beginning to end—all his energy from Homer, and all his tenderness from Apollonius—for my part, I never much admired him—he writes, as most borrowers do, with the same insipidity of one who has no confidence in himself—however, he is now exhibited with the scanty excellence which really belongs to him."—"Why so violent," said I—"The Mantuan bard has been dead these eighteen centuries—his very tomb is in ruins—nothing survives but his works—you will not pursue him with the heat of personal resentment."—"I must have room," replied Granby, with affected zeal—"I know I am right—genius, sir, must not be confined—give it way, and it flies through infinite space."—"Aye," said Montford, "and like the arrow of Acestes, it too often fires as it flies."—The philippic of Granby gave rise to observations from Montford, the purport of which I shall endeavour to recollect, as they seem to me to place the long-contested merits of Virgil on their real grounds.

"I have read the criticism you have in your hands,"—returned Montford—"It is written too much in the spirit of an editor and translator of Apollonius to deserve

much attention. I allow Virgil to have borrowed from this author; but to say he is inferior, or merely equal to his original, is to me perfectly absurd. Indeed, upon the charge of plagiarism, in general there is this observation to be made, that though undoubtedly it is highly reprehensible in an author to endeavour to found a reputation upon the merits of another, without acknowledging his obligations; yet to refuse any advantage he may derive either in the plan or execution of his work from former publications, merely because they preceded him; to reject any idea which he thinks he can elevate into new excellence, because it has appeared before, is almost equally reprehensible, as it impedes, or rather stops the gradual progress of improvement, and gives rise to those dangerous novelties, which, being unconnected with nature, can only please a vitiated age. In morals, or politics, or natural philosophy, authors are contented to take off from the discoveries that have been already made. What should we think of a political disquisition, written without any regard to the modern system of representation, or a philosophical treatise founded upon errors

long since exploded by Bacon, Locke, or Newton?—But if we take advantage of all that is gone before us on these subjects, why not pursue the same plan in works of taste? Is it not better to adopt old models, and give them a merit of which they were scarcely thought susceptible, than attempt a dangerous originality, which is generally, and perhaps now can only be attained, by outraging and caricaturing nature?—If Virgil surpasses his model, he is at least original in his excellence; and this is the best and most rational panegyric an author can receive.

"Almost all the criticisms I have seen upon the Æneid are defective, from not sufficiently keeping in view that it is a poem so unfinished, as to have been decreed to the flames even by its author. The fact is indeed always mentioned, yet the criticism is conducted as upon a perfect work. If modern authors judged by their own feelings, they would surely write differently. How unfinished must have been their own works, let them ask, if they themselves had thus condemned them. Now what are we to expect in a poem, of which the poet himself thought so ill?

Not, certainly, perfection; not entire excellence in those particulars, which require the last touches of the author; not characters laboriously drawn, and in all parts consistent: not allusions and metaphors completely accurate. But we may expect those excellencies which never forsake true genius, which attend the superior mind in all its exertions, in its long marches or its transient excursions, which give carelessness a nameless charm, which first made negligence an object of imitation. Talking of poetry," continued Montford, turning to Granby with a smile, "and to a poet, I may perhaps be pardoned for attempting to be poetical—this all pervading genius I compare to the universal rays of heaven, that shine equally upon the greatest and the smallest objects, and decorate with inimitable beauty the fluttering plumage of the lark, or the expansive and unwearied wing of the eagle. We may expect, what we find in Virgil, parts of incomparable beauty, traits of light which a poet only could strike out, careless beauties, evidently reserved for the last polish of their great master, or perhaps inserted merely for experiment, and afterwards to

be erased as unseasonable and out of place; we may expect whatever marks a cultivated and powerful mind, dedicated to a subject that gives it a full opportunity of exhibiting its excellencies—now sublime, now tender and pathetic; and passing from one to the other with a transition which marks the beauty natural, and the feeling true. We may expect in the stile many inequalities, but nothing vulgar; marks of weariness, not impatience; our author may sleep, but his dreams must still be beautiful. This is Virgil—as a whole, unfinished and imperfect—in detached parts, incomparable and inimitable. The mixture of grandeur and affecting pathos in the second book, of which perhaps one of the most beautiful instances is the meeting of Corœbus and Cassandra, which indeed nothing can excel; the interview between Æneas and Andromache in the third; the description of the female mind under the influence of love in the fourth; the magnificent sublimity of the sixth, softened by the exquisite picture of the unfortunate queen, and the reference to the future misfortunes of Rome in the premature death of its best and noblest citizens; and the

various beauties scattered through the remaining six books, though generally thought, and I believe justly, less excellent than those which precede—where perhaps, I may venture to name the dignified and humble Evander, whose character, marked with all the virtues that can adorn age, as exhibited in his incomparable prayer for the safety of his son, is admirably contrasted with the violence and tyranny of Mezentius; the sublime description of the cave and operations of Vulcan, and the shield he makes for Æneas, where the opportunity is taken of introducing a comprehensive abstract of the Roman history, terminated by a most beautiful compliment to Augustus; the well-known episode of Nisus and Euryalus, and the lamentations of the mother of Euryalus; the commencement of Ascanius in the career of glory, and his father's exhortations upon that event; the death of Pallas, and the picture of Evander coming forth from the city, expecting to meet his son triumphant and alive—all these, and innumerable other beauties, particularly in the high polish and pregnant conciseness of the stile, render the Æneid, if not the most perfect

whole, at least in its parts, the most attractive and fascinating of any poem ever given to the world. Read Virgil accidentally, when you are wearied with business; when you are retired from the world, open him casually, he always surprizes you with new charms—follow him through his whole work, and at the conclusion the effect is less striking than in your progress you could possibly have expected.—It must be so with every unfinished composition.

"Now Homer is the reverse of this. To estimate his merits, you must read the whole of the Iliad. Its chief excellence consists in the display of character. Achilles is consistent throughout—every where irresistible in strength and unbounded in passion—impatient of affront; unconscious of a superior, the curses and reproaches which in the first book he had heaped upon his monarch, in the twenty first he is disposed to hurl against the gods. He weeps as a child for the loss of Briseis; yet he gives her to the heralds with the lofty and complacent dignity of a man, who has no quarrel but with kings. Disaster follows disaster—his countrymen fall in crowds around him—the very ships are on fire—

yet no entreaties can move him to stem the torrent of destruction that thus bears down his country, till the slaughter of his friend plunges him into all the intolerable agony of grief. Then this gigantic hero, this proud, unfeeling, inflexible Achilles, is at once overthrown—On the ground, rolling in dust, suffocated with tears, inconsolable even to the entreaties of his goddess-mother —till at length his intense sorrows are displaced by the equally violent passion for vengeance on the slaughterers of his friend. All this is admirable, and displays in the poet an energy as great as that he describes —but it is an excellence, the result of frequent revision, laborious meditation, and persevering attention, or else one of those extraordinary felicities of genius, which all men acknowledge without being able or pretending to account for them. In this last and highest perfection, Virgil, as we might expect in so unfinished a work, entirely fails. Æneas is sometimes heroic, as when in the midst of the tempest, he apostrophizes those of his countrymen who had perished round the walls of Troy; he is affectionate, as in the dialogue with his mother on the shores of Carthage; he reverences his father—he is himself a most

tender father—he is attached to his friends —he omits no duty—yet he is scarcely singled out from the rest of mankind. It must appear presumptuous to conjecture how he would have appeared, had he been introduced to the world as the author conceived him. Perhaps we should have seen him more strongly impressed with the importance of the mission he was destined to execute; and so far from being greatly affected, as he is at present, with all the incidents that occur, either disregarding them entirely, or considering them as utterly trifling, when compared with the great event to which they lead. We might have seen him equally affectionate to his son, yet his affection might always be mingled with the thought of the proud empire decreed to him. At present most of the feelings of Æneas are the feelings of a common man, an amiable, indeed, and a brave man, but not interesting from any striking characteristic. So far from admiring him, as equal to the task he is called upon to perform, we are continually expecting him to leave it unfinished. Had he been a man of more energy, had the impression I have alluded to been more deeply rooted in his mind, he would not only have been more

admirable in himself, but the author would have paid a much higher compliment, (which is evidently a great object with him) to the Roman people. Æneas too would have appeared far less blameable in his conduct to the queen of Carthage. On this part of the poem many censures have been thrown, and, in spite of Dryden's very eloquent and powerful defence, in my opinion, most deservedly. Virgil was no visionary poet. The man of the world, the cherished courtier of Augustus, he had studied both the nature and the language of the passions. An English lady will perhaps be surprized to find, in the description of a Carthaginian queen by a Roman poet, who lived eighteen centuries ago, those feelings which have often actuated her own bosom, though more pure in the progress, and, we will hope, far more fortunate in the event. The feelings of Dido are all faithful to nature, though the cause of them is unnecessarily magnified. Such a story, from such a man, was sufficient to gain her affections; nor was it requisite that the god of love himself should assume the likeness of young Iulus, and during his supposed father's narrative be cherished

in her bosom. But what shall we say of the hero, who on the first command from the messenger of Jupiter, burns to fly, to leave the land of pleasure, to forsake her who had received him and his companions in their misfortunes, who had made no distinction between them and her own subjects, who had sacrificed her popularity, her glory, her honor, at his feet, and as her only reward requested his affection. He knew the will of heaven before it was announced to him by Mercury. He was not a giddy and fickle boy.—When the unfortunate queen is raving in despair, he, we are told, is sunk in slumber. When with the piercing eye of impassioned love, she discovers the preparations for his departure —when she flies in wild delirium through the city, and addresses her betrayer—his answers are intolerably cold, or what is worse, insolent. Virgil was a man of the world. Here he was too much a man of the world. He sinks at once from the high character of the epic poet, into the degraded attendant of a profligate court—the debauched and tasteless derider of feelings, which only require some little regulation from the judgment to be the most pure and

the most desirable, as they are certainly the most brilliant, that govern the common conduct of mankind. It is impossible to defend him, where to defend is to share his fault; and it is to be feared, a longer life would hardly have rescued him from the just censures of posterity, for the fourth book seems to have received more laborious attention than any other part of the poem. Those who can acquit him here, will be justified in considering him as having been prevented only by his premature death from perfecting a work, which even now, unfinished as it is, may perhaps be pronounced the fairest example of united power and feeling, sublimity and pathos, grandeur and accuracy, ever exhibited by the human mind."

While I am displaying the sentiments and opinions of my friend, let me not forget her, who, I once fondly thought, would have crowned them with their brightest reward. Louisa, who had already made great advances in all the usual accomplishments of her sex and rank, was now studying Italian. Montford undertook to be in part her instructor. I could perceive that this employment proved sufficiently dan-

gerous to both parties. Was it to shew how justly the Italian language has been called the language of love, how admirably the variety of its terminations, its lengthened harmony, its frequent adaptation of the sound to the meaning, form it for the exhibition of all the vicissitudes of passion. Perhaps the employment of master and pupil on any other subject, would have produced the same effect, nor would I imply, however distantly and indirectly, that my countrymen must turn to other shores for the expression of a feeling they understand so well. Whatever it might be, Montford lost something of his vivacity. Louisa's seemed to increase, but it was frequently only assumed. This change did not escape the penetrating eyes of an affectionate mother, but it was not displeasing to her. Montford, she thought, the man in the world most calculated to render her daughter happy. Wealth even on Montford's side was considerable, and the natural generosity of Mr. Harley's temper, with his great affection for his daughter, would make the conquest over a favorite object, not only easy, but pleasing. We knew also that Montford would have no objection to

adopt the name of his wife, and we thought it possible to convince Mr. Harley, that his great aim would thus be as effectually accomplished as by any other method. I was happy in finding and encouraging these sentiments, which exactly accorded with my own. We by no means concealed from ourselves that Montford's birth and situation were objections, but his character, we thought, more than justified us in overlooking them. This appeared to us one of the extraordinary cases, which even Mr. Harley allowed to be exceptions to his general maxims.

Perhaps it may appear necessary to some of my readers, that I should pause here, and endeavour to vindicate Mrs. Harley and myself from a conduct, which, it may seem to them, no circumstances could justify. That conduct, however, has been attended with consequences too dreadful to be dangerous by exciting imitation, and therefore, as far as the example tends, the most scrupulous moralist may be at peace. I allow we did not sufficiently calculate upon occurrences independent of all human effort; but I cannot prevail upon myself to enter upon any labored vindication—the

circumstances in which we acted were entirely new, nor do I fear to be condemned by those who were acquainted with the persons engaged in them. Besides even on inferior grounds, and meeting Mr. Harley on his own topic, it must be remembered that Montford was not ignoble, nor would the Herald-Office itself pronounce a sentence of exclusion and proscription upon illegal birth. A very slight glance through the English nobility may shew that the bar of illegitimacy, though it may blot, does not efface even the arms of royalty.

In the mean time, Montford frequently saw his friend the count. I had perceived, that though, like the rest of the party, he generally took his gun with him for his morning walks, he seldom brought back any game. He had either lost his skill, or had found some other employment. At last, after some days' fruitless search, I perceived him sitting on a bank, talking with the count, who was laboring in the ditch below; and thus he had passed many of his mornings. On coming up, I found de Liancourt asking him to come and dine at the cottage the first vacant day. "Yes, and I shall be glad to see your friend

Mr. Harley," said he smiling, " it will be the first dinner I have given since I left Paris." The invitation was eagerly accepted by us both, and no time or circumstances will ever efface it from my memory. On the day fixed we prepared to fulfil our engagement. Amongst the various improvements on my uncle's estate, none he more delighted in, than in making the habitations of his tenants not only comfortable, but picturesque. They were generally built by the side of a wood, and surrounded with evergreens spreading over the walls. It may be supposed the count would not be placed in the worst of these, and that Louisa would spare neither taste nor expense in its decorations. The cottage was built on the first ascent of a hill, which rose gradually behind covered with the rich foliage of the beach. A rustic colonnade of unhewn timber, divided into Gothic arches, ran along the front, one wider and projecting farther than the rest, forming the porch. On the right, in a line with the corner of the cottage, and not many yards from it, a venerable oak threw out its gigantic branches, which almost touched the thatch, now intercepting the rays of the declining

sun, so as to give a chequered appearance, that seemed to make the retirement deeper, and the seclusion more perfect. As we drew near, we perceived de Liancourt leaning against the outside of the rustic porch —the tree cast his figure into shade, all except from the shoulder upwards. On seeing us he came forward, and, saluting us, offered us a seat on a little bench, placed in a garden at a small distance from the cottage.—" This shall be our drawing-room," said he, waving his hand in a circle. It was a fine autumnal day, and as fine a prospect as ever nature presented lay stretched out before us, varied with all the colours of the season. Montford attempted to make some remark, but his words could not find their way; we sat down in silence, which was not interrupted till a little girl came to tell us that the dinner was ready. The table preparations were all in the lowest stile of our English peasantry, but it is almost superfluous to say, that the count was not in the least confused. On the contrary, he expressed great pleasure, and pressing Montford's hand warmly, said, while his words seemed to come from the bottom of his heart, " On my honor I do

not think I ever gave the most splendid feast with so much satisfaction." When he had said this, however, a convulsion of pain shot across his countenance, and turning away the proud and lofty elevation of his mien, displayed how much magnanimity it required to bear a pang, which, in any inferior man, would have assumed a positive expression of misery and despair. Perhaps he recollected his wife, who in his better days presided at his table.

The world would not have thought our dinner very amusing, for it passed in silence. It was not till some time after it that the count recovered his composure, and Montford his spirits; we then entered into various conversation. The favorite topic of the count seemed to be history, but I perceived in him an anxiety to remove himself as far as possible from his own times. He seemed to dwell with most delight upon those of the Roman greatness. Here the principal objects of his attention seemed not to be so much victories and triumphs, and works which depend upon multitudes, as the characters of individuals; some of these, indeed, though probably he had not taken them for his models,

appeared to be revived in himself. He derided, more severely than Montford allowed, the conduct of Tully in his exile, and drew from it the conclusion, that most of his splendid actions arose, rather from the gratification he received in the incense of a great capital, than from patriotism, or a love of virtue. "As for your proud declaimer Bolingbroke, who introduces all the angry passions of the politician into the discussions of philosophy, he can deceive no man an instant. I turn from the parading pageantry of his letter upon exile, nor am I surprised to find him the mean intriguer in a fugitive court, the degraded follower of the most bigotted of princes. Patriotism and a love of virtue! Believe me, these, being unconnected with self, do not actuate us with sufficient violence to render us miserable when we can no longer gratify them. He who is conscious of having lost no opportunity for this purpose, will be content in the most melancholy exile; he can dwell with delight upon the past, he can warm his imagination with splendid visions, which are accompanied almost with the pleasures of reality. And as for the mere circumstance of living

alone," he continued, "what wise man would it oppress? how many recollections of the follies, and littlenesses, and vices of mankind, would relieve the momentary depressions of solitude. Who could regret a world where the noble and generous make continual sacrifices, without the chance of return; where the inclination to injure is measured only by the patience of the sufferer; where affection bleeds under the lash of prudence, too cold to feel, and too timid to reward. Look at the men most remarkable for talents or virtues. Towards the close of their lives, they generally retire, if not disgusted with mankind, at least preferring solitude. Is it not then better to anticipate experience, and practice its lessons before disappointment has soured the temper, or disease impaired the powers, or dissipation has disqualified us for moderate pleasures, or tranquil enjoyments?" Montford cast upon de Liancourt a look full of sorrow and regret, that any events should have occurred to drive into retirement, and some degree of misanthropy, a man so formed to serve the world through all its various interests. De Liancourt seemed to feel new confidence in

his friendship, and some anxiety to justify himself before him. "It is true," he continued, "I draw my knowledge of mankind from a state in which the very principles of social order were utterly eradicated. But surely, the bare existence of such a state is sufficient to prove the inefficacy of the virtues, except where the exercise of them is almost superfluous—the vices have the passions on their side, or rather they are themselves passions—the virtues are but principles, or at the most, wishes—no one can imagine, that in the French revolution an immense majority of the people of France were not shocked with the enormities every where perpetrated—why, then, having the real power on their side, did they not resist and suppress the attempts of those who were actuated only by the thirst of power and vengeance? I appealed to my friends —they gloried in their virtue, but it was the virtue of martyrdom—we had to fight for every thing valuable, but we were only prepared to suffer—our opponents rushed on under the influence of every malignant passion, and their energy was irresistible— we felt all the horrors of our situation, we perceived the dreadful consequences that

must ensue—we knew that the majority of the people were with us—but we had no rallying point—we wept like children, we sat down the melancholy prophets of all ill, till the horrors we had foreseen burst upon our heads. What conclusion then am I to draw, but this, that the virtues are powerless in those very situations, where only they can be really useful. And should I wish to return to such a world?" Montford bowed his head with that sort of deference a man feels in company with a person he reverences, whose observations do not produce conviction, but yet display an impression, it would be an hopeless task to endeavour to remove—" Yet—yet"—said he hesitatingly, " I know not whether I should congratulate or pity a man whose mind is so regulated. There surely must be moments"—De Liancourt quickly turned his head, and fixed his eyes upon Montford—his recollections seemed to run through a thousand scenes—he was about to speak—he paused—the struggle was soon over—" right, right," said he, vehemently, " there are moments when the nerves and sinews fail, when the pride of heroism sinks, when all the pomp and splendor of this stoic

virtue were cheaply exchanged for one glance of friendship, or one embrace of love," then, with a voice half faultering, he continued, "on my soul you have made a woman of me." We now unavoidably fell upon topics which more nearly interested our feelings, and the count gave us some particulars of his history.

His father, a man of strong understanding, but not free from caprice in his determinations, had perceived, long before the event took place, the probability of a revolution, and resolved to educate his son in the manner he thought most likely to qualify him for whatever changes of fortune might occur. For this purpose, he adopted, as nearly as he found practicable, the system recommended by Rousseau in the Emile. The limbs of his infant son were not bound up in bandages, but suffered to take the full benefit of nature, at a time, when this mode of treatment bore the name of cruelty or insanity. A tutor was chosen, not for the solemnity of his deportment, but for the uprightness of his mind, and the gentle pliability of his manners. These virtues were not deemed incompatible with the age of twenty-five years. Thus situat-

ed, the young count de Liancourt became another Emile. Uncorrupted nature was the only rule; reason sometimes regulated, but never contradicted or opposed. At twelve years of age he had scarcely opened a book, nor had he charged his memory with a number of words, he perhaps would not have been able to understand, but all the knowledge supposed to be really within his reach, had been carefully impressed upon his mind, by strong and lively examples. At fifteen he had read a little, but in light and amusing works, calculated at the same time to display the powers of man in different situations; he also knew something of natural philosophy, though not by studying in his closet. Between fifteen and twenty, he had made history his principal pursuit, but this not so much to collect a catalogue of battles and processions, as to discover the character of nations and individuals. In the mean time, he had become a practical farmer, had learned to sow, to plough, to dig, and went through the most laborious exercises of agriculture, as seriously and diligently as the meanest peasant. But I should weary the reader by proceeding further in the his-

tory of the count's education, as I should but give an analysis of a well-known book, which, with all its faults, cannot be read without the most lively interest, and the most beneficial effects.

On the subject of education, we may observe with pleasure the ample length at which it has been discussed. If we may judge from the number of books written upon it, no topic ought to be more nearly exhausted. Every stile has been applied to it—the grave and the gay, the dialogue and the treatise, the novel and the letter, have been adopted in rapid vicissitude, according to the temper of the author, as he wished to allure or command. The appeal thus variously made, has been directed to every rank. Xenophon, in his Cyropædia, wrote for princes—in later days he has been followed, and, I think, with a considerable improvement on the original, by the wise and eloquent Fenelon. These authors doubtless imagined, that though the immediate objects of their instructions were of the most elevated rank, it would be no difficult task to descend on the scale, and apply both their instances and their maxims to the purposes of common life.

In the Persian system of education, the virtues of prudence, temperance, decorum, hardihood, fortitude, gratitude, were taught with peculiar force; and though we shall scarcely venture to coincide with Xenophon, in allowing the same degree of credit to the love of praise as a motive to virtue, yet, in the conversations of Cyrus with his grandfather, every one is softened and amended by the playful virtue of the former; and when, in after life, he expostulates with the envious and fretful Cyaxeres, we must confess ourselves improved by the persevering moderation he displays in examining the causes of dissention, and the affection with which he solicits the renewal of an unjustly alienated friendship. The effects of the salutary wisdom of Mentor, when Telemachus is about to be immolated by Acestes in Sicily, may teach us the importance of presence of mind in less dangers. When in the deserts of Egpyt, he sinks under the miseries of slavery, but is roused to patience and virtue, by the warning voice which makes the mountains tremble and the trees descend, which bids him to be worthy of his father, and remember, that princes who

have been always happy are scarcely ever worthy of being so; we perceive a lesson, which may be useful to us in the usual misfortunes of life.—The attractions of Calypso resemble the pleasures of this happy country, in which good taste and genius, by removing all their grossness, seem to have banished half their evil.* The precepts of fortitude, justice, beneficence, honor, truth, are confessedly of universal application, and even the maxims of politics and commerce, which abound in this admirable work, though we cannot promise ourselves any opportunities of reducing them to practice, may make us better subjects in a free government, as they shew us the only foundations of such a government, and at once enlarge and liberalize both the sentiment and the understanding.

Rousseau, ill fitted for society, much less for that of courts, has fixed his attention upon a lower rank—his hero, however, must be wealthy, and it is impossible to adapt his system, even so far as it is practicable, to any, whose possessions are not much beyond a competency. Rousseau has

* See Burke on the French revolution.

been followed at no very long interval by his accomplished countrywoman Madame de Genlis, but still a prince is one of the principal objects of her attention, and her Adelaide and Theodore riot in all the overflowing advantages, whether of nature or fortune. In our country, Milton and Locke have exhibited in a sterner tone a severe and gymnastic system; and in later days, numerous publications appear on this important subject, particularly from female pens, most of which, disdaining the allurements of fiction, assume the formality of the treatise, and profess to teach precepts of general utility: the press still teems, and the anxious mother increases her library with the hope that at last some grand, some unfailing remedy may appear, some all-correcting, all-efficient plan, under the influence of which the germ of every virtue may be fostered, of every vice eradicated, till the stream of life, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, brightening as it swells, shall at once adorn and fertilize wherever it extends. Unfortunately, however, the passions still seem to continue equally destructive and equally numerous, in defiance of the gloomy cautions and an-

gry denunciations of the devotee, or the more sober precepts of the practical instructress; and the fond enquiring mother, I fear, however various the sources of her exertions, must still console herself for transient forebodings of ill, with alternate hopes and brighter prospects, and with the conviction, that her child, the object of all her solicitude, forms a part of a beneficent system, in which happiness and virtue infinitely preponderate over misery and error.

There was one sentiment unknown in the Emile, which the old count de Liancourt encouraged in his son, that of family pride —not the vulgar pride, which induces a man of noble birth to fancy that he is made of different materials from his fellow-creatures, but that by which he considers himself as the representative of the virtues of his ancestors, and bound to maintain such a situation by his own.

For the rest, it is enough to say, that under the direction of his Mentor, the count de Liancourt had resisted the pleasures of the capital, had formed an attachment to a lady, equal to himself in rank, and almost in merit; that after spending two

years in travelling, he had married this object of his first and only love. In relating this part of his history, his voice faultered, and his strong and manly frame, I speak without any exaggeration, seemed absolutely to sink under his agitation.

The father dying, the present count came into possession of his estates in 1787.—It was a period to engage all the attention, and interest all the feelings of such a man as de Liancourt. The monarchy of France seemed tottering with the weight of age, bending under the accumulated difficulties of centuries; and the faults and vices of a long race of princes were arrayed, though as yet distantly, against him, whose unmerited misfortunes can only be ascribed to the times in which he lived. The exhausted state of the finances demanded impositions, which the people, who then for the first time began to question the limits of the royal power itself, refused to bear; and the privileged orders were so blinded with avarice, as not to perceive that their cause was the same with that of their monarch. Enthusiastic or ambitious men began to form schemes for an entire change in the constitution, (some aiming at the good of

their country, but a greater number, it is now to be feared, at their own aggrandizement, or the gratification of the darker, and more malignant passions;) and history was searched, not as formerly, for events and facts to be interpreted universally in favor of the reigning family, but for those which might furnish a reason for the diminution or overthrow of their power. Publications appeared, too numerous and too widely circulated to be repressed, in which every preceding sovereign was brought before the bar of the public, and the supposed impartiality of history afforded an ample shelter for attacks upon the existing monarch. Yet when we examine the records of the family of Capet, we must confess that their errors and their crimes were almost equally balanced by their excellencies. The early part of their history is rendered interesting by the dangers to which they were continually exposed from the turbulent spirit of the nobles; and the powers they displayed in uniting the kingdom under one sovereign, demand our admiration and applause. But the political criticism of the times which immediately preceded the revolution,

searched not for virtues.—The original usurpation of the first of the race; the weakness, perfidy, and cruelty of some, the wild and dangerous superstition of others; the unfortunate and guilty reigns of Philip VI., of John, and Charles VI., when France, torn by intestine broils, was nearly subjugated by a foreign power; the detestable and ruinous policy of Lewis XI.; the wavering inconstancy, weak credulity, and unavailing rashness of Francis; the cruel bigotry, and disgusting debauchery of later princes; the systematic and successful encroachments of Louis XIII.; suitably followed by the theatric pretensions, splendid profligacy, and overbearing autocracy of Lewis XIV., and the tranquil, but inglorious and exhausted reign of his successor—were not considered as compensated by the opposite virtues of some of these princes; by the vigorous and restoring policy of Philip Augustus, the mild, yet efficient exertions of Charles VII., the active sagacity, and benevolent, though exclusive, patriotism of Lewis XII., the prompt beneficence and impetuous affection of Henry IV., or the dazzling glories of that period, celebrated, by one of the most acute and

penetrating of historians, as of itself an age, elevated above all other times; but were collected as guilt unatoned, the expiation of which was obvious, and at hand. The numerous defects of the then existing institutions, the undefined power of the parliaments, and the non-existence of any legislative authority as inherent in the people, were severely arraigned, and as justly condemned. The degraded and profligate manners of the court and the nobility—amongst whom even appearances were disregarded, gave weight to the arguments which were deduced from the past. From the narrow boundaries of historic knowledge, men rushed into the expanse of philosophy and metaphysics. New and difficult questions were hourly agitated, and the abstract doctrines of the unalienable rights of man, were asserted with a boldness, more calculated, it must be owned, to satisfy the feelings of the enthusiastic, than the judgments of the considerate. The sanguine politicians who successively stepped forward to remove all these difficulties, displayed only the bold ignorance of empirics, who with their vaunted remedies, redoubled the evils they had promised to

redress.—At length, the grand, the important, the awful measure of summoning the states, was as rashly adopted as it had been unreasonably withheld, and being conducted with still less regard to the plain dictates of wisdom, and accompanied with events, each of which seemed to be the acmè of error and misfortune till another succeeded it, was followed by scenes of horror, in describing which, the future historian will rejoice that his pen is so powerless. De Liancourt warned and foretold in vain.—The course he recommended, equally firm and conciliating, was too temperate for the vain, and too bold for the weak; and, like the prophetess of old, his advice was disregarded and derided, till the burning city evinced the strength of his wisdom and the justice of his counsels.—De Liancourt loved freedom—he felt how necessary it was for the mighty operations of his own mind—he dreaded an ungoverned populace—his knowledge displayed its danger as it is:—The constitution of September 1791, which closed the labors of the first constituent assembly, though many of the leaders in the events of that period had exhibited traits of character sufficient to cre-

ate the most serious alarm, upon a general consideration of all the circumstances, arrested his warmest approbation. It was marked with some errors, which he hoped experience would rectify; but he approv- of it, as being founded on the sovereignty of the laws, those laws to be executed by a limited monarch. The chief object of his censure was, the abolition of hereditary distinctions, which appeared to him, in many instances, the basis of a valuable sentiment; and the most brilliant, and at the same time the least expensive support of the royal authority. The first assembly was dissolved, and its members lost to the public—the proceedings of the second and third assemblies struck him with indescribable horror, and he would have bled in defence of his sovereign, but he had no leader and no followers in the contest. He conjured the nobles, by every tie that could be supposed to actuate them—by their glory, by their hopes, by their oaths of loyalty, by their spirit of honor, by their love for their country, by their affection for their children—by less worthy considerations, by their fears, by their avarice —by these, and every other motive, he

conjured them to rally round their paternal throne—all was in vain—the destruction was complete and remediless—Lewis perished on the scaffold, and any effort to avenge his death must have assumed the character of suicide.—De Liancourt, however, still remained at Paris, and baffled the vigilance of his enemies. A faint hope sometimes forced its way into his mind, that the people, struck with sudden compunction at the crime committed under the sanction of their authority, would return to their former habits, with the ardor of men who considered allegiance to the exiled family not only as a duty, but as an atonement. He was quickly undeceived—encreasing and unparalleled enormities announced too plainly the insolent and brutal triumph in the past. At length it became absolutely necessary that de Liancourt should leave Paris.—But how was he to accomplish this design? The eye of a government, whose detestable and savage disposition was stimulated by a consciousness of its own insecurity,—searched for him with a jealous activity, even at that time extraordinary. To escape with Madame de Liancourt was totally impossible—but to leave

her—this was the struggle—this the labor. —Feeling, however, that the prospect of things assuming a better form was at all events extremely distant; that on his flight depended the only possibility of preserving his life; still daring to believe that the rancor of his enemies would not be extended to a guiltless female, and indulging the hope that their separation would be but transient, prevailed upon by her tears, for her sake, for the sake of his country, for himself, he consented to fly.—Such was the Count de Liancourt.

Returning home, Montford expressed his hopes that the countess de Liancourt was not dead. "No no," said he, "she is not dead—"she shall not be dead."—He thought it possible she might be in England, perhaps in London, and determined to make every enquiry. All other considerations were for the moment forgotten, and he vowed he would leave Essex the next morning.—We were conversing on this subject, when we met Mrs. Harley and Louisa taking their evening walk. We described to them the day we had passed. Louisa regretted it should be thought necessary to exclude the ladies from such

scenes. " But perhaps when you have discovered the countess, I too shall be invited." " You will be delighted," I replied, " with the acquaintance you will then have an opportunity of making."—" He is indeed a most extraordinary man," said Montford.—" Never was a man," I replied, " more marked with all the characteristics of greatness—his education was well suited to him—it has given a stern inflexible character to his understanding, entirely necessary to controul passions which are much more violent than he himself would believe or allow—they may perish with age."—" All but one," exclaimed Montford, interrupting me, that shall never leave him; adversity, you see, cannot shake it; aye, when youth is flown, still shall it glimmer with a beautiful, though feeble lustre, even to the grave." —At this moment Louisa's eyes met his. Immediately afterwards he offered her his arm,—she accepted it.—Mrs. Harley took mine, and thus we walked on to the house.

As we drew near, the rest of the party, who had just left the table, sallied forth from the door. Whether it was that Mr. Harley had heard some insinuation unfa-

vorable to Montford, or that there was a confidence in Louisa's manner, as she leaned upon my friend's arm, he treated them both with great asperity during the rest of the evening. Was this wise? by involving them in a common misfortune, did he not increase their mutual interest? Montford was angry, Louisa distressed—the same temper continued the next day; it seemed to be increased at dinner, and the cloth was scarcely removed, when Mr. Harley indulged himself with a tone not perfectly mild, in the following remark—"The newspaper to-day gives us a fine instance of the degeneracy of the times; here is a peer of the realm who has married his daughter to an apothecary." I could not help smiling at this singular mode of vengeance; however, it drew from Mr. M. a long dissertation upon the danger of the degradation of noble families. I was not certain how Montford would conduct himself on this occasion; I knew that his ideas in a great measure accorded with my uncle's, but there were some powerful motives to incline him to the opposite side. However, I was not long at a loss. He followed the impulse of the moment, and poured forth his thoughts

with his usual impetuosity and sincerity—they were to this purport. "In modern Europe there seem to be two prevailing sentiments or passions, actuating more or less every state of which it is composed. One of these takes its rise in a very distant period; it is a feeling of pride, than which none seems more natural to the human heart, arising from illustrious descent; the other is of later date, depends upon commerce; it is also a feeling of pride, arising from great possessions. It appears that the due balance of these two sentiments is most intimately connected with the happiness and prosperity of countries. Where family pride reigns, to the exclusion of the other, weakness and degradation seem to follow, as in Spain. Where the pride of wealth has the same excess, we see the same appearances, as in Holland. England was once miserably subjugated to its nobles. Commerce gave it liberty, happiness, and grandeur. It is now, I think, apparent, that this commerce or rather the spirit it engenders, requires a check in its turn—wealth is increasing beyond calculation, the nobility is proportionably degraded, almost the only title to consequence is opulence.

" In comparing these two passions in their excess, I do not hesitate to give the preference to the former—when the pride of wealth predominates, our clothes are well manufactured, our food is luxurious, our houses are spacious; to balance these advantages, literature is disregarded, the manners become vulgar, and the morals are not only vicious, but gross; the spirits of men grow dull and heavy; they shrink from exertion, they fall into the worst of slavery, in losing even the wish to be free; and may it not be said of this passion, that while it degrades almost to the brutes inferior men, there is none more dangerous even to the best?

" On the other hand, the natural concomitants of the pride of family, are a spirit of honour, refinement of manners, a delicate respect for sex, purity of morals; it is hostile to liberty, but it does not render the mind incapable of exertion, or destroy its elasticity; it frequently makes common men ridiculous, but, where it meets one of higher bearing, it discovers itself in the patronage of literature, the relief of distress, hospitality to strangers, a lofty superiority to fortune; it is then, as it were, a

second conscience, and feels no shock but in dishonor."* Montford was still conti-ing in this manner, when Louisa, who was

* I shall endeavour to strengthen these observations, by quoting an author who will not be suspected of a bias against the liberty of the subject.—

"As among the Turks," says Algernon Sidney, "and most of the eastern tyrannies, there is no nobility, and no man has any considerable advantage above the common people, unless by the immediate favor of the prince; so in all the legal kingdoms in the north, the strength of government has always been placed in the nobility; and no better defence has been found against the encroachment of ill kings, than by setting up an order of men, who, by holding large territories, and having great numbers of tenants and dependants, might be able to restrain the exorbitances that either the kings or the commons might run into."

Again: "Our ancestors knew, that the kings of several nations had been kept within the limits of the law by the virtue and power of a great and brave nobility; and that no other way of supporting a mixed monarchy had ever been known in the world, than by putting the balance into the hands of those who had the greatest interests in nations, and who, by birth and estate, enjoyed greater advantages than kings could confer on them for rewards of betraying their country."

"Nevertheless," he proceeds in his answer to Sir Robert Filmer, "it may be worth our pains to enquire what our author means by nobility. If such as at this day, by means of patents obtained for money or by favor, without any regard to merit in the persons of their ancestors, are called dukes, marquisses, &c. I give him leave to impute as late and base an original to them, as he pleases, without fear-

sitting between him and me, involuntarily sighed. I had been endeavouring to defend his interests, better than he seemed to be

ing that the rights of our nation can thereby be impaired; and am content, that if the king do not think it right to support the dignity of his own creatures, they may fall. But if, by noblemen, we are to understand such as have been ennobled by the virtues of their ancestors, manifested in services done to their country; I say, that all nations, amongst whom virtue has been esteemed, have had a great regard to them and their posterity."

Again: "It was not to be imagined that, through the weakness of some and the malice of others, those dignities should by degrees be turned into empty titles, and become rewards of the greatest crimes and the vilest services; or that the noblest of descendants, for want of them, should be brought under the name of commoners, and deprived of all privileges, except such as are common to them with their grooms. Such a stupendous change being in process of time insensibly introduced, the foundations of that government, which they had established, were removed, and the superstructure overthrown. The balance by which it subsisted was broken, and 'tis as impossible to restore it, as for most of those, who at this day go under the name of noblemen, to perform the duties required from the ancient nobility of England."

In the same manner Harrington—"It is not the limitation of sovereign power that is the cause of a commonwealth, but *such a libration or poise of orders*, that there can be in the same no number of men, having the interest, that can have the power, nor any number of men having the power, that can have the interest, to invade or disturb the government."

aware of, and now I suddenly lost the most powerful of my adversaries, for my poor friend could not utter a word more on the

" It is remarkable," (I now quote Mitford's History of Greece) " that with all the vehemence of democratical jealousy amongst the Athenians, family eminence was still in estimation."—" If you destroy me," says Andocides, in his defence against the accusation of Callias, " my family is extinct: and does the family of Andocides and Leogoras deserve so to perish? and is it not a reproach to the commonwealth, that their house should be occupied, as during my exile it was, by Cleophon the lyre-maker? that house, of which none of you in passing could say, that thence either public or private evil had come upon him? that house, which has furnished commanders of your forces, who have won many trophies by sea and land; magistrates who have filled all the highest offices of your government, through whose hands the public treasure has passed, and who never turned any to their own profit;—a family, who never had cause to complain of the people, or the people of them, and whom, from the remotest antiquity, whence they trace themselves, never were any before brought into a situation to supplicate your mercy."

The Roman history, as it is singularly instructive on all political subjects, so affords us a most important and striking lesson upon family distinction. The first three centuries of the Roman state were remarkable for an excessive separation between the higher and lower orders—the people voting not individually, but by classes, which classes were divided according to property; the plebeians not being allowed to marry with the patricians; and all the honors and superior offices of government being confined to the latter. Moreover there was a connexion of patron and cli-

subject. He sat, not only silent, but immovable. He would not for the universe have turned his eyes towards Louisa. She,

ent, which rendered the poor extremely dependant on the rich, that is, upon those of senatorial and patrician rank. The people however, taking frequent advantage of the importance given them when they were called upon to enlist for new wars, at length with rash and inconsiderate power, not only destroyed all these distinctions, but also obtained a law, (the Licinian law) enacting that no man should possess more than 500 acres of land. These measures, as was afterwards proved when it was too late, passed from one extreme to its opposite. For a time the course of events was astonishingly brilliant. From the breaking out of the first punic war to the end of the second Macedonian war, a period of nearly 80 years, at the end of which, the Romans may be regarded as considerably advanced towards the conquest of the world, we find a glorious succession of public and private virtues. Yet we must observe, that the persons who most figured at this time, were of patrician rank, the Reguli, the Scipios, the Fabii, the Marcelli, the Œmilii, the Metelli, nor must we omit a curious fact, that at the very moment the people obtained a share in the consulship, they could find no man amongst themselves, though the candidates were numerous, who appeared worthy of that honor. So far then manners and customs overcame the spirit of the new laws, and at the same time the limitation of property in some measure tended to preserve these ancient manners and customs. At the conclusion of the period just mentioned, a torrent of wealth broke in upon the commonwealth, and bore down, as was sure to be the case, the Licinian law. The Gracchi lost their lives in endeavouring to enforce it. It was now that

conscious of the cause of interruption in the conversation, was equally confused—Fortunately, however, I succeeded in turning the attention of the company to some other circumstance.—The rest of the evening Louisa was dejected and out of spirits —her father's displeasure had prepared her for this depression, and the conversation during dinner was not calculated to remove it. The only persons she seemed to speak to with any pleasure, were her mother and myself. With her mother it was affection and love, with me, gratitude for what she considered as an obligation. Montford she treated with coldness and reserve; he affected cheerfulness, but never was a dis-

was found the utility of those due distinctions of birth, which if scarcely necessary in a poor and infant state, are the only palliations that can be opposed to the corruption of a rich one. All things became venal at Rome—the people sold themselves in masses to the highest bidder—ambition and talents made wealthy folly their instruments—and the dreadful war between Marius and Sylla, led the way to the enterprize of Cæsar, whose extraordinary powers raised him above the one universal level to the abrupt and gigantic throne already prepared for him. Nor must it be omitted that this conqueror of his country, found it suit his purposes to complete the degradation of the senate, by filling it up with the lowest of his creatures, and even with strangers and barbarians.

guise so ill-assumed, and if the opinions, he had just discovered, had not reassured Mr. Harley, his manners would now have inevitably disclosed his situation. They disclosed it to me, and in a degree that alarmed me. I began to fear that I had not sufficiently considered the effects of a violent passion, which must at all events meet with many obstacles, upon a temper like his.

At length, watching an opportunity when Louisa was disengaged, he approached her with timid deference, and spoke to her, but in so low a voice, that I had to conjecture his meaning. I could hear, scarcely articulated, the word "offence." Louisa quickly replied, "No, no," and turned from him in evident distress.—After a slight struggle with herself, she hastened into another room. I ventured to follow her. We walked arm in arm for some time, and then sat down. "Her father's displeasure," I said, "would quickly be at an end, it would be very transient." Though she must have been far from supposing that I did not understand the real cause of her distress, she was still however unable to answer me, or at least was fearful of trusting herself with speech. At this moment Mrs. Harley join-

ed us, and sitting down by her daughter's side, and taking her hand, spoke to her with the softest and tenderest affection. This was too much for Louisa to bear; she gazed at her for some time, then throwing her arms round her neck, in an instant covered her with tears and kisses. I now left them, but in going out I could just hear, interrupted with sobs, the words, "Yes, yes, yes, my dearest mother, I will be all you can wish, all my father can wish."—"You are already, my dearest Louisa, all we can wish, our boast, our pride."—Alas! how is this answer verified, by an affliction that seems to encrease with time.

After some time Mrs. Harley and Louisa rejoined the company, the latter with composure, and even cheerfulness. Montford too, recovered something of his spirits, and the evening was passed with less ennui than I expected. The next day had been fixed for our departure, and late events did not induce me to alter it. Montford would willingly have prolonged his stay, but Mrs. Harley carefully avoided giving him the least invitation. Early in the morning she took an opportunity of speaking to me upon the mutual passion of her daughter

and my friend; we agreed that all we had to dread arose from precipitation; that the least rashness, by inflaming Mr. Harley's temper, would inevitably destroy the happiness of all parties. I promised to watch over Montford. "I shall have a much easier task," said she: "in my ward I shall know every feeling, inclination, and wish, as soon as they are known to herself: yet, this concealment from my husband is most irksome to me; well, well, I can excuse myself, when I think of the merits of your friend.

When we took our leave, Louisa had forgiven her delinquent; and, in spite of absence, I never knew him in better spirits than as we rode towards London.

We slept at an inn upon the road, and in the morning continued our journey. I perceived from Montford's looks, that he had something strongly impressed upon his mind, which he wished to communicate to me. At length, as we were riding leisurely along, he told me, with an air not perfectly disengaged, that he had determined to leave the university, that the mode of life there no longer suited him, that he was resolved to enter into some profession, which might

lead him to eminence and character. I understood this sudden ambition, and contenting myself with shortly stating some objections, changed the subject. The day following, however, I found his intentions had taken a more positive form, and that he had really fixed upon the law as his future employment. Casting up my eyes to his, I asked him if he had forgotten the countess de Liancourt. He was silent for a moment, but it was a moment of deep self-reproach. The thought of having forgotten his friend, threw him into a state of humiliation and self-abasement, which seemed to bend him to the earth. At length he warmly exclaimed—" I will think only of my noble friend, and if the woman he so much loves is to be found or heard of in this country, I will discover her." We instantly set out upon our search. I rejoiced in this new object of attention, but I grieved to perceive the degree of irritation into which his mind had fallen.

After three days spent in fruitless inquiries, we for the present relinquished them. Montford was still bent upon his new project of the law, and soon became impatient of contradiction upon the subject. I stated

all the objections that suggested themselves to me, both to the profession itself, and to his particular character as applied to it. I reminded him, that no study could be more hostile to all the rules and methods of science, that its decisions were founded merely on precedents, that it was proverbially dry and unentertaining, that it engaged a man in perpetual noise and tumult, which give force rather than comprehension, and acuteness rather than liberality or dignity; that its constant disputes, and the liberty allowed in them to the contending parties, tended to the utter destruction of whatever was pleasing in the manners, and that in this view, a court of justice was diametrically opposed to a court of honor; that the definitive decisions given by men, who thought themselves qualified to decide without appeal upon every thing, were only allowed, to avoid the worse consequences of argument; that the prizes held out were few, and that the attainment of these depended not upon a man's own merit; that the public life into which it seems to introduce its votaries, with its robe, its eloquence, and its specious dignity, were formidably contrasted with the obscure

drudgery of a special pleader's office; that it required a temperament laborious, constant, secure from the impulses and temptations of the moment; that with all possible advantages, success could not be expected, till near the decline of life. This last observation alone seemed to have any effect upon Montford. It was not indeed difficult to conjecture, that he had not embraced the profession of the law for itself, or with a view to legal eminence, but had proposed a nearer and dearer reward to his wished for renown. He however took the opposite side of the question; and first deceiving himself, endeavoured to spread the delusion to me. He contended, that some of the objections I had made would equally apply to all professions; that if the manners sometimes contracted a severity or captiousness, inconsistent with the pleasing intercourse of society, even then they were preferable to the indolent insipidity of those who were without any employment; that though the practice of the courts of justice was mostly unfavorable to abstract studies and the pursuit of general knowledge, it sometimes immediately led to the examination and discussion of the first prin-

ciples of justice and of civil and religious liberty; and that though the profession of the law seldom produced men of very large and liberal views, or who were equal to the discussion of great general subjects, yet by its perpetual bustle, it kept the mind awake, and throwing its followers much into the world, corrected or prevented habits of selfishness and singularity.—I could not deny the justice of these observations; but still I contended, that they did not apply to him, and that he was the last person to engage in such a profession. After a moment's apparent consideration, however, he expressed his determination to persist, and make the trial. I found, that by opposing him any farther. I should inflame, rather than convince him; but I determined to follow his example in leaving the university, at least for a term, in order to guard against any obstacles which so irritable a state of mind might oppose to the desire which now so warmly actuated me.

At this time it required all my affection and partiality, not to be frequently offended by Montford's want of temper. He was indeed completely changed; his passion for Louisa had taken full possession of his

mind; every thought, every wish, was intimately connected with it; to force him into any other direction was insupportable tyranny to him. At the same time he was conscious that prudence and patience were necessary. In one of his laborious appeals to his judgment, he allowed the danger of the least precipitation, and even promised to take no step without first communicating it to me. These intervals of wisdom were short; the idea of being compelled to hide, or tamper with a feeling, which he considered as his greatest boast, returned, stimulating almost to madness his frank and independant disposition. Perceiving him, however, anxiously employed in searching for a residence in one of the inns of court, I took the opportunity of paying a visit to Cambridge, to make some necessary arrangements there. I passed there little more than a fortnight. On my return, what was my surprize and mortification to find, that my anxious cares were defeated, that all I so much dreaded, had actually taken place.

A week after my departure, unable to endure in solitude the feverish struggle between hope and fear, he had paid a visit to

Mr. Harley's. My uncle seems to have received him not without surprize, but however, with a degree of cordiality, which could only be accounted for by the recollection, that his suspicions had been in a great measure allayed, by his discovery of Montford's opinions on certain points. Mrs. Harley was cold and distant; no doubt she well perceived the state of his temper, and the danger arising from it. What had been his conversation with Louisa, I could scarcely learn from him. Perhaps in a moment of confidence she had confessed, that with him alone she could be happy; a tear might have followed upon the remembrance of her father's evident disapprobation; perhaps her filial affection preponderated, and her lover had been treated with what he would call insufferable coldness. All I could certainly obtain from him was, that he had seen Louisa alone. After passing a night at Mr. Harley's, he seems to have returned in a state bordering on madness. Certainty either way was, he thought, far preferable to the suspense he suffered. At the same time he could not but recollect the frequent cautions I had given him; the necessity of patience, of which his judg-

ment had been so often convinced, and the promise he had made of taking no steps without my concurrence. But in all self-discussions the passions are eloquent; of wide and ample range; never wearied in searching for auxiliary arguments; strengthening the weakest, embellishing the most powerful; the judgment is a dry, syllogistic reasoner, unassuming, taking up but little room, speaking with a firm voice, that varying not with the tones of controversy, becomes too low to be heard in the tumult. Montford told me how painfully and laboriously he had reasoned with himself, how seriously he had deliberated upon all I had formerly said to him. An indifferent person might have supposed, that the measure he had taken in my absence, which had been nothing less than to write to Mr. Harley a formal proposal of marriage with his daughter, had been the result of the maturest wisdom, and the most profound prudence.

Calling upon him immediately after my return, I found him however in a situation little calculated to provoke my ridicule. Mr. Harley's answer to his letter was lying upon the table. It was a decided,

and temperate refusal, without anger, though not without something of a sarcastic taunt upon the contradiction my friend had displayed between his principles and his conduct. He concluded with an acknowledgment of esteem and respect, and with an expression of hope, that, as his daughter's affections were not seriously engaged, she might not be troubled on the subject—that the offer might thus be confined to the knowledge of the two correspondents and of Mrs. Harley.

Those alone who are capable of a strong attachment, who know how every feeling and habit become associated in men of lively sensibility with the object of their love, would give credit to a description of the situation, in which I found my friend. He had hoped without reason, but the self-delusion had been cherished so as to bear the appearance of reality. Life had ceased to appear of any value, but as connected with Louisa; and if he had sought to decorate it with the applauses of his fellow-men, it was because she would partake them at his side. Now all was changed—in the tumult of his mind he had deemed his success certain; at present his loss appeared

remediless; but an hour ago, how could he have checked his hopes; now, what should prevent his despair. I found him sitting on a sofa, his arms closely folded, and pressed upon his bosom; his eye tearless and fixed; his figure with nothing in it of the appearance of rest. I addressed him in my usual manner, but obtained from him no answer. I approached him, and sat down by his side.—He turned his eyes to me, and pointed to the letter I have mentioned. He was unable to utter a word. I read the letter, and feeling at the moment no sensation but that of pity for his sufferings, spoke to him with the tenderest affection. A deep sigh seemed to shake his whole frame; it was instantly followed by a flood of tears: he rose from his chair, and flung out of the room. The reader, I am sure, will not deride my friend as weak and unmanly, nor is it necessary for me to appeal to the grave to shelter him from ridicule and contumely; no, no. The affections which actuated him are the true inheritance of the great and noble; they may sometimes stimulate to frenzy, but it is short and transient; they resume their wonted course, to cherish, adorn, delight; equally fitted to

every situation of life, they enliven the country, they soften the town; they form the sum of our wishes at home, abroad they give a higher colouring to new objects; they are the brightest ornament of prosperity, the surest solace of adversity; alone, they give an uncontested title to esteem and honor; without them the highest qualities sink into nothing; with them, they form the perfection of character, for I know nothing greater or better on earth, than a man of an ardent and intrepid spirit urging him to execute the dictates of a comprehensive understanding, who can melt in tenderness over the objects of his domestic and social love.

In about an hour Montford returned, in a state of great composure and tranquillity. I could not avoid expressing my indignation at the conduct he had pursued. He said he had not determined upon it, till after the deepest conviction of its propriety. I was angry. I told him it seemed folly to encourage his hopes any farther. He agreed with me—his coldness surprized me. I forgot at the moment how generally a strong agitation is succeeded by a dull repose, that only forbodes a violence

still more alarming than the first. He now talked much upon the madness of indulging in any degree the passion of love, and argued most severely upon its consequences, as unfitting a man for any of the important duties of life, destroying his interest in whatever was great and valuable, rendering him forgetful of his promises and friends. I expressed my regret that this flood of light should not have burst in upon him, before he had put to hazard the peace of a whole family: "and has not my peace been equally exposed?" said he pettishly. "It seems pretty well restored at present," I replied; and hastily wishing him good morning, left him. I had never thought ill of him before. I have often regretted my injustice in this instance, yet let me rejoice, that in a long and near intercourse, it is the only offence towards him of which I can accuse myself.

The next morning before I had risen, Montford called upon me. His looks sufficiently bespoke the misery of the night he had passed. I was alarmed by them. He reproached me, not with anger, but sorrow, for having left him so abruptly the day before. I confessed that his language

had really chagrined me. "Ah," said he, "if you knew what a paroxysm of pain has followed, how I have been torn and lacerated the whole of this horrid night, you would forgive me." "Forgive you!" I replied, "for heaven's sake, Montford, be not thus melancholy; perhaps there is as little reason for your present despair, as there was for your past confidence." "Nay, nay, no more of that," said he, "I have no hope left; but do not you forsake me,—bear, bear with me, and I shall not have lost all." We passed the whole day together; his melancholy continued without any intervals of cheerfulness, but it was calm and placid, and free from the least violence or agitation. He talked upon the mild virtues of Mrs. Harley, the spotless excellence of Louisa. He accused himself of want of delicacy towards the latter, yet he hoped she would pardon him, for his crime had been in loving "too well" to love wisely. He spoke of Mr. Harley in the highest terms, praising his high spirit of honor, his hospitality, his generosity; his answer he said was worthy of him in every point of view, firm and temperate, dignified without pride. He acknowledged, that all the misery he

suffered, arose from himself alone; then drew a picture of himself, the outlines of which were just enough, but in the finishing, he exaggerated his defects, and threw his excellences into shade. All was humiliation, dejection, self-abasement. Oh! that Mr. Harley had heard the discourse of my friend on this day. He perhaps, who alone could have given it a higher tone, would have rejoiced in the exercise of his power!

Montford did not leave me till late at night. When I was alone, the first object of my meditation was to discover some plan, which, by engaging his mind, might distract it from its situation. Nothing appeared to me better calculated for this purpose, than a tour upon the continent. The time undoubtedly could not be more interesting. It was now the October 1801. After a violent convulsion, the effects of which had been felt at the extremities of the civilized world, things seemed returning to their natural order. The vestiges of misery would prove an useful lesson; the mere idea of visiting in confidence and peace a vast continent, whose countries and states had been so long and rancorously divided against each other, was elevating and con-

soling. I knew that these motives would have a strong effect upon Montford's mind, and so impatient was I to suggest them to him, that I could hardly wait for the morning.

When I called upon him, I found him still dejected and melancholy, and my proposal seemed to plunge him still deeper. "What!" said he, "is it necessary that the sea should divide her from me? is hope so entirely at an end?" I would revive it," I replied, "by the gentle nourishment of prudence; if passion again interferes, it will be torn up by the roots; leave it to the tender care of her who wishes for its growth as anxiously as yourself, and all may perhaps be successful." Upon hearing this he called loudly for his servant, and, in a tone of vexation, ordered him to prepare for a long journey. The man, not used to such imperious orders, stood some time with the door ajar, his countenance strongly expressing surprize. There was something so ludicrous in the scene, that, forgetting the purport of my visit, I could not refrain from bursting into laughter; Montford laughed too, and the servant retired, evidently pleased to see his master restored to his usual good humour. His

mirth however was very transient; he relapsed into his former state, but not without lamenting the change he felt himself, he said, to have undergone in his temper. The opportunity seemed favorable to press the scheme of our journey. I urged every argument that suggested itself to me, not forgetting, it may be supposed, the probability of gaining some information at Paris of the countess de Liancourt. This last motive seemed to make the strongest impression upon the present state of his mind. His situation, he thought, was in some respects similar to that of the count, and, keenly feeling his own misery, he was anxious to relieve his friend's. He was going to give me his consent at once, but recollecting in what a light he had just appeared from his precipitation, he checked himself, and promised me an answer the following day. I left him, better satisfied than if he had immediately acceded to my proposal.

On my return to my lodgings, I found a letter from Mrs. Harley, informing me that her husband's health was by no means good, and that he had determined to pass the winter with herself and Louisa at Bath.

I well knew that, if Montford should waver in his determination, this letter would greatly tend to confirm him. The idea of putting it out of his power to disturb the peace of a sick man, would be grateful to him, and his delicate affection for Louisa would compel him to acknowledge, that she could not be employed in a manner more worthy of herself, than in attending upon her father. The letter had the effect I expected. Montford was more strongly impressed than before with the necessity of relinquishing for the present any farther attempt to gratify his hopes, and from this time gave himself with as much ardor as I could expect, to the preparations for his journey.

His chief care was to write to de Liancourt, in order to obtain whatever letters or instructions might promote the success of his inquiries for the countess. De Liancourt had been long soliciting a permission from the French government to return to France, though not with an intention of residing there. He had however received a peremptory refusal. His attachment to his sovereign was well known, and his abilities were still perhaps the subject of

dread. His answer to Montford's letter was expressive of the deepest gratitude and esteem. He rejoiced in confiding an office on which all his hopes of happiness depended, to a friend, whose zeal under any circumstances seemed incapable of abatement.

At length, when all was settled, I went to Bath, both to see my uncle and inform him of our determination. I found his health much worse than I expected. A disorder, supposed to be the gout, was flying about him, which refused to yield to the usual remedies, or to assume a more regular form. He approved of our intention, and peculiarly commissioned me with a message full of good wishes to Montford. It was not in his nature to feel resentment long. Mrs. Harley lamented my friend's rashness, which once, she said, had nearly destroyed her hopes. She had even resolved for a moment to break the connexion entirely, but, in making the attempt, she had found with sorrow how much she hazarded her daughter's happiness. She then gave me some information upon the last interview between Montford and Louisa, the circumstances of which

had been disclosed to the mother, though they had been too dear and sacred for the friend. When first he saw her, he had excused his sudden visit, by alleging his uncertainty with regard to her forgiveness; she acknowledged her sorrow, that he should have endeavoured to strengthen the only error into which her father could fall.—" and was this the sole cause of your anger?" replied he, disappointed; " then followed," said Mrs. Harley to me with a smile, " a long string of questions and answers, which you will guess far better than I could describe, but at last Louisa confessed, that with him, and him alone, she could be happy." Mrs. Harley then expressed her approbation of our plan, and promised to make every effort, during our absence, to effect what was now, she said, the great object of her life. Louisa, if her delicacy would have permitted her, would have asked me, who proposed the journey, whether it had been embraced with equal pleasure by both of us, when we meant to return, and a thousand other questions. I endeavoured to anticipate them, by telling her much of the truth. When I bid her farewell, she

reminded me that I must not bring back a wife from France. "I can answer for my friend," I said, "but not so certainly for myself." A smile, half-contradicted by her moistened eye, played upon her countenance. I again bade her farewell, and calling upon the count for the promised letters, returned to London.

CHAP. II.

ON the morning of our departure Montford was unusually dejected. In the evening, however, on our arrival at Dover, his spirits rose, and he talked with interest of our intended tour. The next day we embarked for Calais, in the first packet which had sailed since the termination of the war. The beach was crouded with people, who hailed us as we receded from them. Montford's countenance brightened, and, as we stood together on the deck, he talked to me with the vivacity, which was in him at all times the parent of pleasant and varied observation.

When we landed at Calais, it was impossible not to be amused with the motley

throng of all nations who crouded round us. Montford pressed into the midst of them. Penetrating at once into the character of every one who accosted him, he put questions, and made remarks, which, he knew, were best suited to exhibit it. After passing more than half an hour in this manner, during which I had been extremely entertained, and the more so from the joy I felt in recognizing my friend once more in the bright colouring of his mirth, we went to the inn. But here, towards evening, when the novelty of the scene was a little worn off, he became again melancholy and depressed. I would have encouraged him to hope, but all my endeavours were fruitless. However, he found great consolation in expatiating upon the virtues of her he had left, from whom a narrow channel, of only twenty miles, seemed to divide him for ever.

The following morning we continued our route to Paris. Though Montford's mind was never disengaged, few objects escaped his notice. Still, however, the impression of melancholy was constantly discernible in this, that he dwelt at length, and inexhaustibly, upon whatever was calculated to

produce mournful sensations, while subjects of a lighter cast were almost disregarded by him. The vestiges of revolutionary rage and war, still visible in untenanted houses, ruined churches, stagnant manufactures, and mendicant poverty, afforded him his favorite themes. From these he would pass to a more general view of things, and mourn over the shock which the cause of liberty itself had received, from so glaring and frightful an instance, as that which the French revolution exhibited, of popular madness, and still more, from the military usurpation which followed. "Yet," he would say, "I despise from my soul those cold and timid reasoners, who from the abuse of liberty in this instance, seem to argue against the possibility of any rational enjoyment of it. The violences, at which we shudder, were owing, not so much to the attempt at reform, as to that attempt being too long delayed, and the unfortunate circumstances, totally extrinsic, which attended its progress. The French are, I believe, the people on earth, least suited to the irritating tumult of a revolution; yet, perhaps, if the government had been in the first instance sincere, and bold

in its sincerity, if it had conceded with prudence, before it was obliged to abandon in despair; above all, if the surrounding powers had not interfered in a manner as unjust as impolitic—in all probability, France would now have been limited both in her government and territory, and Europe have maintained its former balance and accustomed relations. In all contests between the governor and the people, the former should recollect, that every exertion of patience, forbearance, management, and skill, must originate with him—it cannot be expected from an ignorant and impassioned mob.—Acting skilfully, and from reason, he has weapons, of which they do not understand the use; but from the moment he follows the impulse of vexation or anger, he puts himself on a level with his opponents, and the brute force to which he has appealed, can alone decide between them.—The lover of rational liberty can surely find nothing in the events of the French revolution to alter his opinions—despotism still undeviatingly tends to fetter industry, to debase the genius, to paralyse every species of exertion, to humble—to degrade—to destroy. The

arts, the sciences, poetry, eloquence, all that the great admire, or the good love, it chills and annihilates. The most ignorant traveller would be able to conjecture the nature of a government, from the appearance of the people he passes through. Cross a mountain or a river, and what an amazing difference between man and man! Declamation has exhausted itself upon the crimes and horrors of the French revolution, and has still been outrun by the facts. Reason will lament as deeply, though perhaps less loudly, the silent degradation, which, under the gloomy shade of the despotic throne, steals along to the remotest part of its dominions.

"It has been the custom with many, who, during the progress of the French revolution, formed opinions less favorable to liberty than those they formerly entertained, to defend themselves from the charge of inconstancy or dishonesty, by ascribing the alteration in their sentiments to the dreadful events which then took place. It is difficult, however, to allow the justice of this reasoning. The horrors of the French revolution, whatever was their magnitude, have taught us nothing new. We knew

before, that a populace long restrained by a power unjustly severe, would, on the removal of that power altogether, rush forward to the commission of every enormity. We knew before, that a mob never reasons upon consequences. We knew before, that when they have lost the wise restraint of a superintending authority, they become the blind and implicit followers of every raging demagogue, whose influence over their minds is always proportioned to the extent and energy of his designs. What political opinions must those have been, which were inconsistent with the experience of all ages and nations? We may lament the sanguinary excesses of that dreadful period —we may give ourselves up to the enraptured eloquence of Burke, who, if he wants the wisdom, has all the brilliancy of inspiration—we may deem it right to have defended ourselves from danger, by supporting the aristocracy with more warmth than would have been justifiable in common times—we may have thought even war necessary for this purpose—but he who has suffered the settled principles of his mind to be changed by these events, and who, when the alarm is past, still

confesses and vindicates the alteration, before any competent tribunal assuredly will not be allowed to triumph; and it is to be feared, that no accomplishments can rescue him from the melancholy sentence of being deficient in honesty, or firmness, or wisdom.

"Amongst this unfortunate class of men, those perhaps are least to be censured, or most to be pitied, who, having entertained high notions of the improvement of man and his approach to perfection, conceived the breaking out of the French revolution to be the dawning of a glorious day, the meridian of which was to mark the diffusion of peace and liberty over the whole world. Because the event did not correspond with their wishes, they rushed into the other extreme of disgust and abhorrence. The answer is obvious—Both in public and private life," continued Montford with a sigh, "unfounded expectations must be baffled, and extravagant hopes disappointed. History furnishes no reason to suppose that mankind, I will not say, are approaching to perfection, that is absurd; but even greatly improving. The boundaries of civilization seem to be changed,

rather than enlarged. Great Britain certainly is no longer inhabited by painted savages; nor do the French and Germans at all resemble the vanquished enemies of Cæsar, or the rude barbarians of Tacitus. But turn to the nations, whose annals throw most splendor on the page of the historian. What now are the mighty empires of the east? The mere description of their cities fills us with astonishment and admiration; but their very situations are now unknown, and the prophecies of the sacred writings, whilst they amaze some with their verity, and others with their accuracy, must alarm all into reflection upon the inefficiency of human effort, and the vanity of human greatness. Where now is that vast dominion, founded by the favorite hero of the most beautiful of moralists and the most eloquent of historians? where now the pride of his splendid successor, whose mighty multitude made even their monarch weep for a calamity too distantly and imperfectly foreseen. What now is the land of the Ptolemies? a field of battle for rival nations, in whose contentions the inhabitants themselves are scarcely heard of. What now is Greece?

Where the enraptured song, or the living marble? Where are the precepts of philosophy, where is the tumultuous energy of freedom? What is Rome? The nations of the earth are avenging their former subjugation, by a mockery as bitter as it is universal. The wretched ecclesiastic sits upon his derided throne—he cannot give his people security, and his country is a desert. The city to which her mighty empire was transferred, as better suited to the double sway of Europe and Asia, is now the sinking abode of a ferocious despotism, the stern and rugged features of which are not softened by a single sentiment of gallantry or of honor. The learned fled from its walls, and found shelter in a more genial country. That country flourished for its season—it is now the despised dependance of a vast dominion, whose ruler seems to think nothing done while any thing remains to be done—any thing for his power to arrogate, or his rapacity to seize. The invention of the art of printing, it is true, may perpetuate our knowledg, and our skill in war may prevent or repel the attack of the barbarian; but the press has not subdued the passions, and

the silent inroads of luxury are as fatal as the destructive energy of an Attila.

Thus then, in defiance of the weakness and dishonesty of some, and the romantic enthusiasm of others, we may still rejoice that the cause of rational liberty has suffered no stain. Government is most assuredly necessary—monarchy, (I mean of course a limited monarchy) in the present state of Europe, I believe to be the best of governments—but it is still an indubitable and most solemn truth, that the only end of government is the happiness of the governed, and that the liberty of the subject should then only be diminished, when such diminution is absolutely and decidedly necessary for his tranquillity and security."

The conversations, from which I draw these reflections, passed in our way from Calais to Paris. They were generally terminated by an observation similar to that I have just recorded. The danger arising from the shock given to public opinion on questions of political or religious liberty, by the events of the French revolution, was strongly impressed upon his mind; and his anger was proportionably great against those, who from views of self-

interest, or from a false and vulgar sentiment, or even from sensations of alarm, had been seduced from those principles of rational freedom, to enforce which in former days had been the great object of their lives. The cry, he would say, was surely loud enough, without their aid—the regular body-guards of power were not asleep on their posts, nor did they want recruits;—it was plain that government had taken the alarm, and it was to be feared, that through the medium of that alarm, the most common occurrences would be magnified into danger —that every whisper would become a conspiracy, and every meeting an insurrection. What, without any deep knowledge of human nature we might have foreseen, evidently took place. Our ears were in continual opposition to all the other senses; —as far as the eye could reach, tranquillity was as deep as universal; but if we had believed reports, every step we took was through an armed populace. At the same time, he that did not believe these reports was himself determined to have enlisted under the banners of jacobinism, and the people were taught to practise a singular and contradictory persecution by proscrib-

ing every man as an enemy to government, who did not believe them to be in a state of insurrection against that government—thus you was commanded to give credit to a popular feeling, the precise contrary to which had been employed to drive you from society. It is in a time like this that men are tried—the vain and the ostentatious, the weak, the mercenary, and the fickle, fall off—those who remain firm win eternal honor; nor will it be long before the large arrear of applause and gratitude, owed them by mankind, shall be added to the high triumph of their virtue. "How I venerate," exclaimed my admirable friend, "the consistent, the undeviating politician! to have opposed, not indecorously or factiously, the increasing influence of the crown, to have inclined to the constitutional liberties of the people, to have recommended the redress of all grievances, whether civil or religious, as the most effectual means of inspiring unanimity and affection in the subject; on questions of peace or war, to have considered the latter as the worst of evils, and to have insisted on every possible expedient, when the national honor suffered no diminution, for the pre-

servation of the former; to have deprecated all political distinctions in the inhabitants of countries forming one empire; in commercial regulations, to have recommended freedom, in religious differences, toleration; to have stood firm in that dreadful conflict, when reason seemed to have lost its empire over minds it formerly ruled with unlimited sway—when established truth appeared an empty vision, and friendship a mere name—thus to act, and thus to close a life of action—there can be nothing better—nothing greater:—and the people, who cannot value such characters, merit the fatal consequences of their blindness and ingratitude."

We arrived at Paris the day before the festival in celebration of the general peace —the magnificence of the illumination, particularly on the banks of the Seine, would almost defy description. Whatever a profuse and splendid government could invent or contrive, for the gratification of a people peculiarly delighted with such scenes, was united to the efforts of each individual, who, with real and unaffected pleasure, followed the example set him by his superiors. It was a magnificence worthy of the

occasion, that seemed to emulate the extent of the blessing it celebrated—it was a brilliant and glorious testimony of national joy, on the termination of a war, marked by singular atrocities and horrors. We may deride or deplore the fickle temper of the populace, who frequently celebrate with equal pomp, and apparently with equal joy, events the most disastrous as well as the most beneficial to mankind. Yet I believe an observation of this nature was never made with so little justice as on the present occasion. Revolutionary tumult had subsided under the vigorous administration of Bonaparte; but as the war had been indissolubly connected with these tumults, peace was necessary to destroy or soothe the recollection of scenes, which, if they had not terrified by their atrocity, had at least wearied by their repetition.—All was joy and rapture. Montford was exhilarated, and forgot that he had any cause to be unhappy.

The day after, we hastened to deliver the letters de Liancourt had given us. Of the five persons to whom they were respectively addressed, we only found one at Paris. The rest were either emigrants, or had been still more unfortunate. The

gentleman we called upon, by subserviency to the times, had contrived to stand well with the different succeeding governments, and to preserve the greatest part of his property. When we entered the room where he was, he rose to receive us with great politeness, and having read de Liancourt's letter, without making any inquiries after him, " Ah," said he, " I am delighted to see you—my wife is going to give a party this evening—how happy will she be in the honor of your company." " But, Madame de Liancourt," said Montford— " Ah!—la malheureuse!"—returned the Frenchman, with a shrug of his shoulders —" she was thrown into prison—I believe in the time of Roberspiere—" Oh! my faith!—that was a time of horror! " no man could depend upon personal security for an hour—I myself, gentlemen, I assure you"—" But where is Madame de Liancourt now?" said Montford, impetuously, with a look ill repressed, of mingled contempt and anger. " Ah! it is impossible to say—she was very ill treated in prison, I believe—indeed her health was very indifferent there, and to make things worse, she was brought to bed of a son."

—" What, in prison?" said Montford. " Yes," he replied, with another shrug more convulsive than the first—" but you don't know how happy I shall be to see you this evening—we assemble about ten o'clock, you must allow me to introduce my wife to you."—" But, sir," said I, " can you give us no further intelligence of Madame de Liancourt?"—" She was surely liberated from prison at last,"—interrupted Montford, warmly. The gentleman, whose name I do not wish to recall, with frequent digressions of politeness, now gave us to understand, that she had certainly been liberated from prison, and had retired into the country for the re-establishment of her health; but whither she had gone, or where she resided, he was utterly ignorant, and seemed very little anxious to discover. He was equally incapable of giving us information concerning those to whom our other letters were addressed. " Ah!" said he, as he ran out of the room to call his wife, " all is changed—we are none of us where we ought to be." " Curses on his politeness," cried Montford, as he shut the door; he immediately returned, introducing his wife. When we rose to leave

them, they renewed their invitations for the evening, which, as they afforded the most probable means of pursuing our inquiries, we accepted.

It was one of those parties, the same in all countries, where numbers assemble for the sake of relieving the dull monotony of home, by the glare of light, the display of dress, the noise and bustle of a crowd. As it is composed of persons of all situations and professions, a novice in the world would expect great amusement from such a variety of characters. But, unfortunately, the conversation is too polite to be interesting; the only subjects introduced are too unimportant for dissent; the current of opinion flows smooth, and unruffled by a breath of contradiction; and even those who are capable of better things, are content to escape the possibility of offending by rivalling their inferiors in dulness and insipidity. We obtained introductions to all who were likely to give us information upon de Liancourt's family and affairs, but ignorance, or indifference, ever defeated our wishes. Montford, vexed and depressed, threw himself into a chair—in the course of the evening we received nume-

rous invitations, which we thought it necessary, for the object we had in view, to accept. Montford, though fond of gaiety, was soon wearied by its continuance—in the present temper of his mind he detested it altogether—I, who knew how insupportably irksome it was to him, acknowledged, with joy, the warmth of his attachments and his friendships.

And here let me join mine to the more pointed censure of my friend, upon those of my youthful countrymen, who, under the specious name of travelling for the sake of studying the characters of foreign nations, devote their whole time to such parties as I have just mentioned, and, for a long period, adopt a line of life, of which, in their own country, they would be ashamed —The consequence is, that they return to England far from being improved—their passion for frivolous amusements is increased, and the originality of their dispositions utterly destroyed. Some, perhaps, may escape unhurt, but the more prudent will surely decline a contest, in which the defeat is attended with lasting shame, and even the victory is without glory. But they frequent these assemblies

for improvement and information—Am I in error, when I say, that the shades of national character are scarcely visible in them? I am surprised when I think how exactly similar a rout at Paris is to a rout in London, if you except the costliness of the furniture, and the luxury of the supper, which are generally superior in the latter.

The following day we walked through the gallery of the Louvre, Montford, though a professed connoisseur, would not have allowed his knowledge of pictures, was an admirable critic upon them. As we went through this magnificent collection, the spoils of the south of Europe, he pointed out the defects and beauties of each, with his characteristic ardor. Had events taken a more fortunate direction, I should have smiled at an incident which the mention of the Louvre brings to my recollection.—We were passing leisurely on, talking carelessly of the merits of the different pictures, when Montford steadily fixed his eyes upon one near the bottom of the gallery, and seemed on a sudden equally unable either to speak or listen to me—my eyes instinctively followed his—they were fixed upon a beautiful

female head, by Carlo Dolci—it was in the attitude of prayer—the mouth gently open —the eyes finely expressive of adoration. I soon discovered the cause of my friend's admiration—indeed it was impossible not to perceive, particularly in the contour of the forehead, and the arch of the eye-brows, a strong resemblance to Louisa.—"There is a likeness, Charles," said I; "it is the most beautiful picture in the room," he returned—"about the forehead and the eyes there is something"—"it is most exquisite," said he—he walked back along the gallery with hurried and interrupted step —when we got to the door, he said he would remain some time longer, and then follow me to the hotel.—Well knowing what an intruder I should be, I left him.

The same evening he sat down with an intention of writing to de Liancourt an account of his ill success in his inquiries—after making a beginning upon three different sheets of paper without writing one intelligible sentence, he relinquished the attempt, which I repeated with more success.

We had not been above a fortnight at Paris, during which time we had mingled

as much as possible in society, though without seeming to advance to the attainment of our wishes, when I received a letter from Mrs. Harley. Louisa, she told me, had, for some days after our departure, appeared very much dejected, but that at the time she wrote, her whole attention was devoted to her father, whose indisposition evidently increased. This misfortune, she added, must prevent for the present any attempt to promote the object she had so much at heart, but that, as the physicians assured her there was nothing alarming in her husband's disorder, she considered her intention as only deferred.

The part of the letter which related to Mr. Harley, I thought it prudent to read to Montford—for the remainder of the day he was totally unable to struggle with his depression. Hope had reassumed its sway over him—had painted to him Mrs. Harley's unremitting exertions in his favor, and perhaps crowned those exertions with success—the illusion was for this day destroyed. "And is there not a word of Louisa?" said he, mournfully, as we were going in the evening, very much against his will, to the opera—"She is constantly

attending upon her father," I replied— "And has forgotten me." I reproached him for the injustice of this last reflection, and reminded him, that from the time he had first known her, she had never given the least alarm to the vanity of his self-love, or inspired in him, though he was not certainly of a phlegmatic temperament, any feeling of jealousy. "True—true," cried he warmly, "she is all excellence—all loveliness—I will confide in her without the shadow of a doubt." Pursuing the reflections which these exclamations of his were calculated to excite, I said, that however he might regret his absence from Louisa, I believed it would not be very injurious to the success of his passion, even if all external obstacles were removed. "You are paradoxical," he returned. "I can easily explain myself; from what I have seen of you lately—I am convinced, that if you had lived much with the object of your love, your impetuous temper would have given frequent alarms to the fastidious delicacy of affection; perpetual quarrels would have arisen, in which momentary anger would have prevented you from seeing that you only was too blame—repentance

might have come too late; and in the midst of all these tempests, love, that in the most brilliant part of its course, when *fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows*, is beset with so many dangers, might have sunk for ever."—"Anger and quarrels!" exclaimed he, "and from me, who have never presumed to examine her conduct, much less to condemn it—I should as soon have thought of questioning the dispensations of Providence."—"And yet, but a moment ago," I returned, "did you not reproach her, and in absence too?"—"You are a most acute critic," he said—"Yes! and while you live, Charles, I shall never want any other volume."

Not long after the receipt of Mrs. Harley's letter, as we were sitting one morning in our hotel, a gentleman called upon us, who had lately come from the south. He introduced himself, by telling us of his connection with a family from whom we had received great civilities. "But what induced him," he said, "to call upon us, was to give us some information upon the residence of Madame de Liancourt, whom he had lately seen." Montford started from his chair, and with a look of impatience,

begged him to proceed. He then told us, "that Madam de Liancourt was living, with her infant son, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, in tranquillity and retirement, where her health, which had received a violent shock from the sufferings she had undergone, was much improved; and that she only waited for the time, when the communication between the two countries should be opened, to follow her husband to England."—We now made more particular inquiries into her situation, but could obtain little satisfaction. Our informant had been introduced to her accidentally, without any previous acquaintance; and had he not heard, on his arrival in Paris, of our repeated and anxious inquiries, would probably have thought no more of her.

It was now Montford's wish to set out immediately for Avignon—I had nothing to oppose, and we prepared for our journey.

Before I mention our departure, the reader will, I hope, excuse me, if I make some extracts from two or three letters written at this period by Montford to his father. They will shew the impression which his stay in this astonishing and amusing city

made upon the mind of my friend, and, by displaying the points on which he is principally disposed to insist, mark the character of his mind.

"Since my arrival here, I have been a good deal in the world, though, indeed, had not particular circumstances decided otherwise for me, I am afraid I should have contented myself with the various exhibitions and occupations the public supply—these are so magnificent, upon so large a scale, and relating to so many important subjects, that no stranger can want amusement or employment. You have often laughed at the desultory way in which I have obtained the little knowledge I possess. Paris is just suited to me in this respect—with very little trouble, but that of walking from place to place, I might have acquired a little chemistry, a little botany, a little history, a little music, a slight acquaintance with pictures and statues, something of medicine, something of metaphysics, something of theology—in short, the only two subjects on which a Parisian can be supposed entirely ignorant, are morality and politics—the former he dislikes, and from the latter he is deterred by his fears. As for

society, at this time it certainly is not agreeable—the perpetual warfare between the ancient nobility and the present favorites of fortune, render it both unpleasant and dangerous—the vanquished party still pretend, and I dare say, justly, to superiority in taste and manners—the latter are perfectly satisfied with the enjoyment of their newly acquired power. The government, you know, is purely military, and being composed of new men, and only just established, it is marked by considerable ferocity—this of course extends to the manners—hereafter the spirit of honor and gallantry, natural to this mode of government, may find place, accompanied with the refinement and repose, which generally attend the hereditary and habitual enjoyment of splendid fortune—but this is far from being the case at present. The national character of the French it is difficult to appreciate—so volatile, I know not on what point to fix—it escapes me even while I am writing of it—the prominent characteristic seems to be, an amazing flow of animal spirits—this enables them to bear affliction, I will not say with patience, for they really do not suffer—the conduct of a Frenchman under

calamity, convinces me, not that he is more of a philosopher than an Englishman, but that he has less feeling—follow him to the dungeon where he is deprived of his family and friends, and surrounded by fellow-prisoners, whose number is daily diminished by public execution—do you perceive any effort to resist melancholy and depression? any noble struggle to throw off the burthen that weighs upon him?—On the contrary, he is still perfectly at his ease, enjoys the song and the dance, and so far from laboring under dejection of mind, it really would be more becoming, if he affected it in some degree. These animal spirits are only lost by being exhausted—then follows a lassitude of the body, rather than of the mind, easily repaired by momentary repose. I do not accuse the French of insincerity. They make numerous and extravagant professions, but in such a manner, that it is impossible to be deceived by them—the lips of course partake of the general animation of the frame, and frequent compliments answer frequent bows.—This extraordinary vivacity makes the Frenchman unfit for solitude—in society his spirits are employed—every thing he does is for so-

ciety—if he thinks, it is with a view of conversing on the popular subject of the day—his actions, his slightest gestures, are for society. His knowledge is all producible, and as he is little anxious for the prevalence of any opinion, he seldom expresses it farther than his audience are pleased with it. He pities without sympathy, weeps without sorrow, laughs without mirth—if you asked him why he pitied, wept, or laughed? his answer would be, because he had nothing else to do. In common life he is polite, well-bred, pleasing. In extraordinary circumstances he is to be feared extremely, because his spirits may lead him into error, while he has not feeling to tremble at its consequences. He cannot be very virtuous, but he may be tremendously criminal. The women have all the vivacity I have described in the men, while fortunately, few situations can occur, in which this vivacity is to be dreaded. It is impossible not to be amused with them. Their never-varying lightness of heart, might suit either the man of the world, or the misanthrope. The former would laugh with them from gaiety; the latter, because he would think with them, that there is no

subject important enough for sorrow, or even seriousness.

" The picture I have drawn is perhaps too harsh; and we must allow the remark of one of the deepest observers of mankind —that the social disposition and lively graces of the French, which in every age have disguised their vices, may sometimes conceal their intrinsic merit. That the events of the revolution naturally give too keen an edge to the severity of judgment. Yet they afford a most unsure foundation for a general estimate, nor must we forget that, even in the most regular times, no attempt is more hazardous than to characterize a people in the mass.

" Since my stay here, I have of course been at the levee of the chief consul. I was anxious to see what sort of man he was, of whom we are all accustomed to read in history and romances, as rising from obscurity to the most brilliant fortune—from humble rank to a throne. You will not expect me to give any opinion of him, from seeing him in a situation in which all men must be nearly the same. I hear him on all sides compared to Cæsar. However, there appear to me as few points of simila-

rity, as can occur between men who certainly resemble each other in fortune. To that fortune they both affect to have trusted; by which, doubtless, they only meant the success which generally attends the bold and vigorous execution of well-conceived plans—there the comparison ends. Bonaparte, from his childhood, seems to have had no enjoyment but in command, and those pursuits which might lead him to the attainment of his favorite object—Cæsar was a man of universal passion, as dissipated as he was ambitious; as ardent in pleasure as in battle—warm in his friendships, and contending for the affections of a woman with as much anxiety, as for the empire of the world. Bonaparte has no friends, and no attachments. Bonaparte, ever fixing his eyes upon one object, accomplished his purpose before he was thirty years of age. It was not till more than fifty years had chilled the warmth, if they had not repressed the vigor of the passions, that Cæsar conquered the world. The former obtained the sovereign power in a country torn by factions, and sighing for the gift of peace from any hand. The rulers he had to overthrow, were marked

by the grossest corruption at home, and the most disgraceful reverse of fortune abroad. Cæsar created the divisions on which he founded his empire, and his antagonists were Cicero, Pompey, and Cato. Cæsar was eloquent, a finished scholar, and the best bred man of his age. Bonaparte is slow in his utterance, a man of science, but of little taste; in his manner cold, stiff, and inflexible. When Cæsar fell, even the authors of his death, though they rejoiced for Rome, wept for their friend; in losing Bonaparte, we might tremble for France, but the man surely would be unlamented. Cæsar was the victim of his bold and generous confidence in all around him—Bonaparte, as he has nothing of his feelings, will probably escape his fate.

"I have been much delighted with the theatre. There is a chastity both in the drama and the acting, which is peculiarly pleasing. The sublime pathos of Racine is conveyed to the audience as the author himself would have wished—without ranting—without bombast—in tones at once various and musical. All is smooth, elegant, elevated, and, according to its stile, faultless. However, it must be owned,

that a French play is but a feeble representation of real life. Long speeches are more calculated to set off the author or actor, than to express natural feeling. Titus talks so much and so well, that he seems to prefer the reputation of eloquence to his beloved Berenice. Andromache weeps over the infant image of her Hector, but her tears seem intended for the public applause. The rhime increases this impression, and, in the midst of the finest passages, I am still thinking of the polished mind of the author, or the pleasing tones of the actor. Mr. Marivaux, in his *Paysan Parvenu*, praises a favorite actress, by saying, that when she is upon the stage, you admire her more than the character she represents —you forget Monimia, and think only of Mademoiselle ——. How differently has our inimitable Fielding panegyrised Garrick!

"As to the city of Paris, I was very much disappointed. It is generally incommodious, confined, and dirty—the streets are narrow, and the houses extremely high —the public buildings, and the environs of the palace, are certainly very magnificent, and the river flowing through this

part of the town, sets it off with great beauty; but all this has been described to you again and again. I was very much struck with the *Champ de Mars*, an immense area, surrounded by artificial declivities of earth, on which France assembled to behold its newly limited monarch swear fidelity to liberty and the laws. As I was walking here, I happened to meet General Kosciusko, who is now at Paris—it was Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage—I had been introduced to him some days before. He is a simple, unaffected man, silent from indolence, and with the air of one who thinks he has done enough for fame, and too much for a blind and ungrateful country."

From a second letter I extract the following observations: "To an Englishman, who has been accustomed to the earnest activity of large commercial towns, the idleness and totally disengaged air of the inhabitants of Paris, is singularly striking. Always at their ease—always prepared for any scheme that may be proposed—eager for novelty, particularly if it should be accompanied with shew and splendor—crouding together in public places of resort, either in the open air or coffee-houses—

men, whose shabby appearance you would imagine to be connected with an entire want of education, discussing the last new novel or play, or forming a circle round one more eloquent than his companions—a more aged set, not far off, debating upon the merits of some great financier or general in former days. for the present times are always strictly excluded—others making engagements for the opera, the theatre, a walk, or a dance—others relating their good or bad fortune in a lottery—others anxiously debating upon a new fashion in the shape of a hat or a shoe—and this the chief occupation of all ranks, descending even to those who are almost destitute of decent clothing. When we reflect that these people, so gay, so easily amused, so polite, so good-tempered, so accommodating, a very short time ago were actors and witnesses in the horrors of the revolution, perhaps we find the strongest proof that can possibly be exhibited, how necessary to the mind employment and engagement are for its proper government and regulation."

A third letter contains remarks of a still more serious nature—and I cannot help

wishing, with Montford, that the subject may be discussed more fully. He who would have discussed it, with an understanding worthy of its magnitude, and a spirit devoted to those general and extended interests—which such an understanding only can embrace—is for ever lost. The wish he has expressed, and the allusions he has made, may however stimulate others to similar exertions; and thus prove the enviable and beautiful truth, that the virtuous, still living in their example, do not wholly perish even to the affairs of this world.

"It would be most important to inquire, what have been the general effects of this tremendous revolution? Its attendant horrors were extreme; yet, if these horrors acted on the moral world as storms, we are told, upon the natural; if additional purity has been the happy consequence; if any grand and salutary lessons have been taught, or any pernicious establishments and institutions have received a lasting shock; if literature has been upon the whole advanced; if manners have been refined—the philosophic mind would overlook a temporary and transient evil, in consider-

ation of a permanent advantage resulting from it. As to the effects, merely as they regard the government of France, in such an enlarged view they would merit little consideration; because a rigid and severe despotism still exists, and it is of no consequence whether this despotism is exercised by a chief consul or a king. It is only when rights and privileges are connected with a government, that it becomes really interesting. When I venerate the splendor of the throne, it is chiefly, if not solely, because it enforces the sovereignty of the law—when I bow to the sword of the monarch, it is for its temper, rather than its weight. But to go further, and consider the effects of the revolution upon literature, upon politics, upon manners, would be a most useful and interesting employment. Such an attempt would require a deep, contemplative understanding, devoted to such subjects, and a mind at ease. I venture to cast but a trembling and hesitating glance over so wide an expanse; but I think I see enough to give every thinking person serious alarm. The period immediately preceding the revolution was marked almost all over Europe, with singularly

rapid strides in every branch of knowledge, and in none more, than in that which relates to political and moral subjects. I connect these together, because they seem to me so united, that every political question can only be discussed by considering it in a moral point of view; and if a moral question should not involve politics, it is by not proceeding so far. The science of government is in truth only an extended system of morals. The real and important advances made on these subjects immediately before the revolution, were sometimes seized by enthusiastic men, and pushed by them to a dangerous extreme. The designing and ambitious would doubtless take advantage of the spirit of the times, to promote their own sinister views. Hence numerous societies were established, particularly in Germany, a country said to be in its infancy with regard to literature, and for that reason, perhaps, singularly devoted to mystery and romance; and a kind of dreadful secresy was thrown around them, which certainly afforded very substantial reasons for their suppression. The alarm they occasioned has been most absurdly and unnecessarily magnified; though at

the same time governments were fully justified in overthrowing them, as all useful purposes might have been answered without enveloping these purposes in mystery. Obscurity is impressive only on the vulgar, and what principles are those which make their first and principal appeal to the mob? It may be supposed, that while the neighbouring states were thus pushing real improvement into dangerous and visionary extremes, the people of France, the children of the academy, the disciples of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert, were not inactive. At this moment the government of that country became involved in the most inextricable financial difficulties—it gave way—the people broke in—all the wild and visionary notions of the new German school became the maxims of the day, and, supported by irresistible power, spread desolation all around. As one extreme usually leads to its opposite, at present it becomes us to be very much on our guard, lest, in flying from the abuse of good and useful principles, we discard those principles altogether. The effects of such a temper are perceivable in France to a most alarming degree, and books are daily

published, with the applause of the public, maintaining the exploded system of commercial prohibitions, and defending colonial and domestic slavery, not on the ground of policy, but as abstractedly right. Most of the lighter publications are characterized by a bombast, directly opposite to every sound principle of taste; while some merit a much heavier accusation, and are disgraced by a wretched, tasteless, and undisguised profligacy, which would be below criticism, did it not lamentably prove the degradation of the times.

"This state of the public mind is much to be dreaded, not only in a general view, but as portending a second convulsion. It is the other extreme—it is the dull and senseless interval of delirium—from the reaction we have every thing to fear. Never was there a season, when the exertions of wisdom and talents were so urgently demanded; for, unless these exertions are made, it is to be feared that France and Europe will continue to rush between extremes with a horrible waste of human life, or else that a gloomy and heavy ignorance will ensue, hardly distinguished from that which marked the middle ages. I do not know

which of these states is most horrible; but at present, perhaps, we have most to apprehend from the latter. The influence of France is almost unbounded—her principles, it is to be feared, will be the principles, as her language is the language of Europe—those nations which are not crushed by her power, are employed in providing means for its diminution; and war, and the preparations of war, are not favorable to the cultivation of the mind. When we add to the influence of France, the constant wars which that influence imposes on all nations which have yet escaped her arms—when we consider the wretched principles of her government, supported as they are with great eloquence by her authors, and look forward to the eternal state of warfare her immense power will occasion, in which talents will probably take but one direction—it is impossible to feel too much alarm at the consequences that may ensue. We have heard much of the danger of French principles—never, surely, were they more dreadful than at present. It is true, government has no longer to fear for its own safety; but it has to fear lest the people should not be worth governing. In Eng-

land, however, from our happy constitution, the danger may be exaggerated—but I am sure it is scarcely possible to exaggerate it on the continent.—As to the effect of the revolution upon national manners—as all governments must become purely military, and as there will be no road to preferment, no road to honor, but through military excellence—the very taste which is usually thrown around a court of this sort, from the spirit of honor and gallantry that pervades it, will tend in the same unfortunate direction as the causes I have mentioned, and check any attempt to deserve well of our country by the arts of peace.

" Perhaps you will think these observations too gloomy—or that the evils I apprehend are almost counterbalanced by the lessons that have been taught on the danger of delaying necessary reform—on the dreadful day of account which awaits the profuse and profligate expenditure of the public money—on the evil consequences of interfering in the internal affairs of other nations, before any overt act is committed against ourselves—and on the madness of mingling the feelings of romance with great

political affairs, though one should suppose that this madness had been sufficiently proved by the crusades of former times. These lessons have indeed been taught with irresistible force; but, alas! it is only the man of contemplation who regards them; while the fatal effects I have before mentioned are universal in their operation, and press upon each individual in every nation. I would not encourage the feelings of a vulgar patriotism, nor pronounce a vain and insolent panegyric upon my country, at the expense of every other; but when I consider our insular situation, our commercial enterprize, our constitutional privileges, which are perpetually calling forth the exertions of the most powerful men on great and general subjects, both in eloquence and writing—I cannot help feeling a hope, that we may not only escape the gloom which seems spreading over the continent, but diminish its thickness, and in the end dispel it altogether. We hear of wars and coalitions—there is too much reason to fear they will but encrease the evil they are intended to redress. I would at all events wage a double war—I would aim at a second triumph—the coalition I

would form would be, a coalition of wisdom and information, against blindness and ignorance.—that is a vulgar mind, which sees no effects but those which are noisy and tumultuous: and much as there would be reason to rejoice in any well-concerted plan for repressing the aggrandizement of France, perhaps a surer, though less imposing mode, may be found in exertions to dispel the ignorance on which only it can be permanently founded."

I return to my narrative. Having obtained a more exact direction to the residence of Madame de Liancourt, and procured the necessary passports, in a few days we left Paris. How often do I retrace in memory the successive days of this journey, in which my friend seemed almost hourly to prove some new claim to my esteem and admiration. Under an impression of the severest disappointment, he scarcely ever lost the generous friendliness of his disposition; and if, for a moment, a sally of chagrin or vexation broke from him, how quickly was it compensated by repentance. The day we arrived at Fontainbleau, (I well remember it) was cold and rainy. We left the inn to take a view of the palace.

Nothing could be more desolate—the court-yard was overgrown with weeds, and not a person was to be seen in it—a half-withered acacia, the tree of liberty, shot forth its puny branches in the center—in the interior of the palace the ornaments were torn down and mutilated, but the remains of them were sufficient proofs of the magnificence and grandeur of a family, a few years ago the most prosperous in the world. In the evening, as we sat at the inn, over a wretched fire, which we could not improve, on account of the smoke which ever followed our attempts, Montford, I perceived, had fallen into one of those depressions, perhaps natural to him, but which now had an evident cause. I was ill-judged enough to expostulate with him—at first he paid me no attention—I began a second time.—"For heaven's sake," said he, "leave me to myself; it is true, I am not happy, but my misery is too sacred to be violated; I ask but a poor privilege; you refuse it me; you forget, that the sphere nearest a man's heart must be a sphere of repulsion." I was silent and hurt—he soon perceived it, and entreated my forgiveness. Then he roused himself, and became cheerful and

entertaining; and in this manner amply redeemed his momentary harshness.

"Harley," said he, after a short pause in our conversation, "I have often reflected what a miserable wretch I should have been, had I found in you but a common friend. Had you resented these sallies of ill-humour, these caprices, of which I have been so often guilty towards you, I might have lost you for ever—the consequence would have been, that I should have either plunged into retirement, tinged, like our admirable de Liancourt, with misanthropy, or else have lived in the world with the character of a man of the world—misanthropical still in mind, though not in manners; with outward frankness but everlastingly suspicious; affecting benevolence, yet invariably pursuing my own interest. But you—you have saved me from this sad alternative."—I felt this compliment from Montford in my heart—it was founded in a self-accusation he did not merit—he had no caprices till he became a lover, no sallies of ill-humour, till his mind was fixed too steadily, too romantically for his peace—but surely not for his glory—on one object.—But while I acquit my friend, I

cannot forbear extending his observations to others. Many, very many, I doubt not, who would otherwise have been valuable members of society, have been driven, by what they have deemed the unjust severity of the world, into retirement, or to a temper more destructive than retirement, both of their own happiness and that of their friends. Of sanguine dispositions, they have rushed into life on the wings of hope, if indeed they would condescend to allow such a term. The world has not answered their expectations, and the men of the world of course have not permitted the sourness attending on disappointments. Undoubtedly, complaints are unjust—the victims of extravagant expectations should condemn themselves alone—those who live in society must abide by its laws—a relaxation of those laws might open a door to every sort of caprice and ill-temper.—I allow all this—yet I must loudly maintain, that it would not be time mispent to endeavour to separate a transient feeling of disgust from the radical faults of disposition; the irritability of genius from the vexations of malignity; and the sternest judge might surely forsake, for a moment,

the rigor of justice to rescue from deep destruction a being, who, so rescued, might adorn social life with new charms, or stand forth the intrepid defender of wider and more extensive obligations.

At Lyons we embarked on the Rhone. It is worthy of remark, how soon the apparent effects of revolutionary violence were removed in France. This town had sustained a regular siege, and suffered more than any other; yet its past misfortunes could now scarcely be recognized, but by recurring to memory and the information of our guide. This observation, I have heard, is applicable to Italy, and the other countries to which the consequences of the French revolution have extended. There cannot, perhaps, be a more pleasing reflection, than that to be deduced from a fact of this nature. The tendency of virtue and happiness is to multiply themselves; and when the persons, who displayed and enjoyed these blessings, are no more, their example still remains to stimulate others to similar exertions, which must be attended with similar fruits. On the contrary, vice and misery, even when exhibited with most energy, and in their most destructive form,

are always comparatively limited, both in degree and effect. The distant effect is to deter, not to invite; and the immediate consequences soon disappear in that course of general happiness which characterizes human life.

In our progress down the river, the scenery on its banks disappointed us—though in some places certainly extremely beautiful and picturesque. The Saone and the Rhone meet at some distance from the town, and travellers who have formed a magnificent idea of a large city, seated at the point of two mighty rivers, will not find their expectations answered. The general country bears a considerable resemblance to the northern counties of England—irregular, affording very extensive views; unenclosed, yet too well cultivated to have any appearance of waste or desolation. "The vine-covered hills," though gay and lively, did not awaken much envy in me, when I thought of the beauty of our English cornfields. On the third day from our embarkation we arrived at Avignon.

The rapidity of our journey was so great, that we could form but a poor judgment of the situation or character of the French

peasantry. Montford was frequently much amused with the apparent indolence of the husbandmen, though the land had all the appearance of high cultivation. I could sometimes draw him from his gloomy reveries, by pointing out to him the grotesque figure of the peasant, whose large hat, well-dressed hair, dirty clothes, and indolent manner, displayed a laughable specimen of the united character of the beau and the clown. The first he seemed by nature, the latter by misfortune. The roads are a fair example of most of the undertakings of the French—magnificent in design, but miserably defective in execution—of ample breadth, (a pavement running through the centre) bordered by trees, and proceeding in a straight line as far as the eye could reach, but frequently dangerous, and sometimes almost impassable—numbers, however, were employed in repairing them. The villages, interspersed with trees, formed beautiful objects at a distance, but on a nearer approach, they always disappointed us—the houses, or rather huts, were miserable, the streets crouded with beggars—when we enquired into the state of the inhabitants of these wretched places, their

loudest complaints seemed to arise from religious differences. The nonjuring priests, and those who had conformed to the tenets of the revolution, had each a powerful party.—"When I look at the rags of these poor people," said Montford, "I wish them a better employment." However, there is one general remark to be made on the consequences of the revolution, as they affect the peasantry—the destruction of the oppressive parts of the game-laws, with the manorial rights and privileges—the abolition of tithes and free gifts—the diminished severity of the taxes arising from the annihilation of debt—and the more expeditious and less costly mode of obtaining justice—with the establishment of trial by juries, an institution, which, though now we are told ineffectual, will probably hereafter be attended with its natural effect—these are certainly vast advantages. It is to be feared, however, that the spirit of enterprize necessary to a government which has the opinion of the people to win by striking events, will bring back more than the ancient burden of taxation, and the military conscription, if called by the same spirit into full effect, will, as a system, set at defiance

whatever is most oppressive or afflicting in the history of mankind.

Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem:
Tam multa scelerum facies, non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

On enquiring after Madame de Liancourt, we found that she had already availed herself of the signature of the preliminaries of peace, and had absolutely set out for Paris, with the hope of procuring passports for England before the definitive treaty. We knew she would find this a very difficult task, yet we could not regret our loss. We now heard her history more at large.

The fate of this lady had been singularly unfortunate, if indeed such a phrase is applicable to a period, when the most dreadful sufferings were the common occurrences of the day. Not long after Mr. de Liancourt's escape, she had been thrown into prison, where she was exposed to the unfeeling insults of the lowest and most degraded instruments of the worst and most ferocious of tyrants. The companions of her misery were hourly taken from her and hurried to execution—age and sex seemed additional incitements to brutality. In the

midst of this accumulated pressure of misfortune, unattended, but in the midst of a croud, on a bed of straw, without relief or assistance, she was delivered of a son. The child could only partake of the clothes which covered his mother, but her bosom gave him at once nourishment and warmth. —Under these circumstances, the health of Madame de Liancourt declined, and it was probable that death would prevent the more tardy cruelty of her persecutors. At this juncture, however, the tyrant fell a victim to the just indignation of the people, and a milder government succeeded. She was liberated from prison, and restored to the only friend who had escaped the general destruction. This was a Madame de R——. Weak and infirm as she was, she determined, if possible, to follow her husband, that with her dying breath she might bequeath him her son, the lovely pledge of her fortitude and her love. It was impossible, however, to procure passports; and if she contrived her escape by secret means, under the title of emigrant, she would lose the little property which remained to her, and which in better times might serve for her own support and that of her family.

For these reasons, and for the sake of the repose her health so much required, she had at length consented to retire to a small estate which she possessed in the south; where, under the influence of the climate, employed in the care of her son, believing that her husband was secure, and hoping that she should soon see him again, she gradually recovered her health, and almost her spirits. She had frequently written, at hazard, to emigrants in England, and to de Liancourt himself; but all her letters had been returned, and she had more than once received peremptory injunctions to desist. At length she relinquished all farther attempts, waiting with as much patience as she could command, for the termination of the war. She had set out for Paris with her friend Madame de R. about a week before our arrival at Avignon.

We determined to return to Paris immediately, as we thought we might be able to assist Madame de Liancourt in procuring passports, by an application to the English ambassador there. As we were debating upon our route, I received a letter from England, informing me of Mr. Harley's death. It was written by a confidential

servant, a circumstance that proved the affliction of those more nearly connected with him. It gave a simple account of the nature of his disorder, which had been the gout, and which, falling upon the stomach, had at length proved fatal—it concluded with entreating me to return immediately. Such an entreaty was indeed unnecessary.

I can say with truth, that the first emotion of Montford, upon hearing of this melancholy event, was unmixed sorrow. His subsequent sensations were no doubt more blended—alas! how little justified by what followed.

At this moment, when the entreaties of those I loved, conspired with my most ardent inclinations to return to England, I unfortunately caught a cold, which terminated in a violent fever. During a tedious illness of six weeks, Montford scarcely ever left my room. From hour to hour he would "listen to my tale of symptoms," devoting the time which was not occupied in personal attendance, to a most accurate journal of the state of my health, which, on every opportunity, he sent to Mrs. Harley. How weak are my powers of language when I would describe his tender and de-

licate assiduity, his constant watchfulness over the slightest variation even in my appearance, the manner in which he momentarily adapted his conversation, or whatever mode he found of amusing me, to the fastidiousness of a sick man, his anxiety during my confinement to my bed, his returning spirits in proportion as health restored me to the vigor of my constitution, and the capacity of estimating and enjoying such a friend. Sometimes, when I was recovering, we conversed upon Mr. Harley's death. Montford lamented his loss with a sincere and manly sorrow, as of a man eminently formed for the high rank to which he was born, diffusing the blessings of an ample fortune with liberality and judgment, capable of attracting wise and excellent friends, and above all, of attaching and fixing the affections of his family and nearer connexions. He would glance at the grief of Mrs. Harley and Louisa, and a faultering voice would put an end to the conversation.

After much impatience on my part, my physicians allowed me to fix a day for our journey. Though every moment's delay was torture to Montford, with what anxiety

did he guard against the least precipitation, which might have endangered my health. Yet, with the inconsistency of the affections, he began to dislike extremely, those gentlemen of the faculty, who were inclined to recommend a longer stay. At length we set out—we were obliged to travel slowly, and were a month on the road between Avignon and Paris. On our arrival, we found that Madame de Liancourt had been more fortunate than we expected. She had obtained the necessary passports, and was still a week before us. We followed her, and landed in England about three months after Mr. Harley's death.

CHAP. III.

I UNDERTOOK this little history chiefly as a consolation under the most insupportable of all afflictions; but as I approach its melancholy termination, all feelings of such a nature vanish. I proceed to it from other motives, remembering the injunction of my friend—to preserve and justify his name.

On the —— of February we landed at Dover. Our first object was to examine the custom-house register for the name of Madame de Liancourt—it was there—she had disembarked only two days before us, so that it could not be difficult to trace her to whatever place she might have chosen for her residence. We were able to reach

Rochester the same evening. Here I expressed to Montford my intention of proceeding immediately to Mrs. Harley's. After an ill-concealed struggle with himself, he said he would continue his journey to London, and meet me in Essex, in two or three days; that, in the mean time, he should be sufficiently employed in pursuing his enquiries for the countess. I looked at him—I saw expressed in his countenance the tranquil pride of a delicate mind, conscious of its refinement and its taste. When I bade him farewell, he gave me a thousand messages full of respect for Mrs. Harley, but he said not a word of her daughter.

On my arrival at Mrs. Harley's I found that both herself and Louisa were absent on a visit to a relation about ten miles distant. I immediately got into my carriage to follow them. I rejoiced, indeed, in leaving a house, to me forlorn and desolate, for ever deprived of its master. The servants had crouded round me, they felt a real pleasure, I could perceive, in addressing one of the name of Harley—Not many paces from the door my carriage stopped, and an old servant, who, though worn out with age and infirmity, still continued part

of the household, came hobbling up to the window. "Pardon me, pardon me," cried he, "I must have another look at you—you are so like my poor master, when he came from his travels. Ah! how well I remember the day, when all the tenants were seated to a plentiful feast under the great oak in the lawn—he told us he had seen nothing like old England—no where a country so beautiful and faces so honest." Here the postillion, more impatient than me, drove off. I stopped him as soon as possible, but not before the good old man was directing his tottering steps towards the hall. I waved my hand as a mark of assent to the postillion, and we proceeded.

When I came to the place of my destination, Mrs. Harley I found was at her toilette. Louisa was alone in the parlour. She received me, if possible, with more than her usual affection. She gazed at me, as if she, as well as the old servant, perceived in me a strong resemblance to her father. When we were seated, we were for some time silent. Louisa wished to talk to me of her father, but knew not how to begin—at length I mentioned him in the

manner I thought least likely to wound her feelings—in the instant, she seemed relieved from an oppressive weight. She gave me the most minute account of his sickness and death. She was melancholy, often in tears, but they were tears not unattended with delight. Mr. Harley had endured long and severe suffering, with a fortitude worthy of him; when he approached more nearly his dissolution, his daughter seemed his only consolation—from her hand alone would he receive the prescribed medicines —she alone could smooth his pillow, so as to give him momentary ease. Sometimes her occupation was of a higher nature—when she knelt by his bed-side, and offered up her prayers to the great disposer of all earthly things—prayers, alas! which prevailed not at the throne of mercy, yet such as the sick man heard with his confidence increased, and his hopes revived.

While we were employed in this conversation, I could examine more leisurely the looks of the lovely, though mournful narrator. She certainly was not less interesting than formerly, but her health was visibly impaired; she was much thinner, and the ready blush was not unattended

with the glow of fever; above all, her eyes had assumed a languor, entirely foreign to their nature. I endeavoured to indulge myself with the hope, that her mourning dress occasioned this apparent change; but when I looked again, I could no longer deceive myself. Once or twice she seemed to perceive what was passing in my mind, and then she sighed painfully and deeply. When she had nearly exhausted herself, rather than her subject, we were again silent—she turned her eyes, accidentally perhaps, to the door, as if she expected another visitor. "I am alone, Louisa," said I, "but I shall be quickly followed"—a languid smile was instantly succeeded by a burning flush—her eyes fell on the ground, and she scarcely articulated—"we shall return home in a day or two, and then perhaps"—"I understand you," I cried, eager to relieve her from her embarrassment—"I will write to him instantly, desiring him to defer his visit till that time." We were now interrupted by Mrs. Harley, who entered the room with our other friends.

She took the first opportunity of speaking to me aside—"You have had a long

tête-a-tête with poor Louisa," said she—then pressing my hand, while the tears streamed from her eyes—" Ah! is it not most unfortunate, most melancholy—but I expect every thing from you." I interpreted these words in their most obvious meaning, and had no time to reply before we were disturbed. In the course of the evening, however, I was able to learn the precise day on which she meant to return home, and immediately wrote to Montford, requesting him to defer his visit till the following one—it was a delay of three days only, of an age to my impatient friend. I received from him by express the following answer:

" Three days delay, my dear Harley! well, I consent, for I am sure you would not have proposed it, if it had not been necessary; and yet, how can it be so? In what house would my arrival, with such an object in view, be a disgrace? Louisa you say looks ill, not very ill, or you would say more of her—not very ill, or you would not have desired me to delay. I will not, however, disobey you—you may have an authority which I will never dispute. I send this by express, and let

me receive an answer by the same conveyance—tell me more than in a short note of ten lines, and, if you can, recall your mandate."

The post a few hours afterwards brought me another letter from the same hand.

"I am ashamed of what I wrote to you just now, and, believe me, would give worlds to recall it. How many thousand delicate reasons, which I cannot understand, may have dictated the request of which I complained; but you know me too well to be surprised that I should err and repent. No more of this—I will try to write to you on another subject—at all events, I shall see you on Friday. I must indeed write to you, that, tho' at a distance, I may seem to make one of your party. When we separated at Rochester, I was still as fortunate as before in tracing Madame de Liancourt. Whether it was her beauty that made so lively an impression, or the interest an unprotected woman, ignorant of our language, would naturally inspire, there was not an innkeeper or postillion who did not give me some information. After staying one night in London, she had retired to Hampstead, where she had

taken lodgings; I found her there with her friend Madame de R. for whom I first inquired; this lady is very old and infirm, at the period of life when the feelings are almost lost. I told her the purpose of my visit—she crossed herself, and returned thanks to heaven audibly. I said, I would leave it to her to disclose the happy event to her friend, in the manner she thought best; and promised to return in half an hour to enter more fully into particulars. She insisted upon introducing me to Madame de Liancourt before I left the house. Never but once was I so pleased with any woman on the first interview. If I could have avoided a comparison, she would have seemed perfect. She is indeed most beautiful—once perhaps she had something too much of the female philosopher in her manner and conversation, but severe adversity has given her a softness, which her education, and perhaps the habits of the man she has chosen for her husband, were calculated to banish. While we were talking, I sometimes cast my eyes to her little son, who was playing in one corner of the room; he had just looked at me as I entered, but not seeming to expect any

notice or observation, had returned to his amusements. I recognized the precepts of the count in this part of his education; but soon afterwards was still more amused by a trait that brought him fully to my recollection—the child was playing with a wooden horse, which he was training with the greatest zeal—as he was pulling the bridle, now this way, now that, the wood broke, and the head fell to the ground—he could hardly refrain from tears, but he struggled violently with himself to prevent them—he succeeded—then biting his lips, and stamping his little foot against the floor —'I don't care,' said he, and ran off to some other employment. You, who are fond of children, will be delighted with this boy. Never was there a face, on which the careless mirth of infancy was more strongly impressed, while at the same time it is free from those sickly smiles, which arise from too great indulgence, and unseasonable caresses. When I returned, Madame de Liancourt rushed forward to meet me, and asked me reproachfully how I had formed so ill an opinion of her, as to suppose she would not endure any shock, rather than a delay, however short. I was

going to answer her—she would not hear me, but inquired how she might procure a carriage. I said, there was one at the door —' let us be gone then,' said she, ' instantly'—As she was going out of the room, the child seized her gown, saying—' And won't you take me with you to my father, you have often said I am very like him.' She, bending over him, said anxiously, ' Does he indeed resemble his father?'—' So evidently,' I replied, ' that every one must perceive the likeness—the forehead—the eye—and often the manner, to such a degree, that de Liancourt seems before me in miniature.'—' I will believe you,' she exclaimed, raising him in her arms—' I must believe you, and every wish is accomplished.'—The child seemed to feel the force of the eulogy, for, turning his beautiful face towards her, he gazed at her for some time, threw his arms round her, and kissed her; then, half from affection, half from playfulness, his head sank on her bosom, and thus we hastened to the carriage. We had been seated some time before Madame de Liancourt was calm enough to make more particular inquiries into her husband's situation. I described to her his dignified re-

tirement, his lofty resignation, his philosophic tranquillity, only interrupted by his attachment to her. Tears of delight and affection rolled down her cheeks, which her child, almost weeping too, was amusing himself, with kissing away. When we got to London, I instantly procured other horses, and gave Madame de Liancourt a direction to Mrs. Harley's, where the servants, I said, as the family were from home, would point out the way to the count's cottage; for many reasons I refused myself the pleasure of accompanying her.

"Perhaps with great expedition you may have time to prepare de Liancourt for his wife's arrival—with great expedition—the entreaties of so much beauty will give wings to the horses, and night will cause no delay.

"How you will rejoice in this event! how she will rejoice, whose pure and spotless mind every excellent affection has chosen for its seat. My imagination is busying itself in tracing her countenance when she first hears of it. Ah!—if for a moment she should cast a thought upon him who has been fortunate enough to contribute to it, tell her, tell her, Harley, she is my

pride, my only boast—that she alone exalts me from insignificance, from nothing, to importance—to every thing!"

I received this letter early in the morning, when I was still in bed—I immediately rose, and ordering my horse, prepared myself for a visit to the count. Before I set out, I left the letter with Louisa's servant, with orders that it might be given her as soon as she was up. I was in hopes it might gild her morning with joy. On coming to de Liancourt's cottage, I found he was already gone to his usual labour. The little girl, however, his only servant, pointed him out to me in an adjoining field. He was some time before he perceived my approach, and I was very near him before he threw aside his spade to bid me welcome. After the usual compliments—"You come, Mr. Harley," said he, "to a melancholy neighbourhood—see our common doom—the great—the good—the wise—are exempt from it no more than the vain and the frivolous. But where is Montford?—he is surely returned—why did he not write to me more frequently in his absence?"—"More frequently? have you not received his letter from Avignon?" "Not a line

—nothing since you left Paris." "Then you know not"—"Know not what? come, come, do not trifle with me—my nerves have been braced by affliction—I shall not sink under it—answer me—she is not dead?"—"Well then! away with these prudent cautions, your wife, de Liancourt, is alive." "Almighty God!"—"And in England."—"Where? where?" "You may suppose Montford would not have delayed his visit to you so long, if he had not been employed more essentially for your happiness. He has discovered the place of her residence—I received a letter from him this morning with an account of his success. Madame de Liancourt is in excellent health, with her child, an offspring worthy of you—nay, nay—you must listen to me—you must not leave your cottage—they are now upon the road to it." —"Is it possible?—and is it to Montford and you, Mr. Harley—but how soon may they be expected?" "I would tell you more explicitly if you would listen to me with more tranquillity." "Well, now I am as docile as a child, answer me—but did you not hear a carriage?" continued he, running to a small elevation of ground near

us. " No, no," said I, smiling. De Liancourt looked anxiously towards the road—no new object appeared.—He was rushing forward to a spot, where, an abrupt turn no longer intercepting his view, he might enjoy a more extended prospect. In the interval, he again stopped, assuming the attitude of one listening—" I am afraid," said I, " you give our English horses too much credit." " No, no," he exclaimed, " I am right."—He was so, for a carriage was now in sight. De Liancourt sprang over the hedge that was between him and the road, and ran along swifter than lightning—I followed, but at an unequal pace—soon I perceived a lady in the carriage, and another head now and then appeared above the window. De Liancourt commanded the postillion to stop, and in an instant his wife was in his arms.—Whilst tears and silence best expressed the ardor and sincerity of their affection, the child had contrived to creep from the carriage, and was clinging to his father's knees. De Liancourt raised him up, and gazing, first at him, then at his wife, scarcely articulated " and this treasure too, Sophia?" The child alone spoke—his head, with infantine careless-

ness, lay on his father's shoulder, so that his face was opposite his mother's—he lisped out—" this is very odd, Mamma—you used to cry because my father was away from you, and now you cry because he is with you." De Liancourt pressed him more closely in his arms—exclaiming fervently—" May you too, my dearest boy, in the course of a long and honourable life, sometimes weep for joy."—During the whole of this scene, I had remained in a state little short of stupefaction—it now suggested itself to me, that my presence must be a most unwelcome intrusion, and I walked silently away. When I turned my eyes round, de Liancourt, with his wife leaning on his left arm, and his child carried on his right, was proceeding to his cottage.

On my return, I related to Louisa the scene I had witnessed. Her expressive eyes once more sparkled with delight, and the languor of disease disappeared. Her own woes, whatever they might be, were forgotten, and her spirits recovered their former vivacity—I hoped to raise them still higher, by bringing Montford to her recollection. " And did you read the letter,

Louisa, I sent you this morning?"—in an instant her agitation discovered to me how much I had deceived myself—"Good God," I said, "what is the meaning of this?" She took the letter from her bosom, and gave it to me, saying, faintly, "How proud you must be of such a friend"—"And you, Louisa!"—I was going to reproach her for caprice and inconstancy, but on looking at her, there was an expression in her countenance, seeming so much to implore my compassion, that I was entirely disarmed. I did not wish to draw from her a reluctant confidence, and left her, perplexing myself almost to madness, in endeavouring to account for her conduct.

The day now came that had been fixed for our return to Mrs. Harley's. We arrived just at the dinner hour—the servants, expecting me, had placed at the table the chair Mr. Harley used to occupy, in the place where it formerly stood when he was alive—when we entered the room, I perceived Louisa draw back convulsively—indeed, at this time, her nerves were so much weakened, that an incident far less calculated to excite mournful recollections, would have produced almost the same

effect. I could no longer disguise from myself, that her state of health was really alarming. Naturally superior to trifles, she was now agitated by the most trivial circumstances; her complexion varied almost momentarily; she had a cough, that seemed every day to increase. Her complaint, however, seemed beyond the reach of medicine, and indeed this was the opinion of all the physicians who had been consulted upon it. Under these circumstances, I looked forward with anxiety to the arrival of Montford, on the following day; the cause of her melancholy was no doubt connected with him—some groundless report perhaps, some unexplained offence—in his presence every difficulty would disappear. During the whole of the evening Louisa was evidently more depressed than usual —when she retired to rest (alas! how misapplied is that word) there was a desponding expression in her countenance, that even now I cannot think of without shuddering.

The next morning, when we met at breakfast, her fatigued and harrassed looks shewed the misery of the night she had passed. She answered to our inquiries,

that she was very well, but her languid smile spoke more faithfully. In a few minutes we heard the sound of a carriage stopping at the door. She instantly began a rapid, and almost unintelligible conversation, as if to distract her attention—she trembled violently—her colour came and went a thousand times in a minute. I rushed madly out of the room, though with no distinct intention—I wished that Montford might return without seeing her—I wished to prepare him for his disappointment. I found him already in the hall—he flew by me, only stretching out his hand to me. Hope brightened his countenance, joy quickened his step—Louisa rose to receive him, but wearied nature could sustain no more, and, without the assistance of her mother, she would have sunk upon the floor. Mrs. Harley carried her lifeless out of the room. The full extent of his misfortune did not immediately occur to Montford; the idea most natural to him was, that the agitation of Louisa was ascribable, in part at least, to her joy at his arrival—yet he was extremely alarmed. "Harley," said he, "I fear you have deceived me—Louisa is worse than you have

given me reason to suppose."—"She is indeed very ill," I replied.—Never had I felt such a dejection of spirits as at this moment—I scarcely knew what I answered. Montford rushed out, I followed him, and we waited with trembling impatience at the door of Louisa's room, for some information concerning her—when we heard that she was recovering we returned to the parlour. "Montford," said I, you will find her looking very ill, and her vivacity almost gone."—"Gracious heaven!" cried he, in agony, "is this my promised joy!" "Now tell me candidly," I continued, "can you recollect having given her any cause of offence or vexation?"—"Oh, no!" exclaimed he, "yet I am so unworthy of her, that even my best actions may appear insignificant to her." I attempted to prepare him as much as possible for any coldness with which Louisa might receive him, in a conversation, (it was indeed the only consolation to either of us) which lasted the whole morning.

In the evening Louisa returned to us. Though faint and weak, she was tolerably composed. Montford, though ill disguising his anguish, endeavoured to entertain

her, as in her happier days. Sometimes he succeeded, but in those moments, she evidently considered herself as deserting some severe duty. When we were separating for the night, in an agony almost as great as that of my afflicted friend, I drew Mrs. Harley aside, and entreated her to explain to me, if she could, her daughter's conduct. She was extremely surprised at my request, but on my again declaring how inexplicable it was to me, she said, "Has not Louisa told you? Have you not heard of Mr. Harley's last wish?" "Good God!" I exclaimed, "No"—and at that instant a flash of dreadful light broke in upon me, which shewed me, in its full extent, the surrounding gloom.

Upon a nearer inquiry, however, I found that Montford had not been directly named, and that the promise Mr. Harley had exacted from his daughter, had been expressed in these general terms: "That she would never marry any man of whom he would have disapproved had he lived." Though these words evidently pointed to Montford, in some degree, yet, upon a full consideration of all the circumstances, it seemed to me, that the severest and most rigid mo-

ralist, the coldest reasoner, could not enjoin an adherence to them on the part of Louisa.—The promise had been exacted in ignorance and weakness, and given by affection, stimulated almost to frenzy. Mrs. Harley perfectly agreed with me; indeed she had supposed that, in all my late conversations with Louisa, this had been our principal topic. I determined, however, to make it so on the following day, and never did I rejoice more, than on this occasion, in the influence which early affection had given me over her mind.

I am well aware that, in our conduct through life, we are much too apt to make the reason subservient to the will in decorating the favorite object of pursuit, whatever it may be, with an excellence which does not belong to it. The connexion which this unfortunate and fatal promise tended to prevent, had long been my principal, I may say, my only aim; and perhaps, in defending the opinion I gave on this occasion, I may appear to many deserving of the censure I have just allowed to be too frequently merited. I know that no obligation can be more authoritative than a promise; and that, in some respects,

the promise here under discussion is more than usually sacred. But I fly to the sanction of a celebrated philosopher,* whose works are considered at our universities as containing the standard of morality, when I assert, that there may be circumstances, in which a promise is not binding; and sure I am that, if the examples he has adduced are allowable, that now before the reader must after a full consideration be added to the number. This acute and practical author details several cases, where promises may be annulled, or disregarded; but most of them may be reduced to rest on one foundation, the unavoidable ignorance in one or both of the parties of many essential circumstances connected with the promise at the time it is made and received, it being understood of course that there is no fraud or intentional concealment on either side. Hence, and as a stronger example, I would argue that a promise is not binding, when you are certain that the person to whom it was made, were he present, would be anxious to release you from it. Now suppose a situa-

* See Paley's Moral Philosophy.

tion in which you make a promise, and he to whom it is made exacts or receives it under a conviction that certain circumstances exist relating to it, to which, so far from their existence, the contrary is really opposed, yet you cannot at the time disclose the truth, and his sudden death prevents any future efforts for this purpose. We will suppose too, that you made the promise in an unsound and agitated state of of mind, and that your performance of it would be productive of the most fatal consequences, not only to yourself but to your best and dearest friends, who were also the friends of the deceased. I shall soon more fully expose the reasons which actuated my own mind in the instance before us, because I feel that an inviolable adherence to a promise is the first characteristic of an honorable and cultivated nature, and that whenever an exception occurs, its grounds should be clearly and specifically stated.

After a restless night, I rose early, and inquired if Louisa was up. I was answered in the negative. I walked out. In a wood not far from the house I met Montford; he looked paler than usual, and his head was sunk on his breast. I had deter-

mined, as far as it was in my power, to prevent all mystery or concealment. Where the responsibility was so dreadful, I could not endure the thought of management or disguise. I told him what I had learnt from Mrs. Harley the last evening—for a moment he was relieved, and his spirits rose. The insupportable thought that Louisa no longer loved him disappeared—immediately, however, his depression returned with tenfold force; he talked rapidly of Louisa's ill state of health, arising from her noble struggles between the purest sentiments of virtue, delicacy, and honor, and—he would have said, her attachment to him. I said I had still hopes of persuading her that her promise could not be considered as binding; he appeared to reflect for a moment—"She will be but a poor casuist, Harley, in this affair,"—he replied, "No, no, she will not be persuaded—disaster and disappointment still pursue me, such happiness cannot be in store for me—but you are going to the house—farewell, I will walk longer." He now left me, and turned into a different path, but running back to me, "Harley," said he, "if you find Louisa more than usually depressed, if she looks ill, defer

these persuasions of your's—I will bear even suspense." Then he flung from me.

When I came to the house, Louisa was up, and having heard I had enquired for her, was waiting for me in her dressing room. I found her seated, her head supported by her arm, which rested on the elbow of her chair, her eyes mournfully fixed on the ground. "Louisa," said I, after a silence of some minutes, "you have withheld from me your confidence on a subject indissolubly connected with your happiness; now, however"—she raised her eyes, and with an air of firmness I had seldom seen in her, said, "I had determined—I had made up my mind, and did not wish to hear your persuasions, only to resist them."—"But if the reasons that lead to your determination are false"—"It is impossible, I made a solemn promise to my poor father, and surely, surely, I ought to keep it."—"Think you he would have exacted it, had he known the consequences to which it would lead?"—"Perhaps not."—"If you could imagine, that, though released from earth, he still regards you, who was once the object of his strongest affection, would not your present conduct dis-

tress him?—this you must surely confess—and will you then attend to mere words, without any regard to the meaning with which they were uttered?"—" Ah! I am little able to reason with you, but a solemn promise made to him who loved me more dearly than himself—when, when he was dying too—the thought that I should obey him—his complete confidence in me, seemed to soften the agonies of death—and if, as you say, I could imagine that he still watches over me, could I suppose it grateful to him that I should disobey him—that I should betray that confidence? No, no—I know well the consequences of the resolution I have formed—they will soon cease to act—but my name shall be as spotless as that of him I am following."—" My dearest Louisa—my sister, alas!—these sentiments are too excellent, too sublime for this world. Your father was a father to me, we have grown up together; if you can recollect any instance in which I have been deficient in esteem or gratitude to him, I will allow you to conclude, that my advice on this occasion is unworthy of you."—" Oh, no!"—" Then you will listen to me with patience; and try, if it is only for my sake,

to distinguish the dictates of truth and reason, as they are divested of the glittering robe of sentiment, with which noble minds too often clothe them, to their own destruction."—" Be not too severe with me—if I have erred."—" Erred! while I disapprove, I but admire you the more; if I seem more positive than usual, it is because I was never so perfectly convinced that I was right." —Louisa looked at me, and smiled, but did not interrupt me. I proceeded—" Again I must repeat, that nothing could be so opposite to your father's intention, as such a promise, had he known the circumstances under which he exacted it."—" And why did he not know them? the concealment was mine, I must submit to its consequences."—" No, the concealment was not your's, it arose from your father's ill state of health—from miserable necessity.—But even though this fatal promise had been made with a full knowledge of all the circumstances relating to it, is one parent only to be regarded by you? I would not distress you, Louisa, but you must forgive me, if I speak plainly to you on such a subject. Your present conduct must embitter, if not shorten the life of your mother,

whose affection for you is equal to your father's. Is your veneration for the dead to banish your regard for the living? Your own health is decaying—your mother's afflictions are almost insupportable to her."—"It is very true," said Louisa, faintly. "And all this complicated misery," I continued, "is owing to a promise, which, he who exacted it, would have been the first to avoid, had he understood its force. I know well the necessity of adhering to general rules, but here is an exception so evidently marked out, that the most severe would not only justify, but enforce your deviation from them in this instance—Louisa, you are agitated—I will leave you, I do not wish to surprize you into an assent—let me only remind you of him whose every thought is directed to you; he is not like other men, whose feelings and hopes wander from object to object, fixing steadily upon none. I am sure he would not survive the loss of you; yet he alone seemed to wish the conversation I have just held with you, deferred."—"Did he? Did Montford?" she exclaimed, thrown off her guard; she recollected herself, and her words were followed by a deep blush. "Farewell,

Louisa," said I, " you will consider"—" I will, I will"—" how many you will be able to restore to happiness," said I, as I left the room.

We did not meet till the dinner hour—Louisa I could perceive was in that state than which none could be more distressing or painful to a person of her sensibility, when opposite motives contend with almost equal force, and decision is impossible. Montford was more than usually respectful in his behaviour to her. His attentions could not be more assiduous than before, but they were characterised by a singular degree of distance and humility. Louisa understood him, and I saw with pleasure how much this delicacy of my friend, a characteristic indeed which never forsook him, enforced the reasoning I had employed in the morning.

The next day Madame de Liancourt, at my request, called upon Louisa. I was alone with her when she entered the room; sitting down by her, and taking her hand, after some time, she said, " You must allow me to add my persuasions to Mr. Harley's. They must be unnecessary, I am sure, yet I cannot refuse myself even the

pretence of contributing to the happiness of him who is the sole author of mine." Tears filled Louisa's eyes, as she heard this. I now left the room; at the door I met Mrs. Harley, who took my vacant chair.

I had perceived from Louisa's manner, that she had formed a decision favorable to Montford; and though it was evidently a decision of the sentiment rather than the judgment, and one that would in all probability yield to the returning remembrance of her father's injunction, I could not help hailing it as the auspicious commencement of a serious and lasting determination.

Montford walked out with me—he took the tone off my spirits—melancholy fled—all was joy and happiness—we went in search of the count—he joined us—we rambled many miles without care, and without an object. With what pleasure could I describe the trifling incidents of this morning—they are engraven on my memory, indisputable and indelible marks of the characters of men, whose excellence my experience daily shews to be unrivalled.

In the evening Louisa met Montford with an embarrassment and restraint proving too

plainly the transient nature of the impression which had elated us so much. Montford shrunk from her eye, which spoke the torturing struggle of her thoughts—a tear had just passed away, and now there remained the mild and impressive dignity of a mind, satisfied with the imperious resolves of virtue—but, again, when she looked upon her mother, when she cast a wavering and uncertain glance upon Montford, who eagerly grasped at every opportunity of shewing his entire deference to her, and his complete acquiescence in her wishes. tears, in defiance of herself, stole down, and a half-formed smile directed to me, told me she was not forgetful of my opinion. The following day I again saw Louisa alone —I insisted upon all the topics I before urged, I had hoped with some success—I dwelt long upon the entire dejection, or rather despondency of her suffering mother, and the danger to which her health was exposed by afflictions so complicated—I suggested how much those afflictions were aggravated by the thought, that she herself had been chiefly instrumental in the events which occasioned them—I expatiated again upon her father's entire affection for her,

and how much he would have trembled at the mere idea of exacting such a promise, had he been in the least aware of the consequences—I entreated her, by our early and long affection, by the intercourse of our childhood, to divest herself of a romantic and dangerous feeling, which could have no other tendency but to involve herself and all around her in one common ruin.—She gave me her whole attention, but she listened to me in silence.—Sometimes she smiled at the fervor of my manner, but it was a smile she scarcely ventured to trust herself with—melancholy would again take possession of her countenance, as if unwilling to leave a seat, which in truth gave it something of divine. Once, when I perceived how little permanent effect my persuasions seemed to have, I hinted at a determination to reject Montford, as the only alternative in her power. A crimson blush darted across her face, and she would have reproached me, as with severity and harshness, if the tears that came to her relief would have permitted her to speak. I again returned to all my former arguments and topics—I insisted upon them more warmly than ever—I reminded her that I

was not the only person who held these opinions; that even the count de Liancourt, whose own stern and rigid virtue gave him a right to be inflexibly just in examining the conduct of others, thought with me. She fixed her eyes upon me with an expression of distrust, which yet seemed yielding to softer sensations—"It is so—be assured, Louisa, it is so," I exclaimed, "you have the happiness of us all in your power, and there is no obligation to prevent you from pursuing it."—In these persuasions the whole morning passed away—nor did I leave my lovely hearer till I had produced upon her mind the effect I desired. "Well, you shall see," she said, as we separated, "how well I will behave."

When Louisa again saw Montford, her distress seemed to be removed. Quickly he perceived the change in her conduct, and understood its cause. Her spirits were high, and though the rosy graces of health had not returned, it was impossible to think she was seriously unwell. Yet I could not help perceiving that her spirits were too much above their natural elevation to be lasting, and that they were to be

ascribed to a feverish state of mind, hurried between extremes, rather than to the settled cheerfulness which belonged to her disposition.—Montford observed not so accurately—he flew from topic to topic, throwing out the careless jest, the delicate sentiment, the finely pointed remark, while his eyes sparkled, and his countenance glowed with happiness. The next morning Louisa's looks shewed how little she could bear a violent emotion, whether of joy or sorrow; her fever was high, and her cough seemed more than usually oppressive—her spirits alone were above the power of disease. Montford was alarmed, and the high hopes with which his morning salutations had been accompanied, sunk into despair. In the course of the day, however, Louisa was evidently better, and we passed an evening like the last. For many days her health seemed to improve, and every hour increased our happiness. Monsieur and Madame de Liancourt lived with us almost entirely, and I now felt the full value of the pleasures of social and domestic life.

Severe misfortune has given a gloomy shade to my thoughts; but it is consoling

to me to reflect, that these pleasures, so great, so inestimable, are more or less within the reach of all men—they are a rich inheritance, and it should be the great object of education to shew their importance. Ambition may present a more gay and glittering prize, but even the most successful will allow, that the pursuit has been too feverish for enjoyment, and that the gnawings of envy have almost outweighed the elevations of hope, and the acquisition of power. Even he, whom indulgent nature has blessed with the poet's fire, whose imagination can soar above the things of earth, to happier worlds and serener regions, he falls the more precipitately and dangerously, in proportion to the height he has attained; the rapturous glow is succeeded by a desponding chill; there are moments when his lyre is all-unstrung, when his visions are acknowledged to be but air, and his peopled universe a blank. The pleasures of social life are equal and unfailing, unostentatious, holding forth no promises, subject to no disappointments—to those only, I must add, which human power can neither foresee nor prevent.

Though, since the change in her resolution, Louisa's spirits were generally good, and only accidentally shaded by a transient gloom, which the joy and approbation of her mother quickly removed, her health certainly was but little improved. Yet, we still continued to flatter ourselves that a favorable change would follow the happiness she now enjoyed. We were soon dreadfully undeceived; an accidental cold confined her to her room, and increased all the symptoms which before had alarmed us so much. In a few days she was permitted again to make one of our party, but her emaciated looks shewed what a deceit she practised both upon herself and us, in appearing to enjoy it. Fearing to distress her mother, she would affect all the gaiety of health, but her smiles were too frequently checked by a languor, which no efforts could resist. Her nights were feverish, and disturbed by dreams, which rendered her sleep short and unrefreshing. Her father would appear before her, and denounce everlasting vengeance on her intended marriage. At other times he seemed to attend her to the altar, and with the affectionate smile, which during his life

was ever ready for his beloved daughter, give her to him who alone deserved her—then, on a sudden, the whole scene would vanish, and she was carried through vast deserts, amongst over-hanging rocks and gloomy caves—till at length, struck with horror, she would start into wakefulness. She now became rapidly worse—for three weeks every day seemed to bring with it an increase of her disorder; and at the end of this period she was confined to her bed.

A deep melancholy now reigned through the whole house. There was not a servant or dependent who was not depressed by the sickness of Louisa. She was of a temper to feel soothed by the affectionate solicitude so widely displayed, and no one ever enjoyed this consolation in a greater extent. Yet, with what inexpressible agony did she sometimes gaze upon her mother, who could no longer disguise her despair. Hope was lost, and, in the presence of her daughter, her spirits were too evidently assumed, to produce the effect she desired. Madame de Liancourt, accustomed to misfortune, and not so nearly interested, was scarcely more able to restrain her tears: they never left the bed of

Louisa, who exhibited a patience worthy of the spotless life it was to crown. Montford remained day and night in the adjoining room, avoiding all conversation, even with his nearest friends—the only one whose presence he could endure, was the little boy, the child of de Liancourt, who sometimes, by his endearing caresses, could draw from him a reluctant smile. He sat alone, hour after hour, and day after day, with no object but that of searching, in the countenances of those who had just left Louisa, for intelligence concerning her. When he was questioned, he madly replied, that he had given up all hopes; but his perpetual and anxious inquiries shewed that this had been too hard a task. De Liancourt and I were much together. He had relinquished all occupation, he was frequently lost in absence and abstraction; and tears, which he scarcely attempted to suppress, would flow in torrents down his cheeks—the pride of stoicism had passed away, and de Liancourt wept like a child.

Things were in this situation, when I perceived in Montford a wish to speak to me alone, though when I gave him an opportunity for this purpose, his embarrass-

ment prevented a disclosure of his sentiments. After several long and painful interviews with him, during which some desire seemed ever on his lips, without daring to assume a positive form, I conjured him to speak boldly to me, as to one who knew him entirely, and whom he could not offend. "I would wish," said he—and his voice faultered—"yet if my request should appear unreasonable, if it should harrass or be the cause of the least distress—yet, if it is so, you will refuse, and your indulgence will forgive me—I would wish you to ask Louisa if she would allow me to see her?" "For heaven's sake, Charles," I replied, "be calm—I will give you an answer immediately." As I was leaving him he called me back—"yet perhaps I am wrong"—"If it be an error," answered I, "we shall all learn to forgive it." I consulted the physician in the presence of Mrs. Harley, upon the danger which might arise to Louisa from any new agitation—in a whisper, he said, "that as all hopes of recovery were vain, it would be unreasonable to refuse whatever might be a source of pleasure to her."—"Then you have no objections," said I, aloud. "None," he

replied. " And Louisa, Mrs. Harley," said I, " will she object?" " No, no, I can answer for her, I well know she wishes to see Mr. Montford: but, bear, bear the message to her yourself—I cannot—Madame de Liancourt only is with her, you could not have a more convenient time." I instantly went to Louisa's room, and told her of my friend's request—a faint beam of pleasure once more shot from her eyes, and she warmly expressed her assent. Then, with a smile which still partook of its former beauty, she added, " Let it be this evening—candle-light best becomes me now." At six o'clock, Madame de Liancourt entered the room, leaning upon Montford's arm—Louisa had taken particular pains in adjusting her head-dress—a slight flush that could scarcely tarry there, gently played upon her cheek—her smooth and white forehead was seen beneath her cap—her eyes, at the sight of Montford, received a new animation—affliction, pain, death itself, seemed to have no power—she was still beautiful—still most lovely—as she sat up in her bed, supported by pillows,—nothing but the perpetual remembrance of her danger, could have checked

the expressions of admiration from all around her.

Louisa fixed her eyes upon Montford as he drew near her—they met his—Madame de Liancourt, I saw, supported him with difficulty—he stood in dumb melancholy by the bed side; Louisa attempted to speak—but in vain—she turned her head to the other side, endeavouring to collect firmness—again she would have spoken, but still her voice refused to obey; at length she gave up the struggle, and in the midst of sobs and tears, stretched out her hand to him—he caught it eagerly in his, and, falling upon his knees, pressed it convulsively to his lips.—I rushed towards him, and would have hurried him away, Louisa exclaimed—" No, no,"—then turning to Montford, said, while her hand was still locked in his—" Will you make one of our party this evening?" " We will return immediately," said I. Montford sprang up, and hurried with me out of the room. I now reproached him for his want of fortitude, and conjured him, for Louisa's sake, to collect himself. He drew his hand quickly across his brow, answering, " You may depend upon me—

come, let us return." I detained him as long as it was possible—we then returned.

This evening Louisa's cough was less oppressive than it had been for some days. The physicians, however, drew from it no favorable omen. Montford was less skilful and more sanguine; he was able to converse with some degree of tranquillity; whenever he spoke, Louisa fixed her eyes upon him, and sometimes, I believe, nodded assent to his opinions—she evidently felt a pleasure in hearing him, and he, perceiving this, endeavoured, as far as his depression would allow him, to talk upon subjects in which he knew she most delighted. We did not separate till late in the evening. Louisa again gave him her hand—the effort he had so long made, now failed him—Louisa caught the tone of his mind—as I forced him from the room, they exchanged a look of mingled affection and despair, which would have brought tears into the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, however prosperous his state, however high his spirits.

That night I retired not to rest. Having sat with Montford till near five o'clock, I

was returning to my own room, when I heard a door gently open on the landing below me. I bent over the banister of the stairs, and perceived Madame de Liancourt walking across the floor towards Louisa's chamber. I went down. She was pale and trembling. She started as I spoke to her, but returned me no answer. I seized her hand. Its chilling tremor extended itself to me. We entered Louisa's room together. Mrs. Harley lay pale and senseless by her daughter, whose lips were scarcely separated from her mother's—Louisa had sunk from her pillow—it seemed to have been her last effort to bid farewell to her mother. —Madame de Liancourt uttered a faint scream—Louisa's eyes once more opened—it was but for a moment—Her head sunk still lower—it fell upon her mother's breast. —With a gentle sigh, which exhausted nature seemed scarcely able to supply, she expired.

I am fully aware, that to do justice to my friend in relating his subsequent conduct, I should describe the grief which now oppressed him—this, however, is impossible—even the language of romance would be weak and insufficient. I leave it

to the reader to feel for him, bereft as he was of her who had long been the object of every hope, every wish, every serious thought; whose charms, and whose excellence were acknowledged by all who had ever seen her; whose attachment to him had been evinced, alas! how strongly, to whose death he supposed himself to have contributed. For two days he was in a state of stupefaction, which left but a faint distinction between the mourner and the dead. De Liancourt led him to the cottage, as his presence at the hall would have been an additional distress to Mrs. Harley. I frequently visited him—when his faculties in some measure returned, he would talk upon general and abstract subjects, upon the unimportance of life, upon the folly of hope, upon the instability of all earthly things—not as formerly, with careless ease, when his words escaped him, as it were, in spite of himself. Now his conversation resembled an harangue, and seemed the result of a violent effort: still, however, did it partake of that genius which threw such a lustre round him in every situation, which death only could repress.

In discoursing upon the most serious

subjects, he shewed how indifferent they were to him. Objects, which once filled his mind with delight and admiration, he now treated as unworthy of his attention. This levity was more distressing to me than his more sedate melancholy, for it only shewed what a blank the world had become to him. Trivial things he no longer noticed, the most weighty excited in him no interest. "Charles,"—said I, one morning, looking stedfastly at him after hearing him some time—there is still something to be made of this life." "I have considered it well," replied he seriously, "and to me it is an utter void."—"Oh say not so, I conjure you; you have friends—one friend, believe me, who will follow you through the world—who will console you in your sorrows, bear with your weaknesses." "I know him well," exclaimed he madly, "I love him, I adore him—but great and glorious as he is, he cannot fill this vacancy." Saying this he burst from me.

One of his favorite subjects was that of friendship. When de Liancourt and myself only were with him, he would perpetually recur to it, and, with a solemnity which surprized us, he seemed anxious to ascer-

tain our opinion upon this point, how far a man would be justified in co-operating, for the sake of his friend, in an action which itself was not strictly moral. "The discussion of such questions," I said, "was always dangerous—that if there were situations in which error might be excused, in consideration that it arose from some of the best feelings of our nature, at least they ought not to be anticipated by reasoning, but be left to the guidance of those feelings." De Liancourt assumed a sterner tone—he denied that any such situations could occur, and said, "that a friendship without virtue should bear an inferior name—that it might be called a league, a compact—but not a friendship." "And are there no circumstances," said Montford, "in which, if a friend could not applaud, he would at least defend and protect?" "None," replied De Liancourt, with firmness.

When I inquired from De Liancourt how Montford passed his nights, he described him as hour after hour walking up and down his room with irregular step—and sometimes, an exclamation would escape him that betrayed his agony—His looks indeed proved a total want of sleep—the light

of youth was gone, and the only characteristic of his countenance was a dark despondency.

Montford's manner had given De Liancourt serious alarm. I confess I did not partake of his apprehensions—I knew the extent of my poor friend's sufferings, but I recollected his manly understanding, and still more the flexibility of his disposition, which I hoped would in process of time adapt itself to his situation. Perhaps I was too much occupied with my own loss, to attend with sufficient accuracy to the state of his mind. One evening, as we were sitting together, and Montford, after a violent effort to converse, had sunk into a gloomy dejection, that no faint glimmering seemed to irradiate, the count introduced, with great skill, and with all the appearance of accident, the subject of suicide. "The misfortunes of life," said he loftily, "however severe, however heavy, it should be the first business of education to learn to endure—there have been moments, when the loss of friends, of property, and of her, how much dearer than either, almost impelled me to seek shelter in the grave." Montford suddenly fixed his eyes upon

De Liancourt—for the first time since Louisa's death they were filled with tears. "Of her?" he faintly repeated—"she lived—you was not the cause of her death." "But," continued De Liancourt, "I was soon deterred from an act so atrocious and cowardly"—"Cowardly!" said I—"I can scarcely agree with you on the justice of that term—"much as I shudder at the act of suicide, and though most certainly it cannot be marked by language too opprobrious, I must maintain the truth of the Roman adage—*he knows not how to fear who dares to die.*" "And yet," replied De Liancourt, "from what feeling can such an act arise, but a desire to fly from present ills, which alarm the sufferer so much as to render him regardless of those to come."—I again insisted upon my former observation, and brought numerous instances of men who had committed the act of suicide, whose peculiar and strongest characteristics could not allow us for a moment to suppose that they were actuated by personal timidity. The cast of De Liancourt's countenance was more lofty than usual—it was almost darkened by a frown. "It is superfluous," said he, "to examine

the motives of an act, the atrocity of which is allowed by all, or to separate the confused and mixed sensations which give rise to it. But this, I think, every great mind should feel, that no circumstances can justify what is really wrong, and the high and magnificent characters you have named, should have been the first to spurn that dangerous casuistry, which, in estimating the conduct of others, they never allowed. They failed in the attainment of a favorite object—what then? their souls had suffered no stain, and I still assert, that they fled like cowards from afflictions, which, from a consciousness of having done all in their power to prevent them, they should have been enabled to bear with something more than patience. Besides, they should have felt, that in a world, whose very essence is uncertainty, a favorable change might still have taken place; at all events, that the game could not be considered as lost, while they existed to avail themselves of the chances it supplied.—I lament that such men should have failed, in scenes where such men only should act—that then, for the first time, they should have been so diffident, and I repeat it, so cowardly."—Montford started,

as if he awoke from sleep. "No, no," exclaimed he, "it is not cowardice—it is not a comparison between present and future ills—it is reason overthrown—it is the force of intolerable agony—it is the insanity of despair!" Here tears came to his relief, and his head falling on his breast, he wept and sobbed aloud—then turning to De Liancourt, he said—"De Liancourt, forgive me, forgive me—I will live—be assured I will live—if it is only to convince you I deserve your friendship."

I must entreat the reader to dwell upon this conversation, as an undeniable proof, that my estimate of Montford's character was not entirely erroneous; that he was incapable of a settled resolution to commit an act so full of horror, that it could only arise, if indeed such a thought ever existed in his mind, that it could only arise, to use his own expressions, from "reason overthrown—from the force of intolerable agony—from the insanity of despair."

It was a great object with me to prevent him, if possible, from attending the funeral. I first endeavoured to conceal from him the day on which it was appointed to take place—but this, upon an occasion that

so nearly interested the whole neighbourhood, was impossible. I tried persuasions, but obtained from him only a vague and unsatisfactory answer.

The hour now arrived, which must consign to the dust, all that remained of her whom nature had formed to shew how well perfect beauty became all moral excellence. These are not words elevated above the truth by my deep regret for her loss—I have lived much in the world, and my encreasing experience confirms the suggestions of my early sorrow. The tongue of malice never dared to move against her.—The unconscious receiver of general homage, she excited not the envy of her own sex, and she retained all her conquests without awaking jealousy in ours. She was endeared to me by every tie, by our near relationship, by a sister's love, by her attachment to my invaluable friend, by her own infinite excellence.

During the service, as I stood upon the brink of the grave, and accidentally cast up my eyes, I perceived Montford standing opposite to me, on the other side—his hat had fallen to the ground, so that no part of his face was concealed from me. I cannot

—I dare not attempt to describe the expression of his countenance—his complexion was dark and livid—his lips colourless—his glazed and rayless eyes were fixed immovably upon the coffin. When all was over, and the crowd, which was very great, was already beginning to separate, I sprang forward, and seizing him by the arm, hurried him away, though I hardly knew whither. In leaving the last of the crowd we passed De Liancourt—He seemed to hesitate whether he should join us, but, after some irresolute steps, suffered us to proceed without him.—Montford saw him not—he saw nothing. Some paces farther I accidentally looked back, and observed De Liancourt on the spot where we had left him. The village street was long —near the end of it I again looked back— De Liancourt had not moved—he seemed to linger over a last farewell to his beloved friend—that friend, who had adhered to him in his misfortunes, who had discovered his excellence through poverty and misery, who had sacrificed his own most cherished feelings in providing for his happiness, who had restored to him the object in whom all his affections centered, and thus

soothed a mind, too much inclined to misanthropy, into peace with all mankind.

My eyes again fell upon Montford—his countenance still struck me with horror. He permitted me to drag him along in passive insensibility, but as I held him by the arm, an occasionally convulsive start made me apprehend that he would break out into some dreadful exhibition of mental derangement. This would have been the more distressing, because a veneration for his character and sufferings had not prevented some of the villagers from following us, in order to gratify their curiosity by observing his conduct in a situation so interesting. Almost distracted myself, I waved them away with one hand, while with the other I hurried on my unfortunate friend. We at length arrived at the cottage of De Liancourt. We had scarcely entered, when Montford, with a laugh of horror, exclaimed—"This is a glorious day!—yet, the marriage was a little too public!—but, who can wonder?—so brilliant a star must be beheld with rapture by all the world;—Did you mark how beautiful she looked?—how the fellow stammered as he read the service?—and all were

clothed in white!—Oh! how well suited to such a bride! Yet! yet!"—and he wiped away a tear that started from his eyes—"when I touched her hand, it was as cold, as cold, Harley, as death!" He now sunk into a chair, and for a few minutes was deprived of sense. When he awoke, his consciousness seemed to return —his memory, however, for some time supplied him with but a faint and irregular picture of the scene he had witnessed—and still was the funeral pomp in some measure connected in his mind with bridal splendors. He gazed at me confusedly, and uncertainly, yet with a countenance that seemed to express an anxiety to ascertain from me what was his real situation. I stood before him in my mourning dress, my scarf still remained on my shoulder, and my hat, surrounded with its white band, was near me on the table. He rose from his chair, and walked hastily along the room—He was still confused, and still unable to grasp the truth. He approached me frequently, and his eyes wandered unsteadily from my countenance to my dress. "Charles," said I, placing my arm upon his shoulder, "what is this? have you for-

gotten me?" He started at my voice—he stood before me fixed and immovable—in a moment the whole truth, the complicated horror of his situation, seemed to burst upon his mind—The beauty and excellence of Louisa, her death, the supposed cause of her death, were at once before him. Again he relapsed into his former state, a state, that for two months defeated every effort of friendship and every trial of skill. That understanding, formed to expatiate on the fate of nations, was for ever overthrown: that eye, which had beamed only with benevolence or wisdom, was now chilled with idcotism, or fired with frenzy. I had been exercised in affliction—on my return from the continent, I had found my early and long revered guardian, my second father, dead—not long afterwards, I had followed Louisa to the same grave—I had watched over the agony of a wife and a mother, by me most loved and honored, whose every feeling was devoted to the objects she had lost—but the insanity of Montford convinced me, that all I had yet suffered was trifling in comparison; and, in the bitterness of my anguish, I thought that the progression of misery was infinite.

When we lose our friends in death, our affliction, however great, is at least underderstood—no vague hopes prevent the effects of time; and a manly sorrow bids us exert ourselves to prove that we are not unworthy mourners over the virtues that are gone. But to observe the object of all our best affections before us, yet for ever lost—to be compelled to hope, yet to hope against the judgment—to see him in form and shape indeed the same, but in all the characteristics of men, and his peculiar and individual characteristics changed and reversed—to be taught despair by visible and real horrors—what is death to this? I spoke to Montford on subjects which had formerly called forth all the energies of his mind—my words passed over him, as the sea upon the shore, leaving the desolation they had found—I took a softer tone—I reminded him of our friendship—I ventured to name his lost Louisa—the wild laugh of the maniac was his only answer, as if he derided my hopes, and triumphed in my disappointment. I had hung upon his lips, for they had never opened but to inform and delight me—now they muttered unintelligibly and inaudibly, or trembled with infuriate rage. My wish

has been gratified—my prayer has been heard—Montford rests with the dead.

Casting my recollections through the agonizing scenes that preceded his death, I recur with some consolation to one brief hour, when his exhausted mind seemed still to receive and bear, though faintly indeed, the impressions of reality. "Harley," said he, with interrupted articulation, "what a fearful, what a horrible wreck is this! I—I am almost to be envied—but you and her mother—oh! devote yourself to her—alas! alas! that such incomparable excellence should suffer thus!—if I live—but to say the truth I am too weak to make many promises—if I live—tell her I will reverence her for herself—and oh! how much as the adored mother of ——— your sister, Harley—Oh! be still my friend—perhaps the time will come, when my name shall be torn in pieces by men who cannot feel—they will sneer at me, and ridicule me—misrepresentation shall be busy with my motives—slander shall be inventive in accusations—my foibles shall be magnified into crimes—Unfortunate—most unfortunate I have been, but not guilty—your friend—he, whom Louisa loved, may be a

subject for mockery and insult—but you will not suffer it—you will be my defender—you will throw your protecting mantle over me —you will preserve and justify my name— oh! let me be buried by her side!"—— Here his words became inaudible, and immediately afterwards his lips ceased to move. He was so much debilitated, that the mere exertion of speaking completely exhausted him, and he had sunk into a stupor. It did not however appear attended with the least refreshment, and as I hung over him, expecting him every moment to breathe his last, I had this satisfaction only, that his faculties had so far returned, as to have enabled me to take my final farewell of him in his true and natural character. De Liancourt, who since Louisa's death had resided almost entirely with Mrs. Harley, whose afflictions found their best consolation in the attention and firm affection of his wife, was now standing near me. After an insensibility of many minutes, Montford once more opened his eyes. He fixed them upon us, and whether it was the impression made upon him by our total dejection, or the consequence of his own feelings, he was evidently convinced that he was dying.

By waving his hand, he seemed to express a wish that De Liancourt should go to the side of the bed opposite to that we were occupying. We were right in our interpretation of his sign, for smiling gently, and giving one hand to me and the other to De Liancourt, with a look, which attested irresistibly the truth of his words, he said——" we shall meet again,"—and thus ascended to its proper region, the soul which thought more wisely and felt more purely, than any with the knowledge of which my experience has ever been blessed.

It is unnecessary to add that his desire was fulfilled and that his body was consigned to the tomb which had received the lifeless form of her he loved, and for whom he had died. There also shall their lamenting historian find his refuge.

In the repose of evening I sometimes visit that tomb, that tomb so richly, so gorgeously tenanted! and reflect upon the character, which, in all probability, my friend, would have sustained, had his life been prolonged. When I think of his fine imagination, chastened as it was by taste, I fancy him pouring forth the numbers of poetry wildly, but not incorrectly.

When I remember the singular flexibility of his disposition, and with what ease, according to the circumstances in which he was placed, he by turns assumed all characters, and excelled in all, not artificially or affectedly, but from the irresistible impulse of his nature, I trace his pen in the drama, sometimes, perhaps, slightly erring, to exhibit men in too fair a light. If, from a humble situation, fortune had called him to the senate, I know with what power he would have supported the cause of humanity, in whatever form, and through whatever details the great questions of political morality had come to be discussed. Where he could not have enforced conviction by his reasoning he would have stolen it by his wit. Such a man has lived—is still living; and, when the malice of party and prejudice shall have sunk with him in the grave, the world will unite with his mourning friends in doing him justice; such, or nearly such, would have been my friend. Let me turn for a moment more to what he was, and then for ever lay down my pen. Merely to call him amiable, would be to give but a very imperfect idea of him—this term is often applied to the weakness,

rather than the strength of the affections, and not seldom denotes the imbecility as well as the innocence of infancy. In affairs of no consequence, men so characterised display an excess of sensibility, but are completely ignorant of the bolder and more manly feelings. Montford was amiable without weakness, simple without childishness, independent without harshness, enthusiastic without restlessness. For his manners, natural taste had given them that polish, which is sometimes acquired in the crowded intercourse of life. I have not attempted to disguise his failings. The learned and experienced moralist will ascribe them in part to the error of his principles, which, founded in an extravagant reliance on the excellence of our nature, led him to follow impulse, when he should have consulted his understanding; the devout, I fear, will darken the accusation on the too frequent absence of a superior rule. I profess no impartial criticism upon the character of my departed friend, and therefore I shall scarcely provoke controversy when I venture to maintain, that his infirmities were the infirmities of a disposition formed for a better world,

or a more virtuous age. If he was impatient, his impatience was unmixed with the darker passions; if he disregarded consequences, it was when his feelings, bordering on an over-refinement, were too much cherished to give him room for reflection. I do not justify this temper—its effects have indeed been dreadful—but I will never submit to such a confusion of moral distinctions, as to consider his actions only in the events that have resulted from them. I know, I feel his great, his comprehensive merit. To him am I indebted for whatever is valuable in my temper or character. His death seems to have deprived me of the enjoyment of society, and the motives to exertion—my protecting, my approving, my applauding friend, is for ever lost!—How vainly do I wish to discharge my obligations to him! and from what hopes am I fallen!—yet may it be a consolation to me in my old age, that I have left a record of his character, and paid to his sacred memory the only tribute in my power.

THE END.

THE

SCHOOL OF ENGLAND.

A VISION.

VOL. I.

TO MY NEPHEW,

FREDERIC MASON TRENCH,

OF SOPWELL, IN THE COUNTY OF TIPPERARY,

IRELAND,

WHO, though now in his infancy, may hereafter love to contemplate the philosophical and literary glories of our common country—that he may be led to such a contemplation not only by his own feelings and understanding, but by the exhortation of one, who anxiously and affectionately wishes for his happiness, and thinks he cannot promote it more effectually, than by making serious and important objects pleasing to him, I dedicate this Vision. And as I may perhaps venture to advise him, particularly, since by the time he will read the following pages, my counsel will have something in it of the air of ancient dig-

nity, I will quote the words of one of our most celebrated philosophers, which contain all I would say to him, much better expressed than in any language of my own. "The mere philosopher is a character, which is commonly but little acceptable in the world, as being supposed to contribute nothing either to the advantage or pleasure of society; while he lives remote from communication with mankind, and is wrapped up in principles and notions equally remote from their comprehension. On the other hand, the mere ignorant is still more despised; nor is any thing deemed a surer sign of an illiberal genius in an age and nation where the sciences flourish, than to be entirely destitute of all relish for those noble entertainments. The most perfect character is supposed to lie between those extremes; retaining an equal ability and taste for books, company, and business; preserving in conversation that discernment and delicacy which arise from polite letters; and in business, that probity and accuracy,

which are the natural result of a just philosophy. It seems that nature has pointed out a mixed kind of life as most suitable to the human race, and secretly admonished them to allow none of these biasses to draw too much, so as to incapacitate them for other occupations and entertainments. *Indulge your passion for sciences*, says she, *but let your science be human, and such as may have a direct reference to action and society. Abstruse thought and profound researches I prohibit, and will severely punish, by the pensive melancholy which they introduce, by the endless uncertainty in which they involve you, and by the cold reception your pretended discoveries shall meet with, when communicated. Be a philosopher: but amidst all your philosophy, be still a man.* After such solemn counsel, it will be necessary again to mention the better purpose of this dedication, which is intended to convey a proof of my regard and affection, rather than of my opinions.

J. MASON.

Radbrook, Feb. 4, 1803.

THE

SCHOOL OF ENGLAND.

I HAD passed the greatest part of a very sultry and oppressive day of June in my grounds. I had employed myself either in working with the spade, or in examining how I might execute a plan I had formed of erecting monuments to some of our most celebrated poets. Amongst these I had particularly chosen Shakespeare, as having united all men in his favor, having been engaged in no political party, and having written for no purpose but to instruct or to please; in the wanderings of his fancy, in his descriptions of nature, in his delineations of character, in vigour, and in choice, in universality, in language, and in harmony, accomplishing with perfect ease, what no art has rivalled and no labour imitated. The

day closed with more than common beauty. When I returned to my house, the sun was scarcely visible, but a mild and tranquil glory was diffused round the wide circle of the horizon. Not a cloud was to be seen, not a breath of air to be felt. The western hills were tinged with a glowing purple, while those farther from the sun, and particularly the mountain, most remote, the Wrekin, which forms the grand and imposing ornament of this part of England, were covered with a sombre blue. Yet however various were the colours that adorned the prospect around me, there was nothing harsh, nothing that was not softened off into the most admirable harmony. On the hill now most decorated by the descending sun, appeared in strong relief a column intended to commemorate a great naval achievement, and while I smiled at the boldness of those by whom it was so situated, that it must be compared with the sublime works of nature, I remembered some of the illustrious heroes who have bled or fallen for their country. On entering my room, wearied with labour, plans, and recollections, I threw myself on my sofa, which was opposite a window. The

evening star now gave new radiance to the heavens. When I turned my eyes from the external prospect they fell upon an engraving of Raphael's picture of the School of Athens. I had ever peculiarly admired this picture, which like the horizon I had just left, softens and makes tolerable to the mental vision, a degree of splendor otherwise too bright and intense for human contemplation, exhibiting the sacred forms of embodied wisdom, in Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and other masters of the Athenian lore, with their scholars and supporters; some disputing, and others instructing, some immersed in the labour of thought or calculation, others calm in the remembrance of honorable service to the world, and the fruition of the awards of literature, (how independent of that world and how much above it's award!) these venerable and now sacred characters, possessing a temple worthy of such inhabitants; a glorious monument of architectural skill, suitably ornamented by the art of the sculptor.

Closing my eyes after the day I have described, in the midst of the faintly com-

prehended glory of such a representation, and such a prospect, I fell asleep.

I have been thus particular in relating the circumstances which preceded this slumber, for the visions, which took possession of my mind during it's continuance, will be ever cherished by me, as resembling perhaps, the happy thoughts, if I am wise enough to encourage them, which shall cheer those days, when repose shall be no longer a luxury but a necessity, and when to recall departed merit shall be all allowed to me. Already indeed, have I anticipated somewhat of this fate, for more than one of the venerated guardians of my youth, my valued counsellors; the teachers and examples of all the virtues I would adore, and all the sentiments I would love, even in the vigour and pride of their manhood, have vanished from my sight.

Methought there appeared before me a female figure, whose form, manner, and gesture were the more attractive, as she evidently wished to divest herself for the moment of the commanding aspect which really belonged to her. Though gentle, mild, and truly feminine, there was a

severe simplicity in her appearance, which inspired some feelings of alarm, and through her modest and unforced self-resignation, there was something so regal in her port, that I felt how accustomed she must be to hold the ball, which represents widely extended empire. Her eye, it might be seen, was not incapable of indignation, but it was the indignation of offended virtue, it was the scorn of errors, repeated and multiplied in defiance of experience. Bitter evidently had been her recollection of past scenes compared with those now exhibiting before her, nor had her proud and well grounded confidence in herself, been sufficient to prevent a tear. I have already said enough to give some idea of her figure, which was not too tall to be perfectly graceful, nor so slender as to injure the appearance of ever blooming youth and lasting health. A long robe, resembling the colour of the sea, when under a cloudless sky it is considerably agitated, and radiant as the waters so illumined, floated downwards from her shoulders, it's natural flow only interrupted by a narrow girdle encircling her waist, green also, though paler in colour, in substance not unlike coral,

but so bright, that, if indulging in fiction we may suppose the queen of the ocean to have erected a palace under the waves, undoubtedly it would constitute one of it's principal materials. Her brown hair, which I concluded was generally covered with a diadem, hung not loose, but the ties, which fixed the greatest part with simple beauty on the back of her head, leaving the remainder to join the glossy ringlets on her forehead and temples, were invisible. Her feet and ankles were adorned with sandals still of sea-green, and her fingers, like those of the painter's Aurora, seemed to have been dipt in the western wave, when it takes it's colour from the descending sun. She inspired in my breast a degree of respect and reverence approaching adoration, and I felt it was no crime to worship her, for though she appeared not with her sceptre and her crown, I knew her to be the genius of my country. "I have left my throne," she said, "from which I watch over the wide surface of the deep —that throne can never be shaken, but by the intemperate pride and inordinate ambition of it's defenders—bright as the celestial sapphire, and hard as the ever living

adamant, it shall break in pieces the hostile vessel, and make recoil the ball, yet shall it lose it's lustre, for my children shall cover it as with a cloud. But listen to me, oh youth—I will place you where my glory cannot be obscured—I will shew you the peculiar and devoted temple of my eternal fame, over which the revolutions of the earth can have no power. You shall behold my most accepted worshippers." I was about to prostrate myself before her, and offer praise for so great a favor, when a blaze of light shot across my eyes, and I found myself in an edifice which I shall now endeavour to describe.

I was in the midst of an immense hall, the size of which I shall perhaps, best characterize by saying, that it was considerably larger than that at Westminster, which leads to the courts of judicature, and the houses of the legislature. In shape and majesty, as well as in it's Gothic order, it resembled that building so nearly, that probably my early profession had some effect upon my dream. My vision however decorated it with a freshness and ornament, of which the shamefully neglected hall at Westminster is destitute, and it's windows, which

occupied the greatest part of the side walls, were painted with singular richness. The arms of England, from which the fleur de lis was not struck out, were scattered with great profusion, or were exchanged for the port-cullis, the rose, and the crown. On each side there were two outlets through arches of extreme elegance, from a most happy use of the long and numerous shafts of the Gothic column, and the turn of the work above, leading immediately into porches, the ceilings of which were most admirably formed with the pointing peculiar to this order.

The first of these on the right led into a cloister, of which I could not see the end, and which, though it had considerable attractions from its tranquillity and retirement, and its simple successive architecture, I could not wish much to explore.

Through the opposite porch was an apartment of so extraordinary a nature, that all the sublime grandeur of the surrounding scene, and the solemnity and awe of the feelings with which I had been inspired, could not subdue my wonder. It was at once so whimsical and beautiful, so disproportioned and attractive, so divided

and uniform, so intricate and simple, so entirely dependent on the light and direction in which it was viewed, so varying with every step, so treacherous to the recollection, so incapable of proof, that my judgment, if I had gazed long upon it, would have been as confused as the place itself. The pillars which formed its compartments were twisted like those of the altar piece in the metropolitan church of Christendom, but to my great astonishment some of them did not touch the roof, and when I looked upwards I found, that though apparently made with great labour, and highly ornamented, they supported nothing. The ingenuity of the workmanship seemed to have been more prized than the tendency or design of the work. The walls were covered with tapestry displaying in very bright colours the most extravagant representations. From some even Fuseli would have rejoiced to copy, had he wished to embody the whims of fairies. Wild metamorphoses, laughable prodigies, incomplete transformations, invisible agencies, with forms of spirits, black, blue, white, and grey, occupied one side of the apartment. Here the midnight hag

hung her accursed visage over a blazing cauldron, and the moon seemed to labour with eclipse, and the stars to shoot from their stations—there a better power poured ambrosia into the wounds of some dying knight, and gave him again to the rejoicing and grateful world. The figures on the other side were scarcely more intelligible. Here was a queen seated upon a dazzling throne, her head covered with a glory, and a number of men round her all in complete armour. From these females of exquisite beauty, holding in their hands the emblems of the virtues, were receiving the most humble and devoted homage. There one of these armed figures on horseback was encountering another accoutered like himself, while a lady I had before seen, was at no great distance offering up her prayers for her champion. Here a man, not only armed with iron, but absolutely made of iron, was dealing the irresistible and unpunished blows of an iron mace amongst a subdued multitude. There, from a mighty castle issued forth a king and queen to welcome a beautiful lady, who appeared with her armed knight, while a monstrous serpent, or dragon, lay

bleeding and dying before them. Here the ground was marked out for a tournament and two knights were contending within the lists, while a queen was seated under a canopy of gold to award to the conqueror the prize of submissive beauty. Here a female champion clad in complete armour seemed to ride through the astonished world with the triumphant defiance of unblemished and unassailable chastity. Here a hermit appeared in holy robe, telling his beads as he walked, but his looks betrayed the circumventor of innocence and honor. There under a craggy cliff,

"Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave"

with an appearance that almost petrified me with horror, sat the image of despair. Here trees dropped blood, there they glowed with more than Hesperian fruit. Here the sky exhibited the warm tints of Italy, there it was clouded with the gloomy vapors of the north. These fantastic representations were almost innumerable, but in the midst of the most whimsical exertions there were occasionally such strokes of pathos, such sublime lessons of wisdom and morality, such brilliant examples of good

faith and honor, that had not more important objects weighed upon my mind, or rather had I not been under the guidance of a higher spirit, I should have passed much time in this apartment.

The other porch on the same side led into a beautiful park, where wood and water and inequality of surface presented a landscape of singular richness and variety. The brightness of the verdure no other country can equal, and even Enville was outdone in the proud growth of the trees.

The porch opposite terminated in a long avenue of oaks, whose meeting branches seemed to imitate and rival the arches which led to them. As I looked along it the rich verdure of the grass chequered by the sun's beams, added a most splendid variety to the colours within the building, which shot in different directions from the windows. It was a walk for which the cherub contemplation would leave his fiery wheeled throne; to woo the mute silence, uninterrupted but by the sweetest and saddest notes of Philomel.* It was a place the epic muse would have chosen to have thrown

* Milton—Il Penseroso.

her combining and selecting power over the actions of heroes; where the tragic muse would have exhausted her woes and wept herself to marble.

At the top of the building was a flight of steps leading to a hall of extreme splendor. The entrance to it was an ample arch, which rose from the landing of the steps and ascended in spiral elegance and magnificence to the roof. It seemed to occupy about the central third of the wall. The steps, the arch, the hall itself, were of the purest marble, of which not a streak or spot interrupted the dazzling whiteness. The whole was simple and unornamented, but the most striking characteristic was an astonishing appearance of durability. Through a window at the farthest end entered a light so intense that my eyes could scarcely sustain the splendor. Indeed when I endeavoured to examine the source of this light I found myself compelled to give up the attempt in despair.

Opposite, at the bottom of the edifice was the entrance from the world. On the outside was a considerable concourse of people, and many of them pressing for admission. The porter however, whose mild

and venerable air extremely prepossessed me in his favor, seemed to mention conditions, to those who applied to him, sufficient to deter most of them, and I could observe, that all who forced their way, or entered by chance, when he was engaged with other claimants, after a few steps from the porch, turned back with a shame, they could not conceal even from themselves. The forehead of this aged person was wrinkled with study, though a certain want of penetration had prevented his labours from being very profitable. He had explored and felt all the difficulties of every branch of knowledge, and every literary pursuit, and he was therefore admirably calculated to state them and set them in array before others. Indeed he enumerated them with such force, that few, very few, proceeded into the building after they had conversed with him. The gate however was always open, some persons, or other, were always on the threshold, and I could perceive that the glorious light from the top of the hall extended its rays even to the most remote of the crowd.

In this luminous and glorious apartment

were persons, not too numerous to be easily counted, of aspect, well suited to the place they inhabited. Mild, majestic, imposing, attractive, authoritative, they seemed to occupy the middle station between celestial spirits and men. So far were they from being dazzled by the radiance which I had found almost intolerable, that they evidently took pleasure in fixing their eyes upon the point I supposed to be its source, and as they gazed, their figures became more awful and sublime than before, and the light shed upon the edifice and upon the croud on the outside greatly increased. The heavenly visitant, who had appeared to me at the commencement of my dream, was no longer with me. But the sacred inspiration she had breathed upon me still retained its effects, for she seemed so to have informed and invigorated my mind, that I knew the names, not only of the persons who first attracted my notice, from the brightness of their abode, but of almost all the occupants of the building in which she had placed me, whether in the avenues, the cloister, or the hall itself. I have much to relate, though I fear for the feeble-

ness and imperfection of my record. I may however claim indulgence on the ground that I have no right to be silent. And here I must beg the reader to believe, that whenever, in the heat of composition, I shall appear to confound the sensations inspired by my dream, with after reflexions, it will be only an appearance. So deeply impressed am I with the glorious vision which forms the subject of these pages, that I am not fearful of adding confusedly to the thoughts it occasioned. I should instantly discover the cold uninteresting and unnatural alliance. My recollection may fail and will admit of no reparation. Conscious how immediately I should perceive and reject any ideas, which so intruded themselves, I shall not shrink from the warmth my subject may sometimes awaken, because, though it may in some instances seem to mingle my visionary with my waking thoughts; by agitating my memory, it will afford me the only means of recalling the impressions of my dream, and also free me from the necessity of always writing in the first person. I must also premise that I shall frequently quote the books left us by

the illustrious persons I shall mention, as the only mode of verifying with accuracy and fidelity, my fading recollections.

Amongst those in the marble apartment, distinguished above the rest by the unceasing respect his companions paid him, I recognized Bacon. I knew him though he was not in his chancellor's robes, which here could have added nothing to his dignity, while they would have attested his shame. The low intrigue, the tame submission, the unqualified surrender, the insensate flattery, the courtly and cruel council were here unknown. I recollected these things for a moment, and a tear for poor humanity bore witness to the transient, but bitter thought. Where I now saw him, he seemed to expatiate in his proper and natural sphere. Wisdom was on his brow, and his understanding seemed to embrace whatever time has produced, encreases, improves, corrects, or perpetuates. I saw depicted in his countenance the penetration which searches all things, the imagination which embellishes all things, the judgment which compares all things, the acuteness which separates all things, the comprehension which generalizes all things. I observed that noble intrepidity of intellect, which

led him single against a host of errors, arrayed, as they were, by sacred and civil authority, and guarded by the sanction of time. I saw in him the father of philosophy. I felt, that had not Bacon lived, we might at this day have been wandering in the dark and endless labyrinth of Aristotle, or lost in the dreams of Plato, perplexed by vain and empty subtleties, or exhausted by fruitless and unproductive speculations. The darkness of the cell might still have brooded over the earth, the jargon of the schools might have perverted the language and understandings of men; error might have been so established as to have been unassailable; the mind might have been searched for fancies rather than the world for facts; terms might have held the place of ideas; a vain and arrogant impatience of doubt might have precluded all rectitude in decision; and the decrees of a pretended knowledge might still have been enforced by the penalties of power, and the anathemas of the church. Had not Bacon lived, the astronomer might have been employed in discovering the minute correspondence between heavenly and earthly bodies; the labors of the chymist might have been directed to the stone by which all things may

become gold, or the liquor by which life may be prolonged indefinitely; and nature might have been vexed and tortured for occult powers to serve the passions and pretensions of the magician. Dismay and terror might still have shaken the hearts of men, believing such high powers to exist where they were so improperly and unworthily placed; while an absurd and fruitless vengeance might have degraded the authority of justice. This extraordinary man, by declaring and shewing that the only materials for thought should be facts, and the only road to philosophical conclusions through observation and experiment, subdued and curbed the arrogance which led the mind where nothing was to be found, and invigorated it with new powers, by imposing upon it the restraints of nature. By narrowing it's range, he augmented it's force, by bringing it into contest with real and visible difficulties, he led it to substantial victories. Painful as the discipline must have been, and strong as was the sagacity which enabled him to perceive it's necessity, Bacon derided and denounced those inflated speculations, or those cold, elaborate, and barren reasonings,

which were dignified with the name of the first philosophy, and granted this magnificent characteristic only to those collected axioms and maxims, which, common to all science, serve as rules and guides in the examination of surrounding appearances. Hence the only sound result to uninspired and finite man, hence in reasoning either upon matter or mind the only true deduction.

I proceed to record, that the operations of his own mind were as useful as they were splendid and powerful, for while he laid the foundation of all knowledge upon the rock of nature, one of his individual hints sketched the system of the universe, and gave the outline of that glorious picture, which Newton afterwards perfected. Equally wise in his plans and his means, while he shews where truth is to be found, he points out the mode of disciplining and forming the mind for the inquiry. His directions for the reformation of our universities, recommending a system of education more general, more adapted to awaken independent thought, more preparatory for life and action, create astonishment at the sagacity and liberality of an author of the sixteenth century, while we must lament the necessity

for the repetition of them in the nineteenth. The sage of Bensalen has advised in vain; he has published his blessings to the world, but they have not been welcomed. Still do mathematical and classical pursuits engage, almost exclusively, the attention of our youth, and those general and leading principles upon politics and morals which are applicable to every emergency, so far from being understood, are not even mentioned. When in after life, men so imperfectly taught, enter upon the high offices of statesmen and legislators, being incapable of walking in any path which is not already beaten, should extraordinary events arise, they apply with a laborious and pitiful detail, the most common rules to the most uncommon circumstances, and then gaze with equal astonishment and horror, at the mischief which surrounds them. Their error may be shortly stated—they have been looking for a precedent, when they should have grasped a principle. Ignorant of moral causes, expecting demonstration when they should be contented with probabilities, or rather untaught in this greatest and most important of all truths—*that the laws and operations of the mind, are as demonstra-*

ble as those of material objects, as applicable to experience, as deducible from facts; that experience as irrefragable, and those facts are numerous, when unusual and tremendous occurrences take place, they excuse themselves from study on the ground that the subject is uncertain; they give themselves up to momentary temper and passion, till at length we are plunged so deeply in disasters, that the necessity, the dreadful necessity, is announced of suspending all law, of violating all faith, and of acting upon a system, in which the only appeal is power. Vain, wretched man! presumptuous in proportion to thy ignorance, return to the study of man, and know him, before thou darest to govern him or direct his collected force.

The father of philosophy stood almost immediately upon the steps, as if he wished to dispense the knowledge he had acquired, and the ideas he had formed. Were I to describe the lips of persuasion they should be his, and still do his words sound in my ears as they reprobated the love of system, or the pride of philosophy. "I find no sufficient or competent collection of the works of nature," he seemed to say,

" which have a digression and deflexion from the ordinary cause of generations, productions, and motions, whether they be singularities of place and region, or the strange events of time and chance, or the effects of yet unknown properties, or the instances of exception to general kinds: it is true I find a number of books of fabulous experiments and secrets, and frivolous impostures for pleasure and strangeness: but a substantial and severe collection of the heteroclites, or the irregulars of nature, well examined and described, I find not; especially not with due rejection of fables and popular errors; for as things now are, if an untruth in nature be once on foot, what by reason of the neglect of examination and countenance of antiquity, and what by reason of the use of the opinion in similitudes and ornaments of speech, it is never called down. The use of my work, honored with a precedent in Aristotle, is nothing less than to give contentment to the appetite of curious and vain wits, as the manner of mirabilaries is to do: but for two reasons, both of great weight: the one *to correct the partiality of axioms and opinions, which are commonly framed*

only upon common and familiar examples: the other, because from the wonders of nature, is the nearest intelligence and passage towards the wonders of art: for it is no more, but by following, and, as it were, hounding nature in her wanderings, to be able to lead her afterwards to the same place again."

Not long afterwards, methought I heard him say, "It cometh often to pass, that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover the small, and therefore Aristotle noteth well, That the nature of every thing is the best seen in the smallest proportions. And for that cause, he enquireth the nature of a commonwealth, first in a family and a simple conjugation of man and wife, parent and child, master and servant, which are in every cottage. Even so likewise the nature of this great city of the world, and the policy thereof, must be first sought in mean concordancies and small portions. So we see how that secret of nature, of the turning of iron touched with the loadstone towards the north, was found out in needles of iron, not in bars of iron. But if my judgment be of any weight, the use of history mechanical is of all others the most

radical and fundamental towards natural philosophy; such natural philosophy as shall not vanish in the fume of subtile, sublime, or delectable speculation, *but such as shall be operative to the endowment and benefit of man's life:* for it will not only minister and suggest for the present many ingenious practices in all trades, by a connexion and transferring of the observations of one art to the use of another, when the experiencies of several mysteries shall fall under the consideration of one man's mind, but further, it will give a more true and real illumination concerning causes and axioms than is hitherto attained."

Nor did he appear to me much less admirable as a moral than as a natural philosopher. Faithful to his own precepts, the practiser of his own eternal rules, he seemed to declare his contempt of that fancied superiority to the passions and pursuits of life, in which the ancient philosophers were accustomed to indulge, and derided that stoical pride, which, in itself a vice, closes the avenue to every ordinary excellence. He taught that virtue consists in action, and is chiefly confirmed by habit. As he exhibited the rule of conduct, I re-

collected how faithfully he displays the world, to which it applies, for his essays shew life and manners in the same proportion as his maxims lead to a discovery of the secrets of nature. On politics, methought, he noted "this deficiency—that all those, which have written of laws, have written either as philosophers or as lawyers, and none as statesmen. As for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discourses are as the stars which give little light, because they are so high. For the lawyers, they write according to the states where they live, what is received law and not what ought to be law: for the wisdom of a law-maker is one and of a lawyer is another. For there are in nature certain fountains of justice whence all civil laws are derived but as streams: and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and government where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountain." In these last words I perceived, not faintly proposed, that universal law of nature and nations, the celebration of which has called

forth the best exertions of the greatest philosophers and orators of ancient and modern times, and I recollected with pride and gratitude, that by the advice of Bacon, Grotius undertook the labour of reducing the practical division of this law to precision and system.

I heard him also on the subject of history. "History," he said, "which may be called just and perfect history is of three kinds, according to the object which it propoundeth or pretendeth to represent: for it either representeth a time, a person, or an action. The first we call chronicles, the second lives, and the third narrations or relations. Of these, although the first be the most complete and absolute kind of history, and hath most estimation and glory, yet the second excelleth it in profit and use, and the third in verity and sincerity. For history of times representeth the magnitude of actions and the public faces and deportments of persons, and passeth over in silence the smaller passages and motions of men and matters. But such being the workmanship of God, as he doth hang the greatest weight upon the smallest wires, "maxima e minimis suspendens," it comes

therefore to pass, that such histories do rather set forth the pomp of business than the true and inward resorts thereof. *But lives, if they be well written, propounding to themselves a person to represent; in whom actions both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of a necessity contain a more true, native, and lively representation.*" It is unnecessary to add the information, to which these words led, that upon the model here proposed, he wrote the reign of Henry VII. and thus asserted his claim to the title of father of history as well as of philosophy. The historians of Greece and Rome may confine the former claim to modern Europe, but the latter, (at least as far as inanimate nature is concerned) I was authorized to ascribe to him pre-eminently and universally.

Natural theology he defined to be that knowledge concerning God, which may be obtained by the contemplation of his creatures, and divinity he consigned to "a sober and grounded inquiry, which may arise out of the passages of the holy scriptures or the gradations of nature." "All true and fruitful natural philosophy," he seemed to say, "has a double scale or ladder, ascend-

ant and descendant; ascending from experiments to the invention of causes, and descending from causes to the invention of new experiments." These observations, and his bold and manly separation in philosophical discussions of the intention of the creator from the more immediate cause of the thing created, induced me to pardon a transient Platonism on the treacherous subject of forms, and his occasionally minute and harrassing divisions.

I have before observed upon that remarkable suggestion, which unequivocally and clearly indicated the law of gravitation. The following words particularly attracted my attention as giving reason to infer that Locke, while he pursued his general rules, might have been still more directly indebted to him for his system of metaphysics. "Thus," said Bacon, as he shewed the advanced station in which he had placed all knowledge, "have we now dealt with two of the three beams of man's knowledge, that is, radius directus, which is referred to nature; radius refractus, which is referred to God, and cannot report truly because of the inequality of the medium;

there resteth radius reflexus, whereby man beholdeth and contemplateth himself."

I recollect with labour the numerous services and qualifications of this man, yet must I mention the testimony that occurred to me of one of the most eminent medical professors of modern times, that Bacon was unquestionably the first physician, as well as the first philosopher and statesman of the century in which he lived.

Such were the first reflexions that crowded into my mind, and such the instructions that stole upon my ear in sounds of the sweetest music, as under the inspiration breathed upon me by my divine patroness, I stood surrounded by her immortal votaries. In another region she might have shewn me how long a line of statesmen and heroes, but here the spirit of emulation was undefiled by party, and her triumphs were the triumphs of peace.

On the left of Bacon stood Boyle, who springing from the yet warm ashes of his illustrious predecessor, held his glorious career through all the works of nature, now with eagle eye soaring against "the sun's bright flame," now poised in lofty air, now diving into the recesses of the deep, now exploring

the inmost secrets of the earth, and bringing back from every region, and every element, magnificent proofs of his success in a permanent immovable addition to the stock of human knowledge. The merits of Boyle are vast and numerous—if I mention them inadequately, it is that my memory is treacherous to my preceptress and his fame. With greater leisure than Bacon he pressed his experiments further, with unexampled and unknown skill and sagacity in the formation of his instruments, he produced results more accurate and more applicable to the necessities of life. What an astonishing scene is opened to us by the unwearied and happy industry of Boyle! How constantly is the vast machine of the universe at work. What silent but effectual operations are for ever going on in the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms! From the castle-bearing elephant to the scarcely visible fly; from the stately oak, that has defied a hundred winters, to the shrinking lily; from the extended strata which generations of men exhaust not by the most general application, to the smallest and rarest gem, all teems with life and novelty. I thought of the Persian fable,

though more moral than philosophical, as it is beautifully related in the Spectator, of the drop of water which had fallen into the ocean, and in the midst of a most humble soliloquy underwent a fate by which in regular process it became the brightest jewel that adorned the front of the eastern diadem.

But what were my feelings of admiration towards him, who traced these processes and developed these mysteries, and that so fully and accurately, as to produce at will, and for the benefit of mankind, many of the operations which nature was conducting in her darkest, most distant, or most evanescent recesses. This was to establish the laws of Bacon, by appealing to the gratitude as well as the understandings of men, it was to prove their verity not to the student only but to all mankind. The subtile flame he put into his balance. With him the air was no longer "a chartered libertine," but he could condense it, rarify it, exclude it, weigh it, or measure it's force. So imperfect before his day was the instrument employed to bring under subjection this fugitive and intractable body, that he may be regarded as it's in-

ventor, and it is therefore to him we are indebted for being able to explore the secrets of that element which we breathe every hour, without which we cannot subsist, upon whose slightest variations we so deeply depend. Nor was he less successful in his examination of colours. Ascertaining that they did not depend upon the nature of the bodies in which they appear, and concluding them to be modifications of light itself, he led the way to the more complete theory of Newton, who having established certain primary qualities in the sun's rays, shewed that there were no modifications but what resulted from the various mixtures of these rays, occasioned by the interruptions they suffer from transparent or opaque bodies. The truths which Boyle saw dimly and at a distance, Newton invaded and made his own, yet perhaps the latter was indebted for his glorious conquests to the advanced posts in which his predecessors had placed him.

Through the sciences of chemistry and electricity also, Boyle pursued his indefatigable and profitable way, nor can the more modern student be allowed to triumph over him, if he who had discovered

so many new powers in nature, should in some instances have imagined these powers greater than fact, or even probability could justify.

Yet while this great philosopher descended to the most minute experiments, while he was inventing or improving his instruments with mechanical ingenuity, while he suffered not a fossil or a gem to escape his notice, his more general and comprehensive wisdom taught him to rebuke those constantly repeated axioms and maxims concerning nature, which by referring every object immediately to an intelligent cause, would prevent the inquiry of the naturalist and tend to fill the mind with superstition, and then with a modesty never to be sufficiently admired, he delivers *his* definition of nature, the justice and precision of which can be only equalled by it's attractive and sublime humility. "And of universal nature the notion I would offer," he says, "should be something like this. Nature is the aggregate of the bodies that make up the world in its present state, considered as a principle, by virtue whereof they act and suffer according to the laws of motion, prescribed by

the author of things." In my vision, as this short definition of universal nature was suggested to me, it appeared full and complete.

The last recollection that remains to me concerning Boyle, is that when, in the confounding tumult of a civil war, the studies of the academy were suspended and all literary pursuits interrupted, collecting round him a small but illustrious band, he preserved the ark he had received from Bacon inviolate and sacred, till in better times he and his fellow labourers were associated in chartered dignity, and especially and permanently upheld by the royal favor.

The two illustrious philosophers I have named occupied the middle space of the marble arch, a situation not dissimilar to that which Raphael in his picture has given to Plato and Aristotle. But who is he, still further on the left, of majestic and awful simplicity, whose penetrating glance this earth cannot arrest? I knew him to be Newton, but alas! as I would relate his merits the glories of my vision disappear, and I must consign his services to those whose waking thoughts have laboriously

followed him in his speculations. I shall briefly enumerate the inadequate and feeble recollections that remain Impressed no doubt with the suggestion of Bacon, and acquainted with the confused ideas of Kepler, he founded on one of the most trivial occurrences the long investigation, which terminated in discovering to him the law of the universe—that all-efficient, all-consistent law, which regulates alike the falling of a stone and the motion of the earth or it's kindred planets. The sun too acknowledges it's controul and is poised by it's agency. When I looked upon him, I saw in his meek and contemplative aspect the penetration and toil which led him to his magnificent result, with that patience of doubt, and that modesty of assertion, under the influence of which he once abandoned his discovery, because, though it was conformable to the analogy of the heavenly bodies, it militated against the generally received though erroneous notion of the size of the earth and its distance from the moon. He resumed his inquiry on finding a more exact estimate of these objects, and his conclusion was a full explanation of the motions of the earth, it's form, it's seasons,

it's tides, a complete exhibition both of the law and the operation of the law, which actuates the system to which we belong, and which he concluded from analogy governs all other systems.

" Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longè flammantia mœnia mundi,
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque,
Unde refert nobis victor, quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat."

In one hand he held a prism, which as he sometimes elevated, fixing the other upon it in the attitude of one reflecting, so as strongly to bring to my recollection the admirable statue of this philosopher which adorns the entrance of Trinity Chapel in Cambridge, it enforced upon my mind, that before him our ideas concerning light were false or confused, that he first pursued it through all it's effects, and explained it's various nature. As by establishing the law of gravitation, and together with it the precise effect of distance upon gravitating bodies, he had exploded the doctrine of vortices originating in Des Cartes, he overthrew the same philosopher's supposition that light was a fluid spread uni-

versally, and acting in all directions, and by experiments equally irresistible and beautiful, proved it to emanate from the sun and fixed stars in uniformly progressive rays. While he thus opened the nature of light, he defined the time and rapidity of it's progress. While he developed the law which governs the motions of all material bodies, he explained that subtile body, thin as the air, to the agency of which he was indebted for his power of discovery. It's painted variations he explored, and brought them to the test of experiment. He could separate and combine them, he could reduce them to their primary component parts, and trace them in all their blended modifications. Thus he explained the universe, and the glorious mantle which by the first decree of the Almighty Creator was over all. He found both consistent with each other, and that the latter could only be illustrated by granting his theory of the former. He bore the strongest testimony that was ever borne by man to the power and wisdom of God, by exhibiting in it's simplicity that one uniform law, which upholds and controuls all things.

Yet in mentioning the discoveries and

investigations of Newton, we must not pause here. Descending or returning to earth, fixing our view on a nearer step in the scale of his merits, we find him stating the laws of motion with impressive sublimity; ascertaining the nature of flame by modest, but self-answered questions; recommending a perseverance in chemical pursuits as the most probable mode of encreasing our knowledge of material objects; exhibiting his characteristic theories upon fluids and sound; by a mechanical invention encreasing our powers of vision, and by a singularly striking application of astronomical observations to certain historical dates, correcting the usually received chronology, thus employing those eternal and unalterable rules, which put and sustain in motion the heavenly bodies to reform the errors of men.

Here let me rest, yet must I not be so untrue to the inspiration of my heavenly visitant as not to relate her instructions and persuasions, that in the eye of the philosopher Newton should be regarded as the brightest glory this country or the world ever knew; that he may justly be compared to one of those luminous objects, whose

laws and motions he explained, warming, enlightening, and beautifying the frame of the universe. As I now saw him he appeared in the vigour of life, but I must rejoice in his singularly happy fortune, in that he lived to the age of eighty-five, honored and almost sanctified in his own country, while the diffusion of his opinions, before the period when his mortal part sunk in death, was sufficient to convince him that they would thereafter be universally received.

On the other side, to the right of Bacon, of aspect singularly authoritative from a certain manliness and firmness which characterized him, I perceived Locke, who boldly applying to the mind those rules of philosophizing, which had been directed chiefly to the material world, indefatigably and steadily employed himself in tracing our knowledge to its sources, and laboured to prove those sources to be two only, sensation and reflexion—the perception of external objects, or the examination of the operations of the mind itself. In proceeding through his experimental proofs, he had to combat prejudices which were supposed to form the foundation and corner stone of religious faith. The sentient prin-

ciple or the soul, being neither tangible nor visible, was supposed to be beyond the reach of experiment, while its immortality seemed not only to justify, but necessarily to include the most extravagantly sublime attributes. Man being immortal, the soul, the only part of him which is not seen to perish, was asserted by many to be pre-existent also. By all it was supposed from the first moment of its being to be endowed with certain ideas, which, if immature, were to be ripened, when lost, to be revived, and that in the highest degree of perfection. These suppositions and speculations on what was called the dignity of man, it was thought equally unreasonable and profane to doubt, and, while they continued, it is easier to imagine than to describe the daring absurdities displayed in all investigations. Those who professed to examine the mind exhausted themselves in magnificently expatiating on its fancied endowments, while the natural philosopher with such an extravagant and false idea of the instrument he was working with, would derive but little advantage from the rules of Bacon. Such reflexions rapidly shot through my mind in beholding Locke.

And how shall I sufficiently describe the sensations of respect with which I was inspired, when I still further acknowledged him as the first who taught that the mind might be as much the subject of conclusions drawn from facts as the material world, and that as he investigated the latter by experiment, he learnt the nature of the former by reflexion upon himself, who by this mode of examining came to the conclusion I have before mentioned, that all our ideas arise from sensation and reflexion, and who manfully declared that the understanding appeared to him not to have the least glimmering of any ideas, which it does not receive from one of these two: That external objects furnish the mind with the ideas of sensible qualities, which are all those different perceptions they produce in us, while the mind furnishes the understanding with ideas of its own operations: that these, when we have taken a full survey of them and their several modes and the compositions made out of them, we shall find to contain all our own stock of ideas, and that we have nothing in our minds, which did not come in one of these two ways: that any man who will examine his own

thoughts and thoroughly search into his own understanding, will perceive all the original ideas he has there to be no other than the objects of his senses, or of the operations of his mind, considered as objects of his reflexion; and that how great a mass of knowledge soever he imagines to be lodged there, he will, upon taking a strict view, see that he has not any idea in his mind, but what one of these two have imprinted, though perhaps with infinite variety compounded and enlarged by the understanding. I perceived how completely these assertions, and the reasoning supporting them, went to overthrow the high-sounding theories concerning innate ideas, which are contradicted by all experience, and this author's comparison of the mind of man on his first rising into being to a sheet of blank paper occurred to me as a happy and sufficiently humiliating illustration of his meaning.

It was obvious to me that the opinions of Locke, reducing the infinitely varied ideas of the mind to two sources, can only be understood in a very large sense, but this circumstance did not diminish in my opinion the merit of that noble intrepidity of in-

vestigation and assertion, which first attacked error in it's strongest holds, where she was fortified alike by pride and superstition, and of so shadowy a being as to be incapable of sight or touch. Thus I rose from a momentary doubt to confess, that it is in the example Locke has set us of self-investigation, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the mind, and in the humility he has taught us from a conviction of the narrowness and imperfection of our ideas, all wise speculations must originate; particularly the most momentous of all, now characterized by singular importance, as exposed to new dangers, those which relate to man in his political and social being, and that if you would legislate for man, if you would enlarge upon his duties, whether those of the governor to the subject, of subject to the governor, or of man to man, you must first ascertain his nature, you must measure his capacity, you must know the extent of his powers, and that assuredly whoever shall devote himself to so noble an employment, will find it most advanced by adhering to the rules and practice of Locke, and by building on the foundation he has laid. I recollected that

having explained the sources and imperfection of our ideas, having shewn that our difficulties, great in themselves, are extremely increased by the careless use of words without any clear and distinct meaning, having defined knowledge to be the perception of the agreement or disagreement of any of our ideas, having stated the degrees of knowledge to be three, intuitive, demonstrative, and sensitive, and "that whatever comes short of one of these, with what assurance soever embraced, is but faith and opinion, but not knowledge," he proceeds to estimate the extent of this knowledge, and that here he asserts and proves a too obvious truth, that it is still narrower than our ideas—in other words, that we do not, and perhaps cannot make use even of the scanty materials we possess. "Though our knowledge," he says, "be limited to our ideas, and cannot exceed them either in extent or perfection, and though these be very narrow bounds in respect of the extent of all being, and far short of what we may justly imagine to be, in some even created understandings, not tied down to the dull and narrow information which is to be received from some few,

and not very acute ways of perception, such as are our senses; yet it would be well with us if our knowledge were but as large as our ideas, and there were not many doubts and enquiries concerning the ideas we have, whereof we are not, nor do I believe, ever shall be in this world, fully resolved. Nevertheless, I do not question but that human knowledge, under the present circumstances of our beings and constitutions, may be carried much further than it has hitherto been, if men would sincerely, and with freedom of mind, employ all that industry and labour of thought in improving the means of discovering truth, which they do for the colouring or support of falsehood; to maintain a system, interest, or party, they are once engaged in. But yet, after all, I think I may without injury to human perfection be confident, that our knowledge would never reach to all we might desire to know, concerning those ideas we have: nor be able to surmount all the difficulties, and resolve all the questions that might arise, concerning any of them."

Nor did I fail to remember how clearly he shewed the extreme hazard of universal

propositions, and the futility or the mischief of maxims and axioms, which ingenuity may equally apply to truth and falsehood; and how powerfully he recommends as the only mode of improving our knowledge, first, great diligence that our ideas are clear and determinate representations of the things for which they are professed to stand, or of the abstractions formed by the mind, and equal accuracy and care in comparing these ideas, when they are thus distinctly ascertained. With this caution he declares his opinion, which I was taught in my vision fully to believe, that moral knowledge admits of demonstration, as fully as the mathematical.

The conclusion of his admirable and extraordinary work upon the human understanding, was suggested to me, as shewing, that our knowledge being very narrow and imperfect, probability only must frequently supply it's place, and that therefore on many questions there should be different degrees of assent. I felt with triumph that the conceited presumption of the syllogism, and the wanderings of enthusiasm, sink into equal contempt before this calm, ho-

nest, persevering, modest, and undaunted investigator of the truth.

I was taught however to extend the merits of Locke, beyond his examination of the mind. They were not suffered to rest solely upon the power with which he repressed the follies of the superstitious, and curbed the arrogance of the schoolmen. In his treatise upon government, he overthrows with equal learning and force the absurd doctrine of the divine or patriarchal right of kings, and though he afterwards insists with too much emphasis upon an original contract or consent between prince and people, he deserves the highest applause for the spirit of liberty with which he teaches the mutual and reciprocal duties of governor and subject. There may be some dispute upon the origin of government, but there can be none as to it's ends: there can be no difference of opinion upon such assertions as these: "that whoever has the legislative or supreme power of any commonwealth, is bound to govern by established, standing laws, promulgated and known to the people, and not by extemporary decrees: by indifferent

and upright judges, who are to decide controversies by those laws; and to employ the force of the community at home only in the execution of such laws, or abroad to prevent or redress foreign injuries, and secure the community from inroads and invasion—and all this to be directed to no other end but the peace, safety, and public good of the people."

I have to mention the letters of this author upon the subject of toleration, as a third splendid bequest to the world. Had he lived in our day, when, I will not say, the pretension, but the imbecility of the house of Stuart has tottered into the tomb, when all offensive tenets are solemnly disavowed by those who in the midst of the strongest temptations have proved the sacred obligation of their oaths, what consolation and delight would he have felt in extending his sentence of mercy even to that division of christians, whose civil opinions were in his time justly alarming.

I passed lightly over publications of no inferior moment, particularly noticing however his admirable, comprehensive and clear exposition of a pure and simple faith, to recollect the fortunate close of the life of

Locke, who after having suffered the hardships of an insecure exile under the reigns of Charles and James, passed his last seventeen years in prosperity and honor, venerated by numerous friends, and a favored counsellor of that monarch, the foundation of whose throne approaches nearer the consent and invitation of the people, than that of any sovereign in the history of the world.

On looking farther into the bright mansion which had first occupied my attention, I perceived the most distinguished of our first reformers, without whose labours, the exertions of the greatest of mankind would probably have been prevented or suspended, and they themselves the victims of a superstition equally blind and powerful. As I observed these deliverers from the tyranny of Rome, these propagators of a new and holy light, I was impressed with the remark of a foreign philosopher, that Newton and Locke would have been persecuted in France, imprisoned at Rome, and burnt at Lisbon. It was added, that if the life of Bacon had been antedated forty years, his speculations, in which he might have indulged during the reign of Edward, would doubtless have consigned him to the

flames under the succeeding persecutions. On viewing these benefactors of their kind more attentively, I perceived our first translator and publisher of the scriptures, Tindal, whose incorrectness was lost in the utility of his design; the virtuous and stedfast Cranmer, his erring hand restored, and his eyes lighted up with the reflexion that his martyrdom had been as successful as it was glorious; and as Latimer and Ridley stood before me, methought I heard their mutual exhortations in the midst of the flames—"Be of good cheer, brother, we shall this day kindle such a torch in England, as, I trust in God, shall never be extinguished." The benevolent prophecy is accomplished, and the light shining full in England, has shot it's fervid rays to the western world. America, I exclaimed, remember thy parent in the days of thy youth, and having nobly rescued thyself from a degrading dependence, let the remembrance of obligations long past overcome that of injuries thou hast resisted successfully, and let affection be stronger than power. We gave thee the gospel without the priest, we gave thee the language of Bacon, Boyle, Newton, and Locke, we gave thee the spirit of freedom.

Here too was the boy king matured in wisdom though unripe of years, and here (for no salique law pervaded this region) the great and wise Elizabeth, who by equal moderation and firmness fixed the protestant church upon so firm a basis, that neither the perfidy of the Stuarts, nor the rant of the puritan, could prevent its progress, till it was established together with the principles of liberty it had fostered; with that system, under which the people of England enjoy more practical liberty, and have arrived at a greater degree of united glory and happiness than any country ever attained.

Farther yet in the interior of this bright abode were figures I could not perfectly distinguish, nor did their names occur to me. They were probably the shades of those, unknown to fame, unfortunate enough to live in times when the communication of their thoughts to the public was difficult or impossible, but who yet cast the originating and primary seeds of the mighty discoveries, which are now made eternal together with the acknowledged inventors. I will not positively mention any name, yet I have some recollection of having particularly distinguished that of Alfred.

Directing my eyes to the steps which led to the marble hall, upon the first, with one foot occasionally upon the landing, I perceived the calm and reflecting Hume. The impression of his great merits and of the obligations of mankind to him were strong upon my mind. He has exhibited the most powerful and profound discussions upon political and moral questions, in a stile not only singularly perspicuous, but unusually attractive. Perhaps so great a mass of thought, erudition, information, and wisdom, was never displayed in so small a space as in his essays. But his good sense loses no authority by being rendered alluring; and his morals, deeply founded in nature, while they display the happiness and utility of virtue, impel or attract to the practice of it. That man is by nature happy in a virtuous life, and miserable, if not insensible, in a vicious one, is his great moral axiom—that there are certain actions and sentiments which have met with the concurring approbation of all ages, and that universal applause gives them the stamp of virtue, furnishes him his rule for discovering what virtue is. Happy had he been more general in ex-

amining the usual motives to virtue, and if insisting upon those which appeared strongest to himself, he had been careful not to diminish their number. Still more happy had he adhered more rigidly to his own maxims, and been sufficiently aware, that in aiming at suspense, as the triumph of philosophy, he became a bigot to his system, and betrayed himself in being too much determined to doubt.

The opinion however, to which I was commanded particularly to direct my attention (a command which, conscious of my own weakness, I anxiously convey to all whom such things interest,) was that illustrated and demonstrated in his third essay—namely, *that politics may be reduced to a science.* "So great is the force of laws," he says, "and of particular forms of government, and so little dependence have they on the humours and tempers of men, that consequences almost as general and certain may sometimes be deduced from them, as any which the mathematical sciences afford us." He then proceeds to instances, and shews how strictly it may be pronounced as an universal axiom in politics, "That an hereditary prince, a

nobility without vassals, and a people voting by their representatives, form the best monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy."

The opinion of Hume only relates to internal politics and to forms of government. But methought I was commanded to extend it to relations with foreign nations, and the question occurred to me whether certain general principles may not be discovered, which being brought to bear upon every individual case of war, peace, alliance, and confederacy, shall make any wrong measure in external politics as evidently and avowedly absurd, as it would be to work upon material objects in defiance of the known laws of matter. The instance suggested to my mind was that which now most presses upon every man. These were the interrogatories I seemed to ask myself. At the beginning of the French revolution, and still more at every succeeding overture and negociation, was not this the general problem the statesmen of Europe had to solve and apply? *The military force of any nation, and the spirit with which that force is actuated, being given, to find the degree of power necessary for a successful opposition.* If the ministers of all the crowned heads

in Europe had been acquainted with human nature, and with a full knowledge of it, derived from reflexion, experience, and history, had met to apply this general problem, which they had been accustomed long to weigh, to France, when the revolution first began, or afterwards, when any opportunities of negociation arose, particularly that opportunity when the present emperor seized the consulship, is it not probable the result of their meditations would have been such, that France would only have emerged from the ruin in which she was plunged, by recalling her ancient rulers, that she would have shrunk instead of being enlarged, or that, even after the first errors of the continental powers had been attended with their fatal consequences, still much of Europe might have been saved, and at all events that the public mind and the public heart might have been protected from that irrecoverable blow they have now received, in the avowed suspension and abrogation of the law of nations —an abrogation, which it has hitherto been the boast of England that she alone prevented, and of which, as she has now subscribed to it, we can only say, that whether necessary or unnecessary, we have

equal cause to lament? I then fell into melancholy reflexion on that frequently quoted passage of Hooker on the law of nations, as immediately deducible from the law of nature, which I will write down, leaving the times to justify whatever want of taste may appear in continually repeating the same words. "Of law no less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of peace and joy."

The science of politics is still in it's infancy, and it's cradle seems to be chaos. Such a state suits the vigour of the celestial offspring, whose maturity shall achieve such mighty works. But, I believe, when that maturity shall arrive, the wild and frantic presumption of ignorance and ambition shall be deprived of it's power, and that peace and order shall be restored, so fortified as even to subdue the passions,

though not probably till the present generation shall be swept, alike in mercy and in vengeance, from the earth.

I must observe, that the respect and admiration I felt to be due to Hume were little connected with his historic labors. I account for this circumstance by the recollection, that his History of England, merely as such, has always appeared to me in some places partial, in others defective, and as a whole of too pointed and systematic a tendency. As a collection of statements of the opposite opinions which have prevailed at different times upon important national topics, as a long series of philosophical and moral observations, as an exhibition of a pure and elegant style, equally fitted for discussion or narration, it is invaluable; but the place he occupied in the noble and sublime scene before me had, I thought, been allotted him for his philosophy, not his history; for his disquisitions, not his facts, or his immediate deductions from those facts.

By the side of Hume, to whom he seemed to confess numerous obligations for a service, a wise and good man never forgets, the discovery of first principles on an im-

portant question, I perceived his great fellow countryman, than whom no man has contributed more to explain the complicated subject of the wealth of nations—it's nature, it's causes, it's progress, and it's effects. While he shews the splendid result of the commercial system, he also proves how often it's ends are defeated by an injudicious rapacity. A more alarming truth is, that in the constant clash of opposing privileges granted to this or that body of traders, in the midst of monopolies, prohibitions, duties, and bounties, imposed or allowed at the solicitation of particular classes of men, the interest of the many is sacrificed to that of a few; the rich who can combine, obtain advantages at the expense of the poor who are dispersed, and that the country at large pay a two-fold tax, the one direct and immediate, for the support of regulations which occasion another less obvious, but greater, in the increased price of the luxuries, conveniences, and necessaries of life. The good sense of Smith was impressed with the absurdity of endeavoring to quicken avarice in pursuit of gain by legislative interference, while his humanity was shocked at the sanguinary

severity of penalties imposed for the breach of laws, totally unconnected with morality, and which appeared to him to be politically not only unnecessary, but injurious.

As I looked upon this celebrated author, I felt the justice of his great and simple rule, that in all commercial affairs, whether domestic, colonial, or foreign, it is the interest of all nations to aim at as great a degree of freedom, as is consistent with the necessities of their respective governments.

It occurred to me, that perhaps we may give the same rule, as powerfully, in the words of that sombre, but too faithful characterizer of human nature, the justly admired La Rochefoucauld, " L'amour propre est plus habile que le plus habile homme du monde."

Somewhat below the two persons I have just mentioned, in a direct line with Locke, whom he resembled in character, in opinions, but not, alas! in fortune, I perceived Algernon Sydney. With vast natural powers of mind, embellished by the most various and extensive learning, he has developed the principles of government, and though his zeal, inflamed by the violence

of his times, and upheld by the crude opinions then in vogue, hurries him into visionary abstractions as to the origin of government, we may safely follow him when he dilates upon it's purpose and it's end, and we must admire the high and pure morality of those unfounded sentiments, the truth of which, with the firmness of a martyr, he attested on the scaffold.

Immediately below Hume was Middleton, that strength and ornament of the protestant church, who, in an enquiry, as elegant and perspicuous, as candid and free, has endeavoured to liberate Christianity from the long succession of alleged miracles, on which the papal power rests, from

> " eremites and friars
> White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery:"

from

> " Cowls, hoods, and habits, reliques, beads,
> Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls:"

and by limiting miraculous powers to the age of the apostles; by considering the scriptures themselves as affording the only secure basis of faith, seems to have established an irresistible barrier against the

vain hopes, the idle fears, the extravagant superstitions, and arrogant pretensions of mankind. Nor did he appear less worthy of praise for having exhibited in a style worthy of his subject, happily combining dignity, force, and clearness, the life of Cicero; Cicero, the sun-like glory of Rome and the world, the eye, tongue, and heart of natural religion and unassisted morality.

On the same step was Paley, so justly celebrated for meeting and resisting the difficulty of his subject, and with a severe generosity giving his adversaries' arguments a strength they themselves had not been able to display, in order to make his victory effectual and triumphant. I acknowledged him as the most philosophical of ecclesiastics, though I objected to the exclusions of his morals, I owned him by a better and stronger title, the most candid and fair of theologians.

Here too was Priestley. When I thought of the controversial and polemical writings of this eminent philosopher, and how disposed he was to consider them as the chief foundation of his fame, I indulged a smile at the vanity of human efforts and expectations, on perceiving that he was here only

acknowledged for his experiments on air, chemistry, and electricity.

I was proceeding to notice some of the practical teachers of moral duties, under the sanction of that religion, which having introduced humility as the guard and attendant of every virtue, seems to have closed and exhausted the subject of morals —amongst these, Taylor, whose beautiful and powerful fancy has almost "mended truths divine;" the descriptive moralist Hall; the liberal and enlightened Hoadley; the wise and moderate Tillotson; that perspicuous vindicator of the ways of God to man, Price; Kirwan, master of the only style of eloquence suited to the age; when my notice was attracted by one who had stronger claims to my attention than his services to the world, great as they must appear to every reflecting mind. I had known and honored him when alive, and my heart concurred with my judgment in allowing the high station, amongst the benefactors of humanity and the glories of my country, held by him, who, collecting facts from a long and patient investigation, pursued through a successful and laborious profession, established by experiments a powerful and almost unfailing remedy in a nu-

merous and hitherto fatal class of disorders, that remedy so simple in its nature and so universally at hand, that while its materials are never deficient, the plainest understanding may apply them. "It may serve," says Dr. Currie, "to recommend the cold effusion in fever on board of our fleet, that it is not only the best remedy for the sick, but the best means of preventing the progress of infection; with this farther advantage, that it is of all others the most easily applied. If it be compared with the remedies recommended by Dr. Lind, Dr. Blane, and others, its real value will be fairly appreciated. The science of medicine, hitherto on occasions such as these, comparatively feeble and unavailing, by the adoption of this practice, assumes a higher character, and the sanative powers of nature more than cope in force and rapidity with its destroying powers." When afterwards, from the medical history of the French eastern army, he finds reason to suppose that examination only is necessary to establish the same remedy as an effectual check to the dreadful desolation of the plague, thus he pours out the language of enlightened humanity. "How fruitless and how perverted are the

efforts by which learning and science have in general attempted to combat this fatal disease! The medical departments of both armies seem to have been arranged with the greatest care, but the best remedies for the plague were probably missed by the physicians both of France and England. They were not to be traced in the prevailing systems of medicine, or in the pharmacy of our shops; but it is probable they might have been found in the refreshment of the breeze, in the dews of night, and in the waters of the Nile." Such words as these shew the feeling as well as the talents of this admirable author, and it is to be mentioned and recorded as his peculiar praise, that while he states the cases on which he founds his conclusion, with medical and philosophical accuracy, he throws around them that sacred charm of humanity, which gave him through his whole life the high and distinguished praise " of being a philosopher, but at the same time of being a man."

Dr. Currie is now no more. The remedy he established is spreading over the world: before he died he received testimonies to its efficacy from the most distant regions, and the most ample and extensive experi-

ments—our fleets and armies have already profited deeply from its application—unless all human evidence is a bitter mockery, there is a cure almost specific discovered in that class of disorders to which assembled bodies of men are peculiarly exposed—yet has Dr. Currie sunk into the grave, nor has parliamentary eloquence been able to spare one breath from its blood-stained celebrations in a brief tribute to his memory.

I could not leave this philosophical physician, the true and genuine disciple of Bacon and Locke, without reflecting upon the great services of one of his contemporaries, (still continued to us, and fortunate above his fellows in the expressed gratitude of his country,) who following the same rules for the collection and investigation of facts, has banished a loathsome and dangerous disorder from the age of innocence, and removed from the threshold of life, one of its most imminent dangers. I would not remark upon living characters, but the benefit Dr. Jenner has conferred upon the world will furnish an exception and an apology.

Here was Harvey who pursued the deep and flying secret of the animal world, protected as it was by life, and exhibited the

astonishing and beautiful miracle of the circulation of the blood. Here too contemporary and friend of Newton, and in death sharing his fame, was Halley, whose enterprising spirit braved the dangers and toils of the sea in search of knowledge, and marked the variations of the compass over the wide surface of the Atlantic. And here, lately, alas! qualified by an immature death to hold a place in the temple where I was situated, in a line with Newton, to whom he paid unceasing reverence, (for veneration of superior and well applied talents seemed after death one of the most valued privileges of blessed spirits,) and whose disciple he was, well suited to such a master, both in disposition and understanding, was the late Mr. Jones, most respected and most respectable tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose acquaintance with the sciences is allowed, by all men capable of appreciating it, to have been systematic and profound, whose mild nature softened the apparently stern and rugged precepts he had to deliver, and to whom I would pay this other testimony of esteem, that his retirement from the world never diminished his benevolence, or the

forms and habits of a college his liberality and his charity.

I pass over many names deserving mention, for my wearied recollection almost fails me. I hasten to one, who stood upon the highest step of the bright abode I have described, who both from his station and the marks of vigor and penetration in his countenance, demanded an earlier notice. Not that I have for a moment forgotten him, but I was fearful that he mingled too much in the parties and politics of his age to suffer men at present to form a calm decision upon his merits. This is no place to discuss that part of his opinions which relates immediately to the scenes which have been passing before us. It must be said however, that in them there was nothing little, no popular hypocrisy, no merely temporary expediency, no exaggeration of our prosperity, no flattering diminution of our danger. It will appear perhaps that his errors arose chiefly from pushing these opinions too far; from entertaining too high an idea of the excellence of human nature; from cherishing his feelings too much to acknowledge in due time the failure of his attempt to

awaken an impulse not only in England but through Europe similar to his own; an attempt, which, visionary as it may appear, afforded the sole probability of success in war, and the acknowledged inefficacy of which left but one alternative in peace. To embodied France, he would have opposed embodied Europe—to the spirit of revolution he would have opposed the spirit of ancient loyalty and chivalrous honor. He depicted with more than the force of reality itself a king led in triumph, and the brightest beauty, the morning star of the earth, dethroned, insulted, and imprisoned. He would have called ten thousand thousand swords leaping from their scabbards to restore and avenge. The mighty spell however had no power—the principle was too pure for our times, or too vast for our puny grasp. We read, we admired, we forgot—and we fought not for honor but plunder. If the great originator of this, I will call it, sublime experiment, had acknowledged and lamented its failure, if then most consistently with himself he had recommended with his characteristic force a rigidly preserved but vigilant peace—if such had been his conduct—but I leave or defer the subject, which in

truth only faintly occurred to me. Considering the orations and writings of this great person as the works of a political philosopher, as embracing discussions upon political science, and morals the foundation of that science, upon government, upon the constitution of England, upon commerce, whether colonial or foreign, upon the law of nations, now trampled under foot, but never yet insulted with impunity; I was inspired with the conviction, that in whatsoever temple the grand and immutable principles which hold together states and individuals in one compacted whole, are had in reverence; in whatsoever temple dignity of sentiment, fertility of imagination, universality of illustration, unwearied industry of research are recommended and admired; in whatsoever temple an all-accomplished mind may find its place; in whatsoever temple eloquence is honored and genius consecrated; in whatsoever temple the name of England is elevated by the glory of her sons; there will be found in characters too conspicuous to be overlooked and too bold to be misunderstood, the name of Edmund Burke.

And thou, oh Fox! art here, mighty patron and guard of whatever is affectionate

or free, never more to be separated from thy illustrious friend, thou that wast practised during thy life in forgiving the wounds thou feltest the most; thou that art to be believed and loved too late; thou that tellest us from the grave *the story of other times!* Careless in thy wisdom, impassioned in thy virtues; with all ancient treasures open to thee, and the knowledge of living men impressed upon thee but too severely; profound, investigating, pathetic, gay; in thy fair, simple, and lucid page, thou hast exhibited the long wished-for model of a perfect history. Such was the exclamation that seemed to burst from my lips on perceiving our departed patriot. The genius and character of the place I was in, scarcely prevented my thoughts from wandering in fond approbation of his public career, and it is for the first time painful to me to execute the limited commands under which I write. Leaving then the constitution of England standing by the assistance of Fox, leaving the continent of Europe destroyed through the disregard of his counsels, I have to say that his place was allotted him here for his history, so remarkable for the philosophical justice which he dispenses with such mild and dignified facility—so

remarkable also for the selection of it's incidents; for rescuing the wearied reader from the dark and fearful record of the crimes and vices of mankind, and the continually repeated tumult of battles; for awakening a better and more profitable contemplation on such events as the slumber of Argyle, the last days of Monmouth, and the expulsion of Locke from the University of Oxford; and for sketching with a majestic and experienced hand, the true lineaments of practical and British Liberty. I felt that Fox's merits as a statesman will ever, or at least in our time, be severely canvassed and variously judged; but I was not allowed to imagine that any political considerations could prevent the praise due to the profound and philosophical acuteness, or the amiable and generous gallantry, which adorn and ennoble his too brief history. As I saw him here in the calm and happy region, worthy of the dignified close of his life, I thought I perceived his fellow-labourer, Hume, acknowledging his faults, securely acknowledging them under the conviction that his whole character had been fairly estimated by his great successor, and that it could not be injured by the confession of errors, which, when dis-

covered and exposed, were never suffered for a moment to encroach upon his real excellencies or sully his numerous accomplishments.

Inspired by the Genius of England, I wished that Fox had written more, that his unwonted style had become easy to him, that he had learnt to pour out upon his page, as in the senate, the rising or overflowing feelings of his heart. But there is another point on which the world may be said to be unanimous, and grievously indeed should I betray my celestial monitress, if I did not record him, however weakly, as the statesman who purified his country from the deepest and foulest stain it ever bore, who liberated the public mind from a moral prostration so complete, that we were more than patient under the degradation; who crowned the efforts of the wise and the benevolent, unremittingly exerted through more than twenty years; who broke the fetters of the slave and plucked the iron out of the soul of the prisoner; who guarded by penalties the truth he had enforced by his eloquence, that all mankind are brothers. The consolation of his last moments has accompanied his spirit to the

throne of that judge who was appointed by heaven to " proclaim deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty those that were bruised."

All party-feeling sunk within me, when led to the latter subject, I beheld by the side of his immortal rival, him, so long the idol of his country, the majestic and all eloquent Pitt.

In the great area, not far from the top, were those, whose philosophical speculations, directed with great labour and sincerity to promote the happiness of mankind, had however not been sufficiently guided by the only rules suited to the human capacity. Amongst these I perceived the acute and ingenious Hartley. He may have accounted for many of our ideas by his favorite principle, but his love of system has betrayed him, and his fame is exhausted by his efforts. Near him was Darwin, of a brighter fancy, and therefore we shall the more willingly excuse him, when he also grows enamoured of his theory, though neither in speculations nor in life " is it given to love and to be wise." Yet we must confess our great obligations to him for having considered the mind

more conjointly with the body than preceding philosophers; and when we perceive that fancy, which led him astray in philosophy, expatiating in its natural region of poetry, notwithstanding some false and gaudy ornaments, it arrests our admiration and applause. Unfortunate in not having drawn a severer line of separation, which would have made his philosophy more just and his poetry more simple. Here also I perceived Berkeley, who held his place, not so much on account of the fruitless theory in which he would demonstrate the non-existence of matter, as for having exhibited a beautiful specimen of the Platonic and Ciceronian dialogue, first introduced amongst us by the universal Bacon, and in later days brought to it's perfection by Hume. And here was Bolingbroke—that "shade of a mighty name." He throws passions, which neither adversity nor age could subdue, into those investigations, on which the highest panegyric is, that they tend to soften, not to inflame. "What quenches others, gives him fire." He attacks the characters of Plato, or Atticus, exactly as if they were ranged in opposition to him on the politics of his

day. Even as he appeared here, his countenance betrayed strong marks of the habitual indulgence of unbounded passion. Amongst the illustrious persons who occupied the edifice I was beholding, he alone seemed dissatisfied with his situation. Yet I could not help bowing with respect to one, whose entire mastery over the language gives singular energy and splendor to reflexions, which embrace nearly all the most important topics of metaphysical philosophy. Here too, with a fire in his eyes somewhat artificial, was the eloquent rhapsodist Shaftesbury. He had just entered the building through the porch that led from the park, whither, after a very short stay at the foot of the steps, he seemed anxious to return.

Mingled with these were our most eminent scholars, who, in hanging over and purifying the polluted stream of antiquity, assisted in restoring it to it's genuine utility and clearness, but were too apt to grow impassioned with their employment, and to estimate the moral character of their antagonists by disputes merely verbal. I saw the acute and daring Bentley, and the honest and indefatigable

Wakefield. Nor did my eyes wander to another part of the building, before they were arrested by one, of whom during his life I had been accustomed to think with equal admiration and regret—acknowledged sovereign by a race not remarkable for undervaluing or yielding their individual pretensions—negligent holder of an undisputed sceptre—the high-minded, independent, self-moved, intractable Porson.

My attention was now engaged by a person, who, indeed, at different times had caught my eye before. With a firm and rather a solemn step he walked to and fro along the middle of the area, sometimes appearing to admire the magnificence of the building itself, at others to be impressed with a profound respect for the greatness of his fellow-inhabitants. I perceived, however, that when he past the porch leading to the cloister, there was a degree of contempt and derision expressed in his countenance so strongly as in some measure to diminish his dignity. Nor did he seem disposed to be much more merciful to those who occupied the opposite apartment. The middle of the edifice was his walk, which he appeared to have chosen

as giving him the best view of the whole at once, and if he did not ascend the steps leading to the marble hall, it was not that his right to a place upon them was contested, or that he was uninvited by those who were already there. I could not be deceived in the name of this person; I knew him to be the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire: a work, "he first conceived among the ruins of the Capitol," and which "amused and exercised near twenty years of his life"—a noble and immortal work, exhibiting in a style, the elevated march of which is well suited to the subject, "the greatest, perhaps, and most awful scene in the history of mankind. The various causes and progressive effects are connected with many of the events most interesting in human annals: the artful policy of the Cæsars, who long maintained the name and image of a free republic; the disorder of military despotism; the rise, establishment, and sects of Christianity; the foundation of Constantinople; the division of the monarchy; the invasion and settlements of the barbarians of Germany and Scythia; the institutions of the civil law; the character and religion

of Mahomet; the temporal sovereignty of the popes; the restoration and decay of the western empire of Charlemagne; the crusades of the Latins in the east; the conquests of the Saracens and Turks; the ruin of the Greek empire; the state and revolutions of Rome in the middle age"—such are the events with their causes and effects displayed boldly and fully by Gibbon, with a felicity of illustration, a brilliancy of fancy, and an uninterrupted blaze of eloquence, clothing his history with a gorgeous apparel, which scarcely belongs to the most sober of the muses, but which, allowing it from his wardrobe, and his only, we cannot wish her, except at very short and passing moments, ever to relinquish. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is in truth a display of fact, thought, imagery, and language, which was never surpassed and cannot be sufficiently praised.

At a considerable interval with cautious and diligent step walked Robertson: an elegant, laborious, correct, and philosophic historian, only partial when he writes the history of Scotland.

Far from these on the right was the mi-

nute and patient Camden—who deserves the high praise of being among the first who diligently sifted his facts and separated truth from fable. Near him, apparently much employed in examining the ornaments upon the walls, particularly the arms of England and the crown, was that honest, ill-fated servant of an ungrateful master, Clarendon. Though my respect for him did not induce me to pass over his diffuse feebleness, his too courtly characters, or his panegyric upon the selfish, arrogant, and destructive Buckingham, I acknowledged the attractive style of a man of the world, knowing much of courts and princes from experience, and disposed to tell all he knew. Here too was Burnet, whose History of the Reformation, though tainted with the errors of the polemic, I regarded as a full and useful chronicle of facts; whose History of his own Times, better characterized by the name of memoirs, I considered as an important collection, by an eloquent and virtuous man, of events, which he had the means of personally examining, or in which he himself acted a distinguished part.

On the opposite side of the building I

perceived Smollet, the general spirit of whose History may be applauded, though certainly his boldness of assertion, rapidity of conclusion, and occasional vulgarity of language, but ill justify the title he has assumed, of continuer of Hume. Here also, much disposed to leave the building for the park, was Littleton, the elegant author of the Reign of Henry the Second—avaricious of fame, he loses his object by his too great anxiety to obtain it.

But I am long in noticing a considerable number, who stood near the centre of the area, remarkable for their lengthened robes and the gravity and solemnity of their deportments. They were the dispensers of our law, who had adorned the bench of justice by their virtues or their eloquence. Skilled in a jurisprudence singularly involved and voluminous, from it's application to the various, incalculable exigencies of a commercial and free state, they had sounded all its depths, and their characters or talents had dignified or embellished it's distribution. Here was Coke, that great investigator and recorder of ancient forms, and the steady, incorruptible adherent to the result of his enquiries. With

a lavish and unwearied hand he heaps together the materials of centuries, and furnishes the great repository from which his followers were to build up systems more regular. Here too was Hale, who could withstand the threat of power and the secret bribe, and when all things were involved in the storm of civil war, still pronounced the decrees of justice with firmness and integrity. I have also to record the name of Holt, who greatly decided, that a slave cannot exist in England, but that, however he may have been degraded, however he may have become the property of others, however he may have been bought and sold, however completely the image and superscription of humanity may have been erased from him, as soon as he touches our shores, he emerges at once into the character of man, and is acknowledged as such by fellow freemen. And here was Mansfield, who knew how to throw a radiance unknown before over dry and technical disquisitions, and sheathed in silver the partialities of the north and the terrors of the prerogative. Nor did I pass over Blackstone, who, in a clear and comprehensive statement of the nature of our laws,

has smoothed the path of the student, and enabled him, who doubts concerning a profession, to form a judgment upon that of the law with little difficulty, and who merits the higher praise of impressing on the minds of youth, the practical blessings of our constitution, and the necessity of that vigilance and jealousy, which are the only proofs that we sufficiently regard it, and are worthy to possess it. Nor must I omit to mention one, who in a distant region illustrated the dispensation of our law—Sir William Jones—dignified in the consciousness of worth and service, lofty in the spirit of independence, and humble in the conviction of the necessity of labour. His graceful robe was of unsullied ermine, and I fancied I heard his voice through all the languages of the earth.

However unexhausted were my astonishment, admiration, and delight, at the scene I was witnessing, I now found myself induced to examine who occupied the different outlets I have before mentioned; and I determined, beginning with the cloister, which was the lowest on my right hand as I fronted the marble hall, to cast a cursory glance through each. It was a

long passage, divided in the middle by a row of slender Gothic columns, which shot out as they approached the roof to the right and left, so as to form a double series of arches. The windows were much too high to be seen through, and the sun was excluded by the rich painting. A gloom pervaded this building, which made it difficult to distinguish the inhabitants, but there was a repose, of which I could not help acknowledging the charms, nor was I surprised that they, who enjoyed here the pleasures of literary indolence, should not be disposed to leave their situation. The first who attracted my notice was the venerable Franciscan, Roger Bacon. The mind of this extraordinary man seems to have been formed for the strongest efforts of philosophical investigation, but the errors of his time overpowered him, and in the struggle between chaos and light the latter was almost subdued. "Amongst the things that recommend him," says Voltaire, with somewhat of his characteristic exaggeration, "we must mention his having been condemned to prison in Rome, and the noble boldness with which he declared that all the books of Aristotle deserved

only to be burnt, and this at a time when that philosopher held the rank of a saint." He was an Alchymist and an Astrologer, and the story of his attempt to make a brazen head, which should be his oracle and that of his country, agrees well with his ideas of the powers of nature. Yet had he lived in later times, he had probably been a great chemist, a great astronomer, and a great naturalist, and we have more reason to be astonished that he should recommend the translation of the Scriptures, than that he should propose together with it an universal grammar, which was to make the original languages intelligible in a few days to any person who wished to acquire such a knowledge. He asserted this invention to have been the object of prophecy, but we may soften our ridicule by recollecting that one of our universities has in our own day produced a similar attempt. His pretension to the discovery of gunpowder is disputed by philosophers, but it is satisfactory to find so celebrated a writer as Bayle expressing his opinion, rather cautiously indeed, that "in all probability he did not perform any thing by compact with the devil, but has only

ascribed to things a surprising efficacy which they could not naturally have." We must smile either at the commentator or his times.

Here were several of those ever to be revered persons, who in the midst of tumults and wars, preserved under the sacred shelter, which even royal licence did not dare to violate, the early records of our country, the rude sketch of Saxon liberty, and the fuller portrait of the wisdom and virtue of Alfred. Amongst these I perceived Bede, William of Malmesbury, Matthew Paris, but eminent above the rest Geoffry of Monmouth, who sweeps indiscriminately all that was ever said or ever written, and gives us a lesson, not intended by him, upon the extent of human credulity. I acknowledged the importance of the facts they have transmitted, and I felt I could not spare even the most extravagant of their fables. Here too was the learned, accomplished, visionary More, whose persecuting spirit could only be extinguished in flames similar to those he had kindled for others; and here that virtuous cardinal, whose heart softened the rigour of his principles, whose philosophy was from

his feelings, whose errors were from his judgment, Reginald de la Pole. Here also was the learned and eloquent Atterbury, whose great qualities should have supported a better cause than that of persecution in religion and despotism in government; and when on further examination I perceived how many there were approaching our own times, who have shewn a spirit not unworthy a Gardiner and a Bonner, I mourned over the tardy progress or the wretched, incurable imbecility of the human mind. Nor could I avoid reflecting on those now existing, doomed hereafter to take their places in this monastic abode, who still aim at eradicating opinions by penalties and deprivations, pursue with pernicious severity departed ills, and create disaffection and disunion by concluding them to exist. Hence our dangers and our woes, and hence the keenest sorrow exhibited in the lingering tear that was suffused over the eye of my divine visitant.

Leaving the cloister, led on by my invisible but not unfelt guide, I proceeded through the porch above to the avenue of oaks. Here, first in dignity and first in

fame, was Milton. As the great father of the English epic advanced towards me, I could not help admiring the resolute intrepidity of his step, and the calm, exalted confidence, grown habitual to one, strong during his life in the assurance of immortality. That assurance was now settled into certainty—his poverty was forgotten, his evil days were redeemed, his eyes no longer "rolled in vain." Yet I could not avoid casting back a glance upon his life, or feeling, after all the glorious objects my vision had presented to me, an indescribable degree of admiration for a man, who immersed in the violence of party or surrounded by the formalities of office, retained in all it's native strength the power of his imagination and the range of his memory—who having in early life exhibited very extraordinary specimens of poetic talent, equally remarkable for warmth of fancy, extent of learning, elevation of sentiment, richness of expression and variety of subject, poured the full force of his soul into the politics of his day, becoming not only the most distinguished political writer in England, where he was employed by government to defend the people, but the most celebrated in

Europe, and afterwards Latin secretary for foreign affairs, a situation, in which the complicated business of the foreign office chiefly devolved upon him. That after mingling with no timid or restrained inclination in the tumultuous passions of the most perturbed period this country ever knew, he should at the age of fifty-five, under a hostile government, neglected or detested, in poverty and blindness, begin and finish the Paradise Lost, would almost warrant the supposition, that the Holy Spirit he invoked had really inspired his labours. The only poets with whom he is or can be compared are Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, and I think he must be allowed to be occasionally as pathetic and tender as any of them, and superior to any of them in sublimity. The entrance into battle of the Messiah, when

> forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
> The chariot of paternal deity,

is as much more sublime than the arming and appearance of Achilles, as the subject is higher. The emerging from the shades below, with the invocation to light, with which the third book bursts forth, is hap-

pier than the apostrophe to the nurse Cajeta, which begins the seventh of Virgil; and assuredly the conduct and speech of Adam when he finds Eve lost, when

> From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
> Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:

but yet when in the midst of his dismay he resolves to be ruined with her, are more attractive than the unfeeling, vulgar, town-bred answer of Æneas to the despairing queen of Carthage, though we have cause to wish that our first father had been a little less chivalrous. Those who would compare our English bard as he measures his strength with the great Italian, may rest on the opening of the Jerusalem Delivered and the Paradise Lost, where each author invokes the Holy Spirit to protect and advance his labours; and on the council of the infernal powers in the second book of Milton, and the fourth of Tasso; and on the appearance of Soliman in the assembly at Jerusalem, and that of Satan returning from earth to his compeers. In the first instance no man will hesitate to give a decided preference to our countryman, who appears alike to my visionary

and waking thoughts to have a great though not an equal superiority in the two latter. Milton has errors of a class his great predecessors have not, unless indeed the long celestial dialogues of Homer and Virgil may be thought to form his precedent, but when we recollect the utter depravation of the taste of his age, particularly amongst the party with whom he had lived and acted for nearly thirty years, it is not the least remarkable characteristic of his poems, that those errors are so light. The just applause of criticism or history has sunk under the prejudices of the politician, but the appeal to the world has been successful, and shame extorts that praise, which indifference or bigotry would suppress.

Here was Dryden, that great master of harmonious rhyme, in whose power verse is an ever applicable instrument for argument, for fancy, for narration, or for dialogue. The lyric ode, the tale of terror, the moral or political fable, the descriptive relation, are alike easy to him. Perhaps this facility was his misfortune, for the necessity of labour, in preventing his sublimity from running into extravagance, might have secured him also against errors

of a contrary nature. Here too was Gray, the English Pindar—a high title, once surrendered when he takes us to the peasant's grave and strikes the heart by the pathos of his elegy. Both these illustrious poets poured out their adoration to Milton, who seemed to cast one recollection upon the contrast of his later years, as he owned and felt their praise.

As I returned into the building I perceived some persons in the porch, whom in my eagerness to do homage to Milton I had not before noticed. One of these was Cowley, who, had he known how to select from the multitude of his ideas, or to concentrate what he might have so selected, would have been amongst the first, perhaps the first of our lyrick poets. But he is for ever running his expressions against his thoughts, and before he can find courage to relinquish either, exhausts both. He dies upon his own web, a silken web of great brilliancy, the knots of which it would be cruel to cut, while its evanescent intricacies it is painful to explore. His prose writings, however, deserve the highest panegyric: chaste, elegant, acute and powerful, his style even now requires no allowance

on account of the age in which he lived. The second person was Young—who darkly and abruptly rolls the moral storm, sometimes mitigated and softened by his own great misfortunes. He subdues rather than interests, and both as a moral and dramatic poet accomplishes his purpose by his power rather than his influence, by exhibiting his own strength, rather than engaging the passions or feelings of his reader. Here too was Burns, in Tartan robe—who strong in the distinguishing characteristic of genius, could even from the plough impart his feelings to the inhabitants of the sister kingdoms, and elevate, melt, or amuse them at his pleasure. Near him in similar vest was the poet of the warrior, Macpherson: certainly a deceit ceases not to be immoral, because it is literary, but in this instance, the success of the attempt seemed to form its justification, and I could pass no censure upon the patriotic fraud. Not far from him was a form, whose features and lineaments were lost in a supernatural mist—I will not now pretend to distinguish or name him—perhaps it was the unfortunate Chatterton.

The interval between the porch of the

avenue and the steps leading to the marble hall was occupied by those poets, who unambitious of the highest exertions of their art, profess not to delight the imagination or to awaken and agitate the feelings, so much as to deliver their observations upon characters, facts, and opinions, in a correct, striking, or pleasing manner. Amongst these, the first presented to my notice, proved by many imitators to be inimitable, was Pope. His Essay on Man, whatever difference of opinion there may be upon it as a system, may perhaps be regarded as the most perfect specimen of reasoning verse in any language, nor does it merit less praise for beauty and splendor of illustration, than for regularity and clearness of argument. It seems to contain as many different thoughts as it is possible for the same number of words to express, yet its brevity never causes either abruptness or obscurity. His essay on criticism, his moral essays and his satires deserve the same praise, nor am I allowed to omit a merit, which has been singularly overlooked in the usual criticisms upon this celebrated author, but which (and it is of the highest nature) he appears to me to possess above

all our other poets, a frequent and most happy mode of passing from his subject to an affecting expression of friendship and tenderness for individuals. The transitions to which I allude are, I was taught to believe, universally fortunate in Pope, and they give his productions that interest in the heart, which makes us ascribe any occasional expression of peevishness or ill-regulated bitterness, to the state of his health or the gloom of the weather. His Temple of Fame is a splendid commemoration of the objects best worth our contemplation, but his obligation to Chaucer is greater than before my vision I could possibly have imagined. His Rape of the Lock is a remarkably happy application of the style of the ancient epic to a light and trivial subject, and the Epistle of Heloisa, a most elegant versification of the letters of that impassioned lady, but the former of these poems is only original from it's ingenuity of adaptation, and the warmth of Heloisa, purified as by Pope, perhaps had better been still buried in the obscurity of the original Latin. As I now saw him I felt the justice of the panegyric which styles him the English Horace, considering how-

ever only half the character of the Roman poet, and though his Iliad does not display the simple grandeur of the father of poetry, I acknowledged the deepest obligations to him for that splendid and correct exhibition of the powers of English rhyme.

Here was Denham celebrated for expressing strong thoughts in language equally appropriate and harmonious, and for extending the sphere of the translator by teaching him to imitate the spirit as well as meaning of his original. Here also Waller, who added to the smoothness of our versification, and here the powerful and harmonious Savage. Here Parnell, remarkable for the careless and unsought happiness of his expression; and here the man, "of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing," Goldsmith. I remembered the simple beauty of his Vicar of Wakefield, the general excellence of his comedies, the correct pathos or humour of his smaller poems, but he held his place here as author of the Traveller and the Deserted Village. Here too was the easy, fluent, and musical Prior, who in his poem of

Solomon, has clothed serious and important truths with many attractions, and who in his lighter productions frequently expresses himself so well, that the thought may pass for more than it is worth. And here was one, whom I regarded with singular interest, when I lamented that a mind so great both in moral and natural qualities should have been ever overthrown, the original, admirable and amiable Cowper. He is by eminence the poet of domestic life; he has given us no faint or feeble copy of Homer.

Passing across the building, my attention was now attracted to those who occupied the interval opposite that I have just mentioned; I mean the space between the steps and the porch leading to the park. They were those whose aim it has been to make important truths familiar to ordinary readers—to draw out philosophy from it's hiding place, to remove from it whatever is forbidding or repulsive, to convert the distant and regal benefactor into the familiar and bosom friend. To this class of authors the world are extremely indebted. They do not discover the sources of knowledge, but they multiply it's streams, which they

bring in additional purity and clearness to every man's home. The same political and moral truths, which, left to the obsolete style of Bacon and Locke might be known but to students, lose nothing of their force, when, quickened by the amusing familiarity of a periodical paper, or softened by being blended with a pathetic narration, or enlivened by incidents of humour, they become the recreation of the man of business or the refuge of the man of the world. The practical duties of life also are well taught in a form, which interests the ordinary feelings, and tends to spread with silent efficiency the instructions of the Sabbath over the whole of our time. Conversation becomes more fertile, thought more expanded, manners more refined, and virtue, receiving almost as much as she gives, wins and takes possession of the heart. The minister of the gospel has only to enforce habits already formed, and the denunciations of religion may be exchanged for it's consolations and it's hopes. Amongst these writers, to whom I was instructed to pay my full tribute of admiration and respect, unquestionably the first, stood Addison. There was in his manner and the adjust-

ment of his robe a sort of elegant decorous carelessness, which was peculiarly pleasing, and his aspect exhibited the playful virtue so conspicuous in his writings. He stood with one foot on the steps, and his eyes were sometimes fixed on his fellow inhabitants above him, and sometimes turned towards the beautiful scenery of the park. Nor did they pass indifferently through the edifice itself. Not seldom they settled with great steadiness upon some persons, who stood together not far from the entrance. He was here however chiefly held in reverence as author of the Spectator, and I thought I still heard those words of his tenth number, equally honorable to his understanding and his sentiments. " I shall spare no pains," he says, " to make instruction agreeable and diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to

day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men, and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools, and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee-houses." Admirable ambition, for which this inimitable writer will be for ever honored, while one tie of social and domestic intercourse remains to connect and bless mankind.

By the side of Addison, to whom he paid unceasing and most obsequious respect was Steele. He seemed however, rather dissatisfied with the place he occupied, and I was not surprised to find him afterwards not the least conspicuous in another situation. The story of La Roche occurred to me as I saw Mackenzie, the elegant author of the Mirror, and my applause was extended and increased as I recollected the pathetic description of "The Man of Feeling."

I could not suppress a strong sensation of astonishment when here I recognized Johnson, yet upon attentively recalling the ideas which accompanied his appearance, I believe no situation would be so favorable to his fame. His patience and perseverance, which no toil or alarm could subdue, are not directed to the most important labours, and the knotty strength which was made to wrestle with apparently over-powering difficulties, is narrowly and sometimes blindly employed. As the author of the Rambler he seemed obscured by the presence of Addison, but when I remembered the Adventures of Rasselas, I gave him unqualified applause. In a style peculiar to himself, familiar from it's dialogue and impressive from it's gloom, he shews how vain is the enquiry after perfect happiness; that the prerogatives of power are beset with dangers, and that social life is poisoned by a thousand corroding passions; that pleasure is insufficient or cloying when the present only occupies the mind, and yet that the objects are too dubious and uncertain, which engage us in pursuit of the future; that the gaiety of men of the world is often counterfeit,

and that the precepts of philosophy are but weak supports in calamity; that all the employments and all the degrees of life mutually hang upon an undecided balance of good and evil, and that even the sciences expose their votaries to the absurdities of enthusiasm, or to that other calamity, the most dreadful of mortal ills, intellectual derangement. Amidst the repositories of the dead he descants upon man's immortality, and his last conclusion is, that nothing can be concluded. I should have honored Johnson as a critic had I not recollected that he suffered his political opinions to suppress his admiration of Milton, and his dislike of contemporary merit to sully the fame of Gray.

Here was Richardson, who has endeavoured to make honor and integrity alluring in the prosperity of a Grandison, and chastity majestic and saintly in the woes of a Clarissa.

Here too was Sterne, who adopting a singular, I will add, an original style, has perfected his own invention. There is occasionally an unexpected, tasteless, and most unnecessary indelicacy in his humour, but his pathos is at all times irresistible.

On the bare recollection of the story of Le Fevre, and the death of Yorick, I should not be ashamed to shed more than a visionary tear. Here also was Swift, who wields all the weapons of wit with an ease, skill, and vigour, entirely his own, who surprizes into knowledge and mocks into morality. His style varies not with his subject, yet no subject seems unsuitable to it. Whether he lashes the church or a parish clerk, a nation or a servant, he is alike amusing and alike just. The empire he holds over his subject, he extends to his language—it admits no encroachment—it is proof against attack—were you to transpose a sentence, a clause or even a word, you might be more eloquent perhaps, but you would be less witty—vary even a point, and the admirers of this author would discover you. Perhaps there never was a writer so copious in his own peculiar merits. At the same time we must lament, that however powerful are the instruments he uses, the utility of their application is not always very obvious. The indecency is sometimes greater than the humour, and had he been less severe upon the frailties, he would have found more time to lash the vices of men.

In the porch leading to the park I observed those writers, who having been immersed in the business, or pleasures, or honors of the world, devoted some of their idle hours to authorship. Here was the noble author of the Castle of Otranto, originator, it appeared, of that mode of composition now so fashionable amongst us. Were his moral less equivocal, the other merits of this work would perhaps have given him a higher place, but his historic doubts are an additional proof that to amuse and be amused was his chief purpose. Here was Chesterfield, who first dignified the title of master of ceremonies, and here our great novelist, the various and ever amusing Fielding, who with infinite humour and pathos, enforced by the greatest felicity of expression, has thrown together an extraordinary mass of thought and character.

Having entered the park and ascended a small eminence to the right of the porch, when my admiration at the beauty of the landscape was somewhat abated, I perceived not far from me on the same rise of ground our excellent descriptive poet, Thompson, who having to dwell upon the

most obvious objects in nature, is never vulgar, and yet avoiding one error is equally free from its opposite. Sustaining at all times the temperate elegance suited to his subject, he is throughout interesting, and though even in his winter, the season most calculated to admit the highest species of poetry, he scarcely rises to the sublime, there are scattered through his work many instances of no common elevation, and a still great number of true pathos. His seasons gave him his place here, but I recollected with gratitude and pleasure that amusing effort of his imagination the Castle of Indolence.

At some distance from me on the level ground was Dyer. Upon his poem of "Grongar Hill," I remembered the happy criticism of Johnson—that "though it is not very accurately written, yet the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again." Dyer is to be mentioned also as author of "the Fleece," an intractable subject, more fit for the poli-

tical œconomist than the poet. Here too was Somerville, the bold and happy describer of the least pacific of our rural amusements. Yet is the subject not unimportant, as describing the singular sagacity of that part of the animal creation to which we deny the gift of reason, and rousing men to health by exercise and air.

Here too at different distances and in various parts of the grounds before me were several of those poets, who aim at little more than to amuse a leisure moment by a stroke of humour, a turn of elegance, an epigrammatic point, or a short appeal to the heart. On the ground at the side of a crystal lake, the opposite bank of which was crowned with a noble grove of trees, lay the ever dying Hammond; and emerging from these trees, in a manner that shewed he was not insensible to fame, however he might profess to disdain it, walked the plaintive Shenstone. He has not unhappily imitated the simplicity and tenderness of the ancient ballad, and the tribute he pays to the unfortunate Jesse, seemed to rank him high amongst elegiac poets.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
Oh, my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose:
The billows raged; the pilot's art was vain:
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay:
Seek not to stop reflexion's bitter tear:
But warn the frolic and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!

Here was Mercer, whose pure and beautiful morality should have been spread through more extensive exertions and a longer life. And here in the blaze of the day were the gay and frolic Dorset, the easy and voluble Pomfret, the careless and sprightly Rochester, and many others to whom respectively each of my readers will without difficulty affix a name. If in the next generation, some writer shall condescend to retouch my vision, with what a croud will he have to fill this part of the park.

Ac veluti in pratis, ubi apes æstate serenâ
Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum
Lilia funduntur; strepit omnis murmure campus.

Leaving the park and returning into the building, I proceeded to the very extraordinary apartment, which made so considerable an impression upon me at the commencement of my vision, that I felt extremely pleased with the thought of a second glance into it. Not far from the entrance my attention was attracted by a person, whose face was almost deformed by the excessive derision he manifested, yet upon nearer inspection I saw in him such marks of good sense and sound judgment that I became more than reconciled to him. It was the author of Hudibras—the admirable master of burlesque poetry, who with a two-edged sword, not rusty like that of his hero, attacks with equal force the poetry of the cavalier and the manners of the puritan. The first, it must be confessed, however pleasing and attractive, has been employed in celebrating actions equally beyond nature and safety, though producing and produced by a noble and brilliant sentiment, the total extinction of which will never be supplied or compensated; the latter are at all times tasteless and destructive, cramping exertion when they are adopted in sincerity,

but often the reserved refuge of profligacy, and the cloke of hypocrisy; hypocrisy! the most disgusting of all the vices and the least compatible with any virtue. My curiosity however was not in the least weakened by the powerful mockery of this author, and I proceeded into the apartment. Here in various parts were persons remarkable for a certain simplicity of manner which was peculiarly pleasing, and which served to chasten a look that otherwise perhaps would have been painful from conveying too great air of enthusiasm. I grieve that their names have escaped my memory, though in my vision they were all discovered to me. They were in the garb of other days, and their courtly gestures shewed, that if they sat not at the feast with kings, they were no unsought attendants upon their state. I remembered also that they were not only estimable for the amusement they gave, but that the historian must search amongst them frequently for the facts, and almost entirely for the manners of ancient times. Many of them indeed had sung, before the invention of that glorious art which forbids the useful or the brilliant thought to perish, but their

happier successors had taken up their stories and their words. If I forget the names of these venerable minstrels, I recollect their figures and countenances, and I shall long entertain myself with applying in imagination the ancient songs I most admire to their respective anthors. I was so employed in my vision, but then I could not be mistaken. He was the celebrator of Sir Launcelot, the noblest and last of the chivalry that adorned the table of Arthur. He chose Sir Iwain for his hero with the lion for his page. He told how Sir Cauline paid his life for the safety of fair Christabelle, herself the victim of the obligation. He sung of Richard and described the horrid banquet on the heads of Saracens. This minstrel chose a softer subject and lamented the burial of the bride, " a maiden and a wife." That struck a deeper string, when he painted the despair of a mother on beholding the gasping severed head of her son, who had been murdered in mistake by her husband. This aimed but to amuse, to raise the laugh and the jest, when he related the tricks and contrivances of outlaws. Here the historic minstrel sung the sieges which most testified the

prowess of the holy heroes of the crusades, there the moralist honored the wife of Cradock, here the pastoral muse represented the shepherd finding refuge for the loss of his flocks and his love in the melody of his pipe. Here Modred raised his magic song again —great Taliessin also raged through all his strings—nor was he unknown to me, the bard, who mourned his brethren's fate from the midst of "Conway's roaring flood," and mocked the tyrant's policy, even to the last extremity. The holy druid also I heard still lamenting the fall of Mona, and the harp of Ireland celebrated in my ears the monarchs of her pride. Nor had the "blue mists of the morning" damped the Caledonian lyre, whose mighty masters now raised the soul to heroic raptures, now brought low the head in sorrow by its simple pathos. But I must leave these interesting persons, to notice one, the great founder of our poetry, the incorporator and establisher of our many-formed language, Chaucer. He first clothed the British muse with her sweeping robe, and led her through the long though flowery way: He gave her the measured state, the regulated pomp, and the decorous dignity. He first drew out

the lengthened narration, exhibiting as he proceeds, fancy, character, and precepts of morality. But while he so much improved the poetic art amongst us, as almost to merit the high title usually given him, of its originator, he has excellencies in his style, which none of his successors, with the ever increasing advantages of experience have surpassed or even equalled. There is a simplicity, a vivacity, a naïveté, and I know not what charm in his mode of narrating, perfectly unrivalled, and he abounds in that unusually fine, dexterous. and distinguishing wit, which is in truth little more than excellent sense warmed into action, minute in attention, and stripped of all formality. The variety of his talents ranks him indisputably with the highest order of genius. In the knight's tale the description of the temple of Mars must be allowed to be sublime, as other parts of that poem possess a high degree of elevation, while scattered through his works, too thickly to be numbered and particularized, are pictures of natural life, which display the exact and comic familiarity of the Flemish school of painting. Not a trait is omitted in the close and en-

tertaining miniature, and his prologue to his Canterbury tales proves, that if he can excite laughter by the characters of the host, the monk, the physician, or the prioress, he can attract unmixed affection and admiration to those of the Oxford scholar and the village clergyman. The temple of Fame, the flower and the leaf, shew his entire success in moral allegory and the exertions of imagination, and in the Troilus and Cressida, filled with all his characteristic excellencies, he appears also a great master of the pathetic. Knightly courtesy, or the lowest and most familiar life, comic fidelity or pure and unusual virtue, playfulness of fancy, or that strict adherence to nature, which you acknowledge and feel at every word, when every word gives some old and well known trait, the gentleman, the scholar, the courtier, the lover of the simple and natural charms of rural life, are all manifested to the highest degree in the writings of the venerable Chaucer. The last observation I have to make with regard to him, though founded certainly on an error, may be allowed to excite a smile rather than censure. Of whatever times he writes, if his subject relates to a suffi-

ciently elevated rank, he makes all his men knights. Palamon and Arcite engage in a tournament, in the reign of Theseus, the daughter of Nisus falls in love with "Minos, infernal judge, of Crete the king, for his beautie and for his chivalrye," and in the legend of Lucrece, the great offence of Tarquin seems to be in having acted contrary to the rules of chivalry.

> Tarquinius that art a kingis heyre,
> And shouldist as by linage and by right
> Done as a lord and as a very knight,
> Why hast thou done dispite to chivalrye?
> Why hast thou done thy ladye vilanie?

Chaucer however is by no means singular in this whimsical, though, I confess, to me attractive mistake. Our old novelists perhaps taking him for their model and apology, pursue it through the earliest times, and there is a folio volume of great erudition relating the history of the order of the garter published I think in the reign of Charles the Second, and dedicated to the monarch, in which the author, with vast labour and learning, attempts to prove that knighthood is universal both as to time and place. Nor indeed can we be much sur-

prised at such publications, when we find so correct a writer as Pope, naming Homer's heroes, knights, and mounting Achilles behind "his squire." It is true assuredly that a delicate respect for rank and sex has always marked the best age of every nation, and perhaps a stronger instance, in confirmation of this assertion, cannot be adduced than that to be taken from the history of Lucretia above mentioned, where we find that the Romans endured the oppression and tyranny of the Tarquin family, till the violation of the unyielding and still unblemished virtue of that noble matron roused them to insurrection and vengeance. The wrongs of the tyrants had no sting, till the body of the lifeless Lucretia, still bleeding by the only blow that could not degrade her, was exposed to public view, and then even the eloquence of a reputed ideot was sufficient to rouse every citizen in Rome, and every soldier in the camp, to a rebellion, long before most necessary, just, and holy. It is however equally true that the feelings and institution of chivalry, with its pledged and active gallantry, its lists and tournaments, its express devotion to "God and

the ladies,"* (well might the historian blush to unite such discordant names) takes its rise with modern Europe, though in the apartment, where I was now placed, I could not allow it so late a date as since the age of Charlemagne. Such a concession would sweep away the round table of Arthur, a loss, the bare mention of which, whatever the worldly reader may imagine, I can assure him would have been high treason here. I looked at our ancient bard with some such expostulation as this on my lips, but I found it impossible to utter it—I could find no words but those of gratitude and respect—and while his mild, polished, and playful air forbad the humility of veneration, it compelled me to grant with full and unrestrained allowance that he had a right to take his own way.

Not far from the ever to be venerated father of our poetry, was the sublime, moral, harmonious, and pathetic allegorist, Spencer, who with the aid of every muse has embellished every virtue. I know no poetic excellence that is not to be found in the Fairy Queen; simplicity of narration,

* See Gibbon, vol. ii. p. 36.

playfulness and richness of fancy, irresistible touches of tenderness and pathos, vigour of thought, felicity of expression, sublimity of conception. His stanza, so much censured and indeed so often degraded by weak and puerile imitation, is in his hand not unsuited to the highest purposes. If he personifies the virtues with the vigour and fancy of a poet, he teaches morality with the dignity of a divine. The following lines occurred to me—first as from himself—

Ah me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man to make him daily fall!
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold
And stedfast truth acquit him out of all!
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride,
Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall!

Then as from the lips of one of his female personifications.

Whoso in pomp of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does waste his days in dark obscurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where ease abounds, its eath to do amiss:
But who his limbs with labours and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss:

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seeks with painful toil, shall honor soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars, she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain:
Nor can the man who moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide:
But easy is the way and passage plain
To pleasure's palace; it may soon be spide
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide."

I felt how fully sufficient passages like these are to shew that the author can deliver a grand and solemn precept in the way most becoming such a precept, and was convinced, that as they abound in his great work, it is extremely false and unfounded to consider Spencer as the poet solely of fancy and description. He is in truth both allegorically and directly a very impressive teacher of noble actions and refinement of manners, and as there is at present no great danger of the age becoming too chivalrous, but as on the contrary we stand in great need of a fresh infusion of a gallant and heroic spirit, I could not help regarding it as a misfortune that the Fairy Queen should be so little studied

and so little the topic of literary conversation. Those who are acquainted with the portrait of Spencer, have perceived and regretted the melancholy, which is so strongly expressed in his countenance. His biographers find a cause in the narrowness of his circumstances in later life, but a greater in the loss of his friend and patron Sir Philip Sidney, whose death occasioned his other misfortune. As I now saw him, his eyes were beaming with pleasure, for in the place well suited to that brave, learned, and most accomplished Chevalier, he was standing by his side.

But Sidney did not appear fixed or confined here. The purest and most virtuous of statesmen, the most learned of soldiers, the last finished model of knightly courtesy, " in virtues, exercises, studies, and actions, ever to be imitated," " the rare ornament of his age, the very formular," (to use the words of a father, whose fond affection could scarcely urge to exaggeration on such a subject) " that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by," he, who in the thirsty agony of a hero's death resigned his cup of water to a wounded comrade; the heir

of both immortalities; he was here only, as he roamed amongst so illustrious an assemblage, collecting whatever attracted and pleased his finely wrought mind. This however I could discover to be his favorite abode. I recollected his Arcadia, which though formed on a plan distant from nature, occasionally exhibits much knowledge of the world, and a style, the graces of which are set off rather than overwhelmed by the defects of his time, and I felt how much the virtue it recommends was enforced by that modesty which induced it's author to deem it unworthy of publication. I was also reminded of his "defense of poesy," in which he displays much critical acuteness, and a considerable degree of philosophical penetration. Where however he represents the poet as equal to the moralist in teaching the virtues, he should have remembered that the characters exhibited by the former are for the most part too extravagant to be considered as objects of imitation, and he should have made the obvious distinction between them and the instances adduced by the founder of christianity.

And you, my early friend, in this apart-

ment, or in what other situation shall it be, that the name of Parnell shall be a second time inscribed. Shall it be here, amidst direful enchantments, where you call into action all good and evil powers, where you make us hang with rapture and tears over the virtues and death of Sir Gawain, or pursue with delight the youthful promise of your Ella, or shall we follow you through the various and beautiful scenery of the park, scarcely superior to your own Avondale, or shall we acknowledge you by the side of Addison, or higher yet as you ascend the steps of moral and political philosophy. Be wary, cautious, vigilant, temperate, laborious, and believe my visionary prophetess, who cannot promise to deceive, there is no place amongst her most favored votaries she will not grant you. You will not accuse me of presuming to advise you, when I thus declare to you her commands and her rewards.

I left this apartment with slow and lingering regret.

Returning into the body of the building, my attention was attracted to a numerous class of men, who occupied the space between a line we may suppose drawn from

the porch I had just left to that of the cloister, and the bottom of the edifice. I had observed them before, but not accurately. They were authors not the less useful nor the less dignified from being nearest the world. They were our dramatic writers. At this moment I was amused with recollecting the very early taste prevalent in our country for dramatic exhibitions. In the times of the Edwards and Henrys it seems to have been a much more pressing duty on the chaplain of a great family to provide plays than prayers, and at the council of Constance, we are told, the emperor having been absent for a time, the English fathers proposed greeting him on his return with a sacred comedy. These sacred plays, both tragedies and comedies, which were most profane exhibitions of the mysteries and duties of religion, appear, together with some allegorical representations of the passions and virtues, to have continued the sole dramatic entertainments of our ancestors, till the age or very near the age of Elizabeth, at the beginning of whose reign, one or two translations from Euripides and Ariosto were exhibited. With them our native muse is

said also to have made one poor attempt at regular tragedy. At this auspicious moment, when men's minds freed from the tyranny of priestcraft began to expand in philosophy and taste Shakespeare appeared. He was in the drama, what Bacon was in general knowledge: they both appealed to nature: they both abandoned the cold and cheerless abstractions, or the degrading and disgusting impieties then in vogue: the one examined matter, the other man: the one investigated and explained facts and appearances, the other exhibited passions and feelings: the one "hounded nature through her wanderings," the other traced all the intricacies of the heart. Bacon was the most eloquent writer of his age, Shakespeare in felicity of expression and harmony of numbers frequently arrives at a pitch of excellence no age has equalled. He was one of the few who perfect the art they invent. It is too much to say he has written a perfect play, but he has written numerous dialogues, concerning which I am authorized to check the expectation that they will ever be surpassed. Like his great contemporary he points out the road all his

fellow-labourers ought to pursue, and gives them hints, which time was to expand into system. As I now saw him he was acknowledged by all around him as their prince and their sire, though amidst the enjoyment of his own sensations and feelings, he seemed careless or insensible to the homage that was offered him. I was equally pleased and amused with the reverence that was paid him by the croud without. The light which shone upon them from the marble hall, they received with cold indifference, but Shakespeare every body seemed to understand, every body seemed to admire. Every eye was directed towards him, and whatever passion he expressed was also the passion of the multitude. If he smiled, they laughed; if he looked melancholy, they wept; if he frowned, they trembled; in his fancy, in his depression, in his elevation, they followed him with their affection and applause, and seemed to promise not only for themselves but for their posterity, that they would follow him for ever. Nor must I omit to mention of this extraordinary man, that while he thus swayed the feelings of the

generality of mankind, no weak or ineffectual ray shone upon him from the light at the top of the building.

Near him was the splendid and vigorous Massinger, no longer "a stranger" in the land he has contributed to adorn. Here also was the learned, correct, and powerful Jonson, and here the twin authors, standing together, one of them resting on the shoulder of the other, and both gazing with admiration on Shakespeare, the versatile and brilliant describers of manners, not indeed always the most suited to public inspection, Beaumont and Fletcher. Not far off, at various distances, were Buckingham, author of the Rehearsal, a production, to which I wish in vain to deny the praise of excellent wit, the amusing Wycherley, Congreve, the Fletcher of his day, who should have employed his powerful pen on the brighter as well as darker qualities of the world. As a selector of his subject, injudicious, as a general satyrist too bitter, he merited his place here for the copiousness and fertility of his wit, and the astonishing skill as well as vivacity of his dialogue. Here too was Steele, less vigorous but purer than his great con-

temporary, more indulgent to mankind, but with less power to serve them. Here too was Gay, that singular humourist, founder of not the most brilliant production of our theatre, the opera; here our sentimental dramatist, Kelly; and here, Foote, who, by a title more just than favorable, has been denominated the English Aristophanes. Here also was the second god and idol of the party, he who embodied and transmitted all their thoughts, who melted with their tears and laughed with their humour, at once theorist and practitioner, author and performer, Garrick. Here was the harmonious though sometimes monotonous, Rowe; and here the gloomy and luminous Otway, who describes scenes of complicated misery so much from the heart, that the apprehension of reality comes too near us. Not that he is too faithful to nature, but that he is too descriptive of himself. Here Dryden might have found a place, had he not established a better claim elsewhere, and his name might have secured that of his fellow labourer, Lee. Here also might Addison have exacted our admiration had he not written the Spectator, and he would

have stood by the side of one, who still would have merited higher honors here, the writer of a play such as Virgil perhaps would have produced, had he lived and written for us, Home, the author of Douglas. I was proceeding to notice Moore, the affecting author of the Gamester, and Mason, who, not unsuccessfully, has endeavoured to clothe British story in Grecian dress, when my attention was called to a young man, who rushed into the building in defiance of the calls of the venerable porter. I knew not why, but he strongly excited my interest. The distinguishing characteristic of his countenance was an ardent expression of hope, and the present moment he madly despised. Boyish visionary, he existed but on the future and the past! Yet even there was he to be lamented, for he remembered only his sorrows, and though filled with hope, he stooped not to the necessity of labour. His judgment however might not be deficient, but his passions executed ill, what his understanding had well devised. Perhaps too his very admiration of the end he proposed, might make him regardless of the means to attain it.

Infelix! utcumque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

His benevolence might have been the last feeling to be exhausted in him, and in a cause which had interested him, on a point where his country was concerned, though I might have doubted his discretion, I should have been assured of his zeal. He presumed not to join the group I have just described, yet he seemed greatly to admire them. His admiration however was unfixed, and I should not have been astonished to have seen him pressing forward with daring and unhallowed step towards the ascent of the marble hall. There in truth his soul seemed to have found it's resting place, yet there he may fall. He will promise all things, in imagination he will conclude all things—but his wishes may be ineffectual—his projects may be as the chaff, which the wind scatters—fame may elude him, and on the brink of the grave, he may still be the creature but of his own promises—unless indeed she who inspired this vision shall throw over him her everlasting ægis—then shall he not live in vain. I understood not the cause, but as my eyes

were steadily fixed on this youth, my interest became so strong that I started and awoke.

I awoke—But never, while my will has any power over my memory, will I suffer the impression caused by this vision to depart from me. What a glorious scene has it opened before me! how endless in variety, how important in utility, how rich and affluent in circumstance, how magnificent as a collected whole! How superior is such a contemplation to all the vicissitudes of fortune! What adversity is there so deep as not to be cheered by it, what prosperity so high as not to be adorned by it! Some of the greatest, wisest, and best men, that ever existed, were here exhibited before me, unimpeded and unchecked either by their own frailties or the opposing passions of others. No longer did poverty urge either precipitancy or transient self-surrenders, no longer did pride degrade those, who wanted not such unworthy aid, here genius preserved its bounds, virtue its rank and place, and the meed of fame was durably and unchangeably decided. And if such a scene is ele-

vating to human nature, how much more so to Britain, the peculiar and concentered seat of all this glory! Child of her liberty and security, thou shalt live and flourish, even when thy parents (may heaven avert that day!) shall be sunk in old age and decay. Now art thou flourishing alone, except where thou thyself hast illustrated with thy rays a distant world. I exult not in the present solitary grandeur of thy throne, I name it but to pray that it may be imparted and drive far off the desolating power which can depend only on the worse than barbarous ignorance attending its progress. And indeed when I look around me, and consider the dreadful outrages with which the earth is filled, the dark and envenomed passions, which are tearing the great family of mankind in every quarter of the globe, what privations nations are inflicting upon themselves and others, in order to gratify those accursed appetites that grow more hungry as they feed, what devastation is spread over the land, what fresh accumulated dangers are added by a perverted ingenuity to the perils of the ocean, that there is no longer

any faith, honor, law, that power is proclaimed to be the only rule and that the giant's force is to depend only on the giant's conscience; when I think of these things, what consolation would be left, were it not my vision has taught me, that the earth may still boast of a possession not to be changed, a possession that is no inanimate and useless treasure, shining only to the eye, but containing in itself that force divine, which under the direction of a blessed providence may hereafter restore all that the great, and good, and wise, of all ages and nations, and peculiarly of our nation, have venerated, loved, and enforced. Shall I be deemed too adventurous in my comparison in saying that I am reminded of the natural world, when the black and tremendous tempest seems to narrow and shut in our atmosphere. Yet when the clouds are dispersed and withdrawn, we perceive again the blue and beautiful firmament, and recollect how that firmament has always remained the same, in the day irradiated by the gorgeous and replendent sun, in the night by its million million stars, and the beamy crescent of the

moon. I may proceed still further, for while that firmament endures, while the system to which we belong continues to obey its ancient law, while the globe rolls in its accustomed orbit; whatever earthly changes may take place, whatever nations may rise into celebrity or sink into obscurity; though this fair garden should be laid desolate and its bulwark rocks crumble into dust—so long shall exist in lofty, peaceful, unassailable magnificence, the eternal and omnipresent glory of the British islands.

THE END.

MORTIMER:

A NOVEL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

A FRAGMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following short fragment was written as the beginning of a novel, which was intended as an attempt (the reader will laugh at my presumption and I shall be the first to acknowledge the justice of his rebuke) to occupy the middle space between Rousseau and Fenelon. I chose the form of letters as the best mode of giving the opinions and instructions of individuals, and also of preventing the monotonous tediousness of a long narration, but I should have strenuously avoided the example of the former author in hazarding sentiments merely for effect and opinions, the justice of which he himself must have suspected. I should have been anxious to have caught something of his enthusiasm and fire, but still more anxious to have been right. In imitation of the author of the Telemaque I

should have led my hero over the greater part of the world, particularly over all Europe, under the guidance of a tutor, who was to have been his all-sufficient instructor and director. Thus attended he was to have passed through a number of difficulties, hardships, miseries, and temptations, and through events, circumstances, and objects, which were to give him an insight into the arts, resources, manners, and connexions of the states he visited. I should have exhibited my hero from very early life, even from his boyish years, for the purpose of increasing the interest in him from long acquaintance, and of introducing the death-bed instructions of an illustrious and affectionate grandfather, and as Mentor finds one of the strongest excitements to virtue and firmness in appealing to the character of his pupil's father, I should have possessed a similar resource in a relationship almost as near. After a long series of severe or important events, I should have conveyed him to his native country, consigning him confidently to that happiness and fame which usually await great talents highly cultivated, and a lofty and noble spirit chastened, disciplined, and invigor-

ated by the world. Assuredly I should have been guiltless of the extraordinary error of Rousseau in his Emile, who has totally defeated the purpose of recommending a certain system of education, by rendering the object of it the most miserable of mankind. Such was the general outline which I began with an ardor by no means justifiable in any man, who has not visited the countries he meant to describe. I cannot however relinquish my conviction, that a most useful and beautiful work might be produced upon such a plan as I have mentioned, by a person of an accurate and investigating turn of mind, sufficiently acquainted with his materials, whether historical or contemporary, powerful in combining and judicious in selecting, and possessing a stile of writing, compounded as much as possible of the two authors before named, with the addition of Virgil. It would be the epic of the modern world, more accurate from the author being an eye-witness, and more useful from its application being immediate. The severity of the ancient epic might give a solidity and permanent value to the novel, and the

proud and cold distance of the former might acquire some softer attractions.

As I have touched upon the comparison between the epic poem and the novel, I will take this opportunity of making one or two observations upon it. The novel may be said to have a fraternal relationship to the epic poem—much later born, but still, at least on the father's side, from the same parentage—genius, and the prevailing feeling of some one time. Its birth may probably be attributed to the age immediately succeeding the origin of chivalry, for it is not likely that poetry alone was employed in celebrating the knights of Charlemagne. We have now almost forgotten the heroes of the launce, and it multiplies it's being with astonishing fecundity through a gay or weeping posterity. In tracing the history of the human mind, it may excite a smile to reflect, that if the most learned of the ancients was now to reappear amongst us, he would find mankind almost entirely occupied with a species of writing of which he had never heard. No general comparison can of course be instituted between the bold and manly traits of the epic poem,

and the faint, sickly, indiscriminate, though occasionally beautiful lineaments of the novel, but there is one circumstance in which the former will not be allowed a decisive superiority. The epic poet chooses a known subject, and announces his purpose in his first page—when he begins his career, he proclaims how he intends to end it, and he disdains much of the interest which arises from suspense or taking his reader by surprize. His views are all before us, and our chief anxiety must be concerning the adequacy of his means. With a noble boldness he trusts himself to the deep and promises a glorious voyage—he braves the storms, he encounters the waves, but if he keeps his word and returns richly laden, with his colours at their height and brilliancy, we reward him with eternal applause. On the contrary, suspence and surprize are for the most part the instruments on which the novelist depends—he hazards nothing—he promises nothing—he is for ever coquetting with his reader—he foretells only to deceive—he fights only to be defeated—he is never happy but in a maze—he abhors the light—a direct road is so tedious to him that he faints—he despises

the heart, if he wins it not by a trick. That these instruments have been used too much will be generally granted, nor will it be hazardous to assert, that, wherever nature is sacrificed to the mere love of effect, they are radically misapplied. There is no objection to what may be called the art of novel-writing, but if it breaks in upon the interest arising from the display of the natural feelings, the legitimate and higher means of awakening attention are sacrificed to those, which are not only subordinate in degree but inferior in kind. In the novel which introduces this volume, I have hinted in the first page and repeatedly afterwards how it is to end, nor, though some friends, whose opinion is most powerful with me, have disapproved of such forebodings, can I be persuaded to wish them erased. My reason for persevering is, that I should think it excessively unamiable and unnatural for any man to write the history of a friend, who had died in the circumstances of Montford, without occasionally breaking out into querulous exclamations, and therefore the advantage of uncertainty would be far more than counterbalanced by the cold and uninteresting

character of the narrator. On the other hand, in Madame de Stael's splendid and most affecting novel Corinna,* it may be

* This novel is certainly one of the most extraordinary productions of the age. With very little trouble it might be converted into a regular epic poem. Corinna is amongst women what Achilles is amongst men. As in the latter all the male qualities generally most admired—such as valour, strength, steadiness of purpose, devotion to friends, impatience of wrong, contempt of riches, love of glory, detestation of hypocrisy, are brought out in the strongest colours; so in the former the highest female excellencies, such as tenderness, chastity, piety, beauty of person and imagination, variety of accomplishments, love of distinction mingled with modesty, are exhibited with singular effect. It is curious to consider what alteration might have been made in this production, if the same subject had been taken up by a Roman lady, the friend and admirer of Virgil. The book would perhaps have begun with the authoress telling us what she intended to do—that her purpose was to describe the elevation and fall of the brightest beauty of the earth—a being celestial both in form and soul—possessing an imagination that enchanted the world and a heart that was the centre of the affections—a woman who could only be betrayed by her virtues, but so betrayed sunk from the applauses of mankind into an early grave. She might then have invoked the historic or the tragic muse, to say by what dread course of events it was that the most verdant laurel on the loveliest brow in the universe was soiled in dust. When our attention was thus awakened, we might have found ourselves at once by the side of Corinna's car as it conducted her to the

doubted whether she is right in hinting at the melancholy issue of the heroine's attachment, even at the end of the second

capitol, and the whole of the hero's previous history might have been given in his own narration. The rest of the book might have been left nearly as it is, only chastened in sentiment, which at present with a most hazardous temerity sometimes fairly escapes the reader's sight. Whether Corinna thus introduced to us would have excited more compassion and admiration than at present, I know not, but certainly the friends of the authoress may safely try to persuade her that her genius is of a size to enable her to contemn all the minor arts of novel writing when brought into competition with those of a higher class.

The most glaring and obvious fault in the novel of Corinna is the want of interesting and admirable qualities in the hero. It is a vulgar mode of shewing a great man to represent him as saving a fellow-creature from drowning or from burning. Such incidents are very well as far as they go, but Miss Lydia Languish is not extremely absurd when she declares she should never think of falling in love with a man merely because he could swim. Lord Nelville is in truth but an inferior person—a cold friend, and a very undistinguishing definer of the moral duties. No man of right feeling would have hesitated a moment between his real and decisive duty to the living Corinna, and his supposed and theoretical duty to his deceased father. If he had not loved her indeed, he might thus have found an apology, but loving her, the nature of his embarrassment absolutely lowers his character. She had abandoned all for him—her once laurelled brows are bleeding before him—yet he leaves her, for what? because he imagines his father might have disapproved of such a person for his wife—indeed? in such

volume. The authoress herself is the historian, nor is it clear why she should ever,

extraordinary circumstances? then the father and the son are alike contemptible and odious. Even if he had made a positive promise to his father not to marry Corinna, he should have been aware, that in winning her affections so entirely as he had obtained them, he had already committed the crime of filial disobedience, and that in abandoning her he offered no expiating sacrifice to his father, while he became guilty of a second offence in a moral view. I recollect but one instance where Lord Nelville speaks in a manner worthy the object of Corinna's affection and despair. This instance is indeed most happy, exhibiting at once sense, feeling, gallantry, and delicacy of sentiment, but it is late, and when he is married to Lucilia. Together with his wife he has seen a picture of a Madonna which is very like her, and he compliments her upon the resemblance. Some time afterwards he finds a picture of the sybil, which reminds him of the unfortunate Corinna. The wife becomes jealous of the notice he takes of this latter, and asks him reproachfully if the sybil of Dominichino speaks more to his heart than the Madonna of Corregio. Oswald looks at her for some time without answering, and then says to her—" La sybille ne rend plus d'oracles: son genie, son talent, tout est fini: mais l'angelique figure du Correge n'a rien perdu de ses charmes, et l'homme malheureux qui fit tant de mal a l'une ne trahira jamais l'autre." This single sentence elevates Oswald's character far more than the fire at Ancona, and if he had often spoken thus, I should have pitied, not condemned him. It may be insisted upon particularly, as a strong, though silent censure upon that boisterous mode of describing heroes of novels, which is so trite, so easy, and in truth so little characteristic.

in the course of the work, surrender the advantage arising from keeping the reader in suspense. She might indeed say in her justification that no person, however unacquainted with the parties, could be supposed to write such a history as that of Corinna and Oswald, without growing too much interested and affected as he proceeded, to attend merely to the effect on the reader's mind. In short, the rule upon the point before us seems to be, that to perplex, astonish, and surprize, is unobjectionable and fair, provided no natural feeling is sacrificed, and provided this purpose is regarded as a subordinate object, which must ever yield to the affections.

For these reasons, if I had made the attempt here suggested, the death-bed instructions of the grandfather would have contained the outline of my whole plan, because no interest from suspense could have balanced the picture of a venerable statesman giving a beloved grandson that advice and those rules of conduct, which, he believed, might bring into full efficiency talents capable of serving his country and mankind. As to the two or three letters here given, I fear the reader will perceive

no other cause for their publication than that I could not find courage to commit them to the flames.

LETTER I.

FROM FRANCIS RUSSELL TO GEORGE RUSSELL.

I have listened to your persuasions, and am preparing to record some observations, which may be considered as the result of a long and active life. I am arrived at that period of existence when a man's views are seldom directed to the future. At seventy years of age his remaining life will probably be so short, that anticipation can give him no pleasure. His spirits are scarcely sufficient for the recollection of the past, and the faint enjoyment of the present, and even were his mind in a higher tone and his earthly tenure more certain, he must have been fortunate indeed, if, after such long experience, he still ventures to confide in the illusive suggestions of hope. In me however the habits of activity are not yet suspended, and though I feel very sensibly the infirmities of age, my mind still dares to wander towards the

future. This future indeed outsteps the limits of life, and relates not to my contemporaries alone, but also to posterity. I wish to record some reflexions which may be of use when their author is no more, nor do I profess to be so much above or below humanity, as to be indifferent to the idea of posthumous praise. I do not aspire to the immortal honors of the poet or the philosopher, but I cannot avoid flattering myself with the hope, that a long and active life may afford some observations to prolong my name beyond the date of this perishing body, and for a few years at least deprive the grave of it's entire prey. I wish too to expatiate on the characters of those to whom I am indebted for the pleasures of my social and domestic life, and those with whom I have engaged in scenes of higher and more extensive importance. As the historian of character and manners I would not exhibit unqualified panegyric, but I shall indulge the bent of my temper, which inclines more to eulogy upon virtue than satire upon vice. Both in private and public life I have been fortunate enough to know many whose simple history is their highest praise. In describing them I

shall both gratify my own feelings, and, if my pen has any power, do a real service to the world by holding them forth to it's admiration and imitation.

Yet, perhaps these considerations alone would scarcely have been sufficient to animate me to new exertions. We old men are not easily roused. Repose seems to be both our privilege and our reward. The review of past life is the old man's mirror. This should be his study. In this he must behold his dimensions. Happy indeed, if a brighter gleam from the fountain of all light should irradiate his vision and bestow on him the anticipation of immortal glories. My breast knows no remorse and I put my trust in God. Yet do I cling to earth as the abode of those I must love with my latest breath. Many darling objects have vanished from my sight, but some still remain. I have three grandchildren, who are fast approaching the period when they will most want the counsels of experience. Their natural guide and protector, their father, has been long dead. Their mother, my only child, still remains to them, to soften the precepts of wisdom and teach them the irresistible

loveliness of virtue. She has indeed a most important task to perform, for the happiness of, how many! will depend on the conduct of these boys. Their birth, their fortune, their ever honored name, whether I consider their example or their real power, must render every action of their's of consequence. I dedicate or rather bequeath to her the brief labours, which are to occupy the transient interval between me and the grave, with the hope that they may assist her in the management of her children, but more as a testimony however weak and feeble of my entire confidence in her, of my gratitude and my affection.

For my two younger grandchildren I have little alarm. I doubt not they will be sensible and well-disposed men, seeing and pursuing the right in the walks of life which shall be pointed out to them. Seldom applauded and never ridiculed, respected rather than admired, trusted rather than loved, they will enjoy life with a temperance that precludes the abuse of it, and at the conclusion, their recollections returning through actions, if not strikingly and splendidly useful, at all times free from

blemish, will convey home to their bosoms unmixed pleasure. It is the eldest, it is that boy, Charles, who awakens all my fears. He has a quickness of feeling, which in a more virtuous age I should perhaps have been eager to encourage, which even now I scarcely dare chastise. Amongst his schoolfellows I have observed in him an ardent spirit of emulation, which, supported by great abilities, leads him to surpass them both in his books and his amusements. Yet though allowed to excel them he is universally beloved. No scheme seems to be formed by his companions in which he is not consulted, and when his approbation is obtained, appointed their leader and director. If a rival school attacks them, my grandson, Charles, is elected generalissimo by acclamation, and I am told not Frederic the Great himself had ever more obedient or better disciplined troops. Once, they say, when he was suddenly attacked by superior numbers, he drew off his army with such skill, that not one of them was wounded by the various missive weapons of their adversaries. If the master on any particular occasion wishes to display the improvement of his school, Charles is selected

as the pupil, on whose talents and merits he can most depend. You know the unaffected simplicity of his manners, his total devotion to his friends. Never was there a creature in whom self was so little regarded. You feel with me all his excellences, yet I tremble for this boy. Rich, healthy, generous, confiding, applauded, with what a force will he spring into life! All will be excellent in his eyes. Eternal constancy will in his estimation animate the breast and brighten the eye of beauty —inflexible honor, undeviating friendship actuate the conduct of men. He shall err from himself, but more frequently shall he be betrayed into error, but while the fault is divided, the penitence shall be his own. Then the truth shall pour in upon him. He shall find that the female cheek may be flushed with unbecoming passions, and that men can walk firmly with a support besides that of virtue. What shall save him from the effects of bitter disappointment, when the world shall unroll it's real page with characters no longer illuminated by romance. Oh, world! be not too severe with him! Be not even strictly just. Bear with his pride, his disdain. These passions will

disappear, and he shall repay you for your forbearance with services that shall extend to your posterity. Yet still I tremble. Fate may arrest him in the gulph. He may fall with no other testimony to his merit, but this prophetic tear of his aged grandfather.

May I presume to hope that the last labours of my life may be beneficial to him. Yes—I will make the experiment, though sometimes my bodily infirmities press heavily upon me, and unfit me for exertion of any kind. However, I will struggle with our general enemy to the last, and contend with him even in retreat.

FRANCIS RUSSELL.

LETTER II.

FROM CHARLES MORTIMER TO MRS. MORTIMER.

I am glad to tell you the holidays begin on Wednesday week. Do not be surprized to see me with a patch over my left eye, but I never was so well or in such spirits in all my life. We had a great battle the other day with our old enemies, and as I was general, I was of course the most exposed. However, we beat them, though they had the advantage of the ground. They had greater numbers too, and if we had not made a march to one side so as to get the sun behind us and in their faces, we might perhaps have come ill off. When I left the field, our army fought just as well under Clifford. Never was a day so completely won, and the farmers all say we are masters of the country. Clifford has promised to spend the holidays with us.

Both my brothers are well and send their love to you and my grandfather. Tell my grandfather I have got him the best stick I ever saw in my life out of the holly under the school window. I am very busy learning my speech for the day before our breaking up. It is Hotspur's description of a fop, for the usher says the patch over my eye will be in character. I thought it best to tell you of our battle, for I know some busy persons or other will be terrifying you with false reports of the dangers we run. I wish you had been here to have seen us however. We drove them before us like a flock of geese. Farewell—my dearest mother—till next week—

CHARLES MORTIMER.

LETTER III.

MRS. MORTIMER TO GEORGE RUSSEL.

According to my promise I must tell you that my dear boys came home the day before yesterday. They all look extremely well, though Charles is obliged to wear a patch over his left eye to cover the effects of a blow he received in one of those odious battles you so much admire. I find he was stunned at the time, and was very unwel for two days after. The little hero was carried lifeless from the field just as the enemy began to run away. But I must not laugh at this custom. If I had not obtained Mr. Menlove's express promise that these contests should be prevented for the future, I should not allow my sons to return to him. They have brought home with them a son of Mr. Clifford's. It is perfectly ridiculous to see how he worships Charles, who is the unconscious receiver of his perpetual homage. As I was remarking this circum-

stance to my father, he faintly exclaimed —" It must, it must be so"—and snatching up his stick, which Charles has brought him, hobbled across the floor to the window, where I perceived the tears stream from his eyes. My father is far from well. I am afraid he has other complaints besides the gout. The boys however have revived him. He has employed himself lately in writing, but I am sure the occupation is too much for him. I am happy to hear him say he will give himself up to his grandchildren and think of his pen no more. " Yet," said he, " it was chiefly for them I took up my pen—well, well, be it so—but what will my brother George say?" Do not, I intreat you, encourage him in exertions beyond his strength. My father has passed a very active life—let him now enjoy repose. Surely he has earned it and deserves it. Charles allows no one to attend his grandfather but himself, and his mother is entirely superseded. I must send the wretch to school that I may be reinstated in my office. You have often observed the likeness between Charles and his grandfather. It is very much increased since last they met. His grandfather's

eye precisely, and that glowing manner in which all the heart is exhibited. That he may resemble him in his life, is the prayer deepest in the bosom of his doating and anxious mother—

SOPHIA MORTIMER.

LETTER IV.

FROM FRANCIS RUSSEL TO GEORGE RUSSEL.

You will smile at the old man of seventy, exerting powers which scarcely deserve that name, and aiming at immortality, when a thousand infirmities too feelingly remind him that he is mortal. No—my day is past: twilight surrounds me and I cannot see to work with such a scanty supply of sunshine. This kind of light, they say, is well suited to reflexion and conversation. I feel it admits of no greater exertions. When I received your first letter, I cannot tell you, perhaps it is better for my character I should not tell you with what eagerness I assented to your persuasions. Innumerable arguments occurred to me, which you seemed to have omitted, and I rushed forward to the task with the foolish ardor of a boy. How you would have laughed to see me forget my gout and make a stride

across the room, filled with the hope that I might still bear my testimony upon those mighty themes, which raise the humblest advocate, upon which in my better days, though many surpassed me in power, I yielded in zeal to none. I seized with eagerness the opportunity of drawing conclusions from the crouded incidents of an active life, and I thought these conclusions might be more impressive, from assuming, as they must have done, "the form of a legacy." The effort was vain. I tried my memory, but to discover that it failed me; my eyes lingered over my page but to perceive its weakness. It is well—it is very well. Truth does not need my recommendation. Its force is irresistible, and it will finally prevail.

Oh England, England! Yet would I serve thee. I would pour out my last prayer, or, if that was denied me, my last sigh for thy welfare. May thy liberties be, like thyself, immovable, in the midst of the jarring elements and the stormy waters! May thy monarch remember that the foundation of his power is the voice of thy people, may thy people remember to blend their respect to the throne, with the spirit

attending the consciousness of their birthright. Justice and mercy be the rules of thy government—simplicity be the characteristic of thy manners—strength and valour be in thy right arm! While thou art impregnable and irresistible, may even thy enemies be compelled to own, that all, which is worth fighting for, or securing, is thine! My country, be not ungrateful to your servants! Judge them with candour and adhere to them with firmness. And should new circumstances occur and events unexampled in history take place, stigmatize them not with ill report, if, while all things change, they remain the same, and prove, that, though the earth may pass away, truth is incorruptible and eternal!

Forgive, my brother, an old man's fervency: hopes and wishes are all that remain to me.

My grandchildren have left me and are returned to school. My former opinion of them is confirmed from all the observations I have been able to make during their stay at home. Charles's talents, I am sure I do not over-rate, and I fear I do not over-rate the dangers he will be exposed to on his first entrance into life from an ardor of

feeling, which, while he will consider it as his best characteristic, will be a source of incalculable and perpetual torment to him. I have perceived many instances of this feeling in the month, the very short month my grandchildren have been with us. It is surprizing to see how immediately on the sight of distress he resigns the overflowing gaiety of his age and melts into tears: not that he thinks tears becoming, for he makes a severe struggle to check them: but they will force their way, in defiance of him, unbidden, unwelcome, though most ornamental guests. During his stay at home, I have been tormented more than usually with my old enemy the gout. We old martyrs to this disorder are apt to announce our sufferings with some distortions of countenance, at which the world, you know, generally laugh. Charles however, whether from his sympathy in distress, or his affection for his poor grandfather, upon these occasions generally honors me with a swimming eye, and for his sake I have forced away many a pang with a laugh, which, without any imputation of effeminacy, might have been well exchanged for a groan.

His acknowledged superiority to all his companions fills me with constant admiration of him, as he seems and is entirely unconscious of the respect that is paid him. This appears the only truth he cannot learn. He and his brothers are now returned to school. Why did not you pay us a visit while they were with us. I made Charles assist in planting some trees, and told him to consider them during his life as his contemporary friends; I wish to attach him to the tranquil pleasures of home, for I find it a continual source of alarm to me, that the time will come when he will want a place of refuge from what he will deem the follies, vices, and indignation of the world. Before that time the grave will have received me in its friendly bosom, and his pleasures and his pains will be alike unknown to me.

FRANCIS RUSSEL.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. MENLOVE TO FRANCIS RUSSEL.

SIR,

I am obliged to write to you on a very painful occasion, but feeling very sensibly the necessity of candour and sincerity in all that relates to your grandchildren, I think it my duty to inform you of the conduct of your eldest grandson, Mr. Charles Mortimer, which almost ever since his return from home has been extraordinary in itself, disrespectful to me, and detrimental to my school. What Horace said upon a different subject, I flatter myself, may be applied to me in the management of my school—" militavi non sine gloriâ"—The word " militavi" is indeed singularly appropriate, for our profession is a constant state of war. With me it has been of late more than usually laborious, and I am under the necessity of informing you that I can no longer indure patiently the repeat-

ed, continued, and aggravated insults Mr. Charles Mortimer is pleased to put upon me. It is true he goes through the regular business of the school, and is always perfect in his lessons, but so far from taking pains to please me, he shews an inclination in all his conduct to violate every regulation I make, and he has so great an ascendancy with the other boys that I am afraid of the consequences of his conduct.

"Ocius omnes
Imperio læti parent ac jussa facessunt." VIRGIL.

So far from consenting to an explanation of his conduct, he seems to think me unworthy of receiving one. I the more regret this alteration in Mr. Charles Mortimer's behaviour, because formerly I considered him as the principal ornament of my school. Perhaps, at your request, he may be induced to explain his conduct, and it is for this reason I venture to request you to exert your great authority with him, that we may escape the danger of rebellion, and he himself be restored to the respectability he formerly enjoyed. I have the honor to remain.

B. MENLOVE.

LETTER VI.

FROM CHARLES MORTIMER TO MRS. MORTIMER.

I am afraid I have treated Mr. Menlove very insolently. I could not help it—I assure you I could not help it, and I can hardly bring myself to feel sorry for it. No—I cannot feel sorry for it. He said what must prevent any man from respecting him, and I can never respect him. The boys say you will take my brothers and me away from his school, but if you wish us to stay with him, as I have told him all I think, and the quarrel is over, I will promise to treat him as the master. As to liking him, that is impossible. My brother Frederic is writing you an account of what has passed, but you must not quite believe all that Fred. writes, for he is always good to me. However I, shall be very sorry if you think Mr. Menlove en-

tirely right—he cannot be right—my grandfather will not think him right. I wish Frederick would let me look over his letter to you, but he refuses and says I am not a fair judge.

CHARLES MORTIMER.

LETTER VII.

FROM FREDERIC MORTIMER TO MRS. MORTIMER.

The boys all say I must write you an account of what has happened between Mr. Menlove and my brother, Charles. They declare they will stand by Charles, though Mr. Menlove should expel them all round. As soon as Charles received my grandfather's letter desiring him to explain to Mr. Menlove the reasons of his behaviour, he desired me to go with him into Mr. Menlove's parlour, for he said he should like to have a witness to all that passed. When we got into the room, Mr. Menlove asked us what brought us there. Charles said he came at the request of his grandfather to tell him the reasons of his conduct. Mr. Menlove said he would flog us first for intruding upon him without being sent for, and then hear Charles at his leisure. My brother said he should not

have come at all, if it had not been at his grandfather's request. Then Mr. Menlove gave him a blow with his cane, which Charles bore without making a wry face, and now, said my brother, will you hear, sir, what at my grandfather's desire I came to tell you. Yes—now I shall be glad to hear, said Mr. Menlove, why you have raised a rebellion in my school. I did not mean to raise a rebellion, and I have learnt my lessons as well as the other boys. But why, sir, said Mr. Menlove, have you tormented me as much as you could? Why, when I ordered the boys not to go beyond the eastern wall, did I always see you walking upon it? Why, when you have learnt your task, as usual, before the rest of your class, will you amuse yourself with drawing caricatures, which I have understood, I assure you? Why did you refuse to repeat your Virgil before my cousin the other day, when, you knew, I particularly wished he might hear you? How dare you, sir, assume that insolent countenance at this very moment when I am talking with you? I'll tell you the reason of all this, sir, said Charles. I heard you the other day in conversation with that cousin of

your's call my grandfather an old scoundrel, and him, who calls my grandfather an old scoundrel, I will hate and despise all my life if I should live for ever—for every body says he is the greatest man that ever was, and Frederic and I know he is the best man that ever was—no—never will I forgive such a name! And now Charles, who had borne many very hard blows from Mr. Menlove without crying at all, wept and sobbed like a baby—" Forgive, you little impertinent coxcomb, cried Mr. Menlove in a rage—I will teach you to use such language to me." If my grandfather was here, said Charles, you would not dare to look him in the face—you may flog me till I die, but while these eyes can see I shall always love and honor him, and always hate the man who abuses him. Mr. Menlove now sprung from his chair in a most furious passion, and beat my poor brother with his cane till the blows were heard over the whole house—Charles who had just been crying before, wiped his eyes and bit his lips, and he did not give one scream or shed a single tear all the time, though he is entirely covered with bruises. And he bids me say he is very

well and in good spirits. But indeed this is not true, for though he does not mind the beating, he is sometimes very low and has quite lost his appetite.

FREDERIC MORTIMER.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MRS. MORTIMER TO GEORGE RUSSELL.

An unfortunate misunderstanding has taken place between Mr. Menlove and Charles. I send you the letters I have received from my two eldest boys, and you will then see how the matter is. Poor Charles! Yet I will not call the affair unfortunate, as it has contributed to elevate him in the opinions of all who know the circumstances. My father on hearing them instantly sent for the three children, by a verbal message or rather command, not condescending, as he said, to write to the wretched pædagogue. He is indeed a miserable creature, and should not be trusted with the moulding and forming such materials as we put into his hands. My father, who declines fast, and is very easily affected, cannot hear the name of Charles without tears, and sometimes when

his beloved grandson is sitting near him, he grasps his hand with a kind of convulsive ardor, while his lips, though silent, seem to move in prayer. Charles in return smooths his pillow, adjusts the cushion which supports his swollen foot, and requests him to relate some story of his youth or his maturer years, when he was engaged with the first men of his age, and perhaps any age, in defending the liberties and the glory of his country. I wish I could describe you a scene between my father and my son, to which I was witness yesterday. My father was relating an anecdote of his life, regarding a great political victory, when in the midst of it, and where it was most interesting and entertaining, he was interrupted by a violent pang from his foot. Charles who was leaning on the back of his chair, let fall his head, like a beautiful flower under a sudden blast, and a tear fell from his cheek on my father's hand. My father instantly turned round, and forgetting all his pains, fixed his eyes upon Charles, with a look more impressive and sublime than I can possibly describe to you. Yes, my boy! he exclaimed, as if unable to restrain the spirit

of prophesy, thine is the heart, and thine the understanding, that shall restore the convulsed world. Under thy councils shall the raging storm subside into peace, and mankind shall bless thee. This chaotic mass of crime, error, and the better principles, shall not for ever struggle ineffectually, and it is for thee and men such as thou shalt be, to be the instruments, by which the ancient and eternal order of the universe shall reassume it's march. So it shall be. I cannot be deceived in thy promise —I shall sink into the grave in peace. My father was now perfectly overcome, and became so much agitated, that we were obliged to carry him to his bed. Charles left him not the whole of the night, and not a glance or motion of my father's escapes him. Let me entreat you to hasten to us, for though my father is again amongst us, his increasing weakness alarms me, and I shall be happier if you are with us.

SOPHIA MORTIMER.

A

BRIEF ANSWER

TO AN

OBJECTION MADE BY

VOLTAIRE,

TO THE

BEGINNING OF THE

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

A BRIEF ANSWER, &c.

VOLTAIRE, in his usual style of sarcastic observation, has fallen without mercy on the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. I shall have occasion, in the course of these volumes, to point out more than one instance of his excessive severity, but perhaps in no case is it more glaring than in that before us. It would be tedious to follow him through the whole play, because the subject will never, under any management, be a favorite one with a modern audience, and because many of his remarks are as minute and uninteresting as they are overcharged and erroneous, but the first part of this tragedy appears to me so happy, that I shall endeavour to vindicate it from the attack of the French critic, and then give a translation, (as far as the end of the first

chorus) which, however feeble, may enable the English reader in some measure to judge for himself. This may be the more useful, as many of our dramatists, both of former and present times, are intolerably careless in the beginning of their tragedies. They would excuse themselves, perhaps, by alledging, that the tumult and noise of the theatre, at the drawing up of the curtain, are such as entirely to drown the voices of the actors, and that it signifies little what is said when nothing can be heard. This poor apology, by which the author seeks a refuge in the errors of others, cannot however extend to the subsequent perusal, and when an individual, or a party, are prepared, by predisposing circumstances and feelings, to fix their attention on a picture of woe or horror, it must somewhat disappoint their views to begin with some light and common place incident, or some low and vulgar expressions. Shakespear, who is frequently very fortunate in the beginnings of his tragedies, as in Macbeth, Henry VI. Richard III. perhaps Hamlet, and others, is singularly otherwise in Othello. Fletcher commences his tragedy of Valentinian, which is loaded

with the horrors of numerous poisonings and other enormities, thus:

> " I never saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,
> No more another woman, no more alter'd
> With any hopes or promises laid to her,
> Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
> Than I am with the motion of my own legs."

There is a modern play of considerable merit entitled the Queen of Scots, the first words of which are—" sure 'tis Lord Herries." What however is most connected with the subject, and affords a curious application of the wish, " oh that mine enemy had written a book" is, that Voltaire's tragedy of Œdipus, to which his severity against Sophocles serves as a preface, begins with the words—

> " Est ce vous, Philoctete?"

Of which the best parallel may perhaps be found in the commencement of our comedy of the Rivals: " *Fag.* What! Thomas! sure 'tis he! What, Thomas, Thomas! *Coachman.* Hey! odds life! Mr. Fag! give us your hand, my old fellow-servant." In Germany the hero has first appeared playing at chess, or with a bottle of wine

in his hands. The Greek tragedians are free from these indecorums.

The scene of the Œdipus of Sophocles lies in Thebes, which is desolated by a pestilence. The play opens with a number of the wretched inhabitants, who, preceded by their priests, carry the signs of their miseries and sufferings. They croud a public square before the temples of Minerva, and probably the palace of the monarch, who by his wisdom and talents had formerly saved the people of Thebes from a calamity as great as that which at present presses upon them. Œdipus comes forth amongst them, and with a salutation, perfectly parental, desires them to relate to him the history of their woes. The priest of Jupiter obeys him, and as the spokesman of the multitude, expatiates on all the horrors of the pestilence—" of which," says Voltaire, making the objection which it is my present purpose to answer, " Œdipus was as well informed as of the name and the quality of the grand priest." True—he was so informed, and in his answer to the priest he tells him so, and it is this very circumstance which constitutes the princely excellence of the monarch's con-

duct. The people too undoubtedly were aware that Œdipus was acquainted with their calamities, but while these calamities continued, it is not the less natural for them to press round the man, who, by his situation and talents, was most able to assist them. How then was the king to act in such a case? Was he to say to his suffering subjects—"I am acquainted with your woes, but I cannot save you—why then do you come to me? I have heard this tale again and again and am tired of it —Why do you trouble me?" Or was he to say what Sophocles puts into his mouth —"Let me hear the story of your misfortunes, relate to me all your griefs—no man amongst you suffers so much as myself—I have not sent a messenger to you, but I am come in person, I, whom you have called the renowned Œdipus." A long narration, in answer to so kind an invitation, would be itself consoling, and the often repeated tale would diminish and assuage the woes it described. Besides, it may fairly be imagined, that in the dreadful mortality which ravaged Thebes, the croud now before him, having been the last attacked, had been kept back by previous sufferers,

and were new comers in the place of those who had already fallen victims. This supposition is entirely unnecessary in defence of the poet, but it may be presumed. Without however any hypothesis whatsoever, it may be asserted that the whole scene is perfectly natural, both on the part of the afflicted people and their wise and compassionate monarch. They naturally repeat to him again and again the history of their calamities, but they cannot repeat it more frequently than he is disposed to hear it. At the time of the commencement of the play he has a particular reason for conversing with them, as he is in hourly expectation of the answer of the oracle, which he has sent to consult, nor does the wretched assembly break up before this answer arrives. All this is admirably managed, and well deserves the applause which was bestowed on it above all the other productions of Sophocles by the Athenians, and which has been continued, wherever the subject has been understood, with the interruption made by Voltaire to this hour.

There are two observations of a minuter nature in the criticism, part of which I am

examining, which must cause a suspicion, that after all his unmitigated severity, Voltaire never read the Œdipus in the original, but drew his knowledge of it from some vile translation. He would insinuate that Sophocles employs no other artifice to discover his persons than to make one say, "I am called Œdipus, so boasted by all the world," and another—"I am the grand priest of Jupiter." Now a literal translation of the words of the poet is this: "My children, I do not think it right to hear of your woes from others, but I am come to you myself, I, who am called by all people the illustrious Œdipus." The spirit of these words I have endeavoured to give in my poetic translation. It would evidently be a great object with a king in the situation of Œdipus to increase the confidence of his people in him by reminding them of his universally acknowledged merits. When a plague rages, there is no time for mock modesty. Besides, however unfavorable such a circumstance may be thought to human nature, it is certainly true, that when we are oppressed with calamity, we always find a little relief in the thought, that our superiors are suffering together

with us, and Sophocles evidently avails himself of this fact, having previously represented Œdipus, as saying, that there was no man so great a sufferer as himself. The second sneer concerning the grand priest is disproved by the slightest glance at the original, and I hope by a reference to the following translation.

Here I might rest my defence of the venerable Grecian. But it is scarcely possible to forego the just pleasure of retaliation, in examining how Voltaire himself has contrived to announce to *his* audience the situation of Thebes, and the circumstances in which the play is to proceed. He introduces the hero Philoctetes, who has just buried his friend Hercules, and who is come from Asia without knowing any thing of the Theban misfortunes. One of his friends of the name of Dimas, meets him, and accosting him, as I have before mentioned, gives him the whole history. Now the absurdity of this contrivance is glaring. Allowing that the account of the pestilence at Thebes might not have travelled to Asia, it is still quite impossible that Philoctetes should not have heard of it on his journey—it is quite impossible

that as he approached the town, which lies far inland, he should not have been warned of the danger of approaching it, and have been informed of those leading circumstances which his friend relates to him. Well indeed might Dimas exclaim,

* Est ce vous Philoctete? en croirai-je mes yeux?

Even if his love for the queen, which is sufficiently cold and uninteresting, and by the bye a complete violation of the author's rule, not to introduce into a tragedy the passion of love as an under-plot, (a rule to which I shall beg to direct the reader's attention hereafter,) if this love might be supposed to make Philoctetes encounter the dangers of the plague, he cannot be imagined ignorant of them. Voltaire's introduction then is unnatural, and it is as poor and jejune as it is unnatural. Even if his cold, matter of-fact criticism on this part of the Œdipus was true, (and merely to call it unfounded is surely to speak very favorably of it) we should still have

* See the various readings.

some compensation in the size and magnitude of the leading incident, and the language it gives birth to. A monarch addressing an afflicted people, and hearing the story of their unprecedented calamities, is at least a picture of some magnificence, but the tavern salutation, with which the French tragedian begins his play, is altogether and in every point of view to be censured. Nor does the dialogue at all improve as it proceeds. Amidst the desolation of the pestilence, who can endure the long conversation of the two friends upon the death of Hercules, and the merely verbal passion of Philoctetes for the queen, not to mention, that of all the heroes of antiquity Philoctetes is the last to be selected as a lover, having been chiefly remarkable for a dreadful and most offensive wound in his foot.

Voltaire's criticisms upon ancient poets, even when they are most just, create a wish that he had impressed upon his mind Cicero's beautiful introduction to his Treatise concerning laws. If we may suppose that the lively Frenchman could have condescended to have acted so mild a part as that

of Quintus,on the occasion before us, we may imagine between him and Sophocles a conversation like this. "*Soph.* Et me hercule, ego me cupio non mendacem putari: sed tamen nonnulli isti, Tite, faciunt imperite, qui in isto periculo, non ut a poeta, sed ut a teste veritatem exigant. *Vol.* Intelligo te alias in historia leges observandas putare, alias in poemate. *Soph.* Quippe cum in illa ad veritatem referantur, in hoc ad delectationem pleraque."

It is unnecessary to remind the reader that as this subject has been handled by almost all the French tragedians except Racine, so we too have our Œdipus. It is a joint production of Dryden and Lee, and has all the defects naturally arising from a partnership, the two members of which had exactly the same faults. It is indeed, so wild both in management of plot and expression, as to be scarcely within the range of criticism. It deserves however to live for the sake of the preface, which doubtless was written by Dryden, and which, like the generality of his prose works, is unrivalled for ease, vivacity, learning, and critical acumen. The reader

will there perceive how favorite a tragedy the Œdipus of Sophocles was in Greece and Rome, and he will possibly find in this fact one reason for the severity and intolerance of Voltaire.

PERSONS.

ŒDIPUS.

PRIEST.

CREON.

Chorus of THEBAN *old men.*

TIRESIAS.

JOCASTA.

MESSENGER.

SERVANT *of* LAIUS.

MESSENGER *who arrives.*

SCENE—*A Public Square before the Temples of Minerva—a number of afflicted People—amongst them the Priest of Jupiter*—ŒDIPUS—*Chorus.*

Œdipus.

YE late descendants of the ancient Cadmus,
By me most lov'd! why sit ye thus around me,
With outstretch'd hands your suppliant branches holding?
The city smokes with countless sacrifice,
And hymns and groans promiscuous strike the ear:
I would not hear your piteous tale from others,
But thus myself attend my childrens' cries,
Nor deem the name of Œdipus degraded:
Then say, old man, for well does speech become
Those lengthen'd years, why sit ye suppliant thus?
What is this object of your fears or wishes?
My soul is your's to yield you every care:
Cold and insensible must be that soul,
Could this sad concourse wake no pity there.

Priest.

King of my country, Œdipus renown'd,
See how your people sit before your altars,
Those who have sped alas! their utmost flight,

These priests (myself am Jove's) with age oppress'd,
Yon band of chosen youths: the rest in crouds
Sit in the public square, the branch outstretch'd,
Or pour their prayers before Minerva's temples,
Or press th' Ismenian God's prophetic hearth:
The city, as you see, reels to and fro,
Able no more to raise its head above
The crimson tide, that earth's fair fruits destroys,
Cuts off the blossom opening into promise,
And spares nor herd, nor e'en the unborn babe:
This desolating pest, this flaming god,
With knotted scourge bends o'er the shrinking state,
And lays the family of Cadmus waste.
The gloomy grave is glutted with our groans.
We then, these children and myself, surround you,
Not as we thought you equal to the gods,
But yet believing you the best to counsel,
In all th' events that through this mortal life
Arise from human actions or divine:
When erst you came to the Cadmean city,
You free'd us from the bleeding tribute paid
The ruthless songster—all untaught by us,
And uninform'd: therefore you bear deserv'd
The character of heavenly inspiration, given
To elevate the sinking commonwealth:
Here then, beloved and royal Œdipus,
Thus lowly prostrate at your feet we fall,
Beseeching you to grant assistance now,

Invok'd from pitying gods, or taught by man:
I mark their counsels flourishing the most,
Who for their guide have sage experience:
Proceed, oh best of men! and save the state,
Proceed and guard us! we have hail'd thee loudly
Saviour of Thebes for thy great service done:
Thy mighty deeds will fade and be forgotten,
If we have stood but afterwards to fall:
Secure from ill the city thou hast sav'd;
Thy glorious auspices restor'd her fortune;
Complete thy work: be equal to thyself:
For who would rule a land made desolate,
An empty waste, untenanted by man?
No tower shall rise, no stately vessel sail,
Where men sink powerless to the silent grave.

Œdipus.

My miserable children, well I know
The object of your prayer—for well I know
The general grief, yet suff'ring as you are,
No man amongst you suffers like myself:
For you but mourn a solitary pang:
Each for himself grieves unconnectedly,
But I lament the state, myself and you:
You have not wak'd me from a bed of sleep:
Trust me your woes have bath'd my eyes with tears,
And urg'd my mind through all the maze of thought:
This self-debate one scheme alone supplies,

And that I execute: Menœceus' son
Creon, my relative, I have dispatch'd
To great Apollo's temple to enquire
What words or acts may save the state from ruin:
And now when I compare the wonted time
Of absence with the period he has past,
I grieve at his delay: the day is gone,
On which the usual messengers return:
But when he comes, most guilty should I be,
In all things did I not obey the god.

Priest.

Wise are your royal words, and on the moment,
Creon's arrival greets my anxious ear.

Œdipus.

Oh king Apollo! may that joyful look
Forebode a fortune that shall save the state.

Priest.

He comes propitious, or he would not bear
The fruitful laurel wreath'd around his brow.

Œdipus.

Hear then and learn: for now my voice can reach him:
King, friend, child of my love, Menœceus' son,
What answer hast thou brought from great Apollo?

Creon.

A favorable answer—for I say
These fell calamities will end in bliss,

Should we conduct them through the path of right!

Œdipus.

What are these words? This is no answer, Creon:
They wake, nor hope, nor fear, within my breast.

Creon.

If thus surrounded you would hear my answer
I am prepar'd to speak: else to retire.

Œdipus.

Speak before all: not for my life, I fear,
But the dread woes of these my suffering subjects.

Creon.

Thus then I give the answer of the god:
Clearly great Phœbus has commanded us
Forth from the land to drive a fell pollution,
And not to hold the inexpiable guilt
In cherish'd love.

Œdipus.

What purifying mode?
And what the crime that urges such commands?

Creon.

'Tis banishment, and paying death for death:
The storm that shakes the city is of blood.

Œdipus.

Whose wretched fate is signified thus darkly?

Creon.

When you assum'd the rule of this our state,
Our sovereign, gracious, king, was royal Laius.

Œdipus.

So 'twas reported: for I never saw him.

Creon.

He fell, and now the oracle commands us
His murderers to pursue with punishment.

Œdipus.

Where shall we find them? what conjecturer
Shall trace a vestige of this ancient crime?

Creon.

Here in this land, the oracle proclaims:
Enquire and find—escape is from neglect.

Œdipus.

In town or country, say, did Laius fall?
Was it a foreign land, disgrac'd so deeply?

Creon.

He went, intending to consult, he said,
The oracle, but reach'd his home no more.

Œdipus.

And was the monstrous deed perform'd unseen
By messenger or follower of his state,
Who now may satisfy our anxious minds?

Creon.

Save one, whom fear gave wings, all victims
fell,

And he, of what he saw, relates alone
One circumstance.

Œdipus.

What circumstance is this?
For this may lead to great discoveries,
Could we but catch a dawning glimpse of hope.

Creon.

'Twas not, he says, a solitary hand
That gave the blow, but numbers were employ'd.

Œdipus.

What ruffian's force had dar'd the monstrous crime,
Unbought, unbrib'd from hence, by rich reward?

Creon.

There were suspicions stirring in the city,
But Laius then was dead and no one car'd
Warmly t' avenge a past calamity.

Œdipus.

When thus the monarch fell, what obstacle
Prevented strict inquiry on his fate?

Creon.

The many-singing Sphinx compell'd regard
To sad events that closely press'd around us,
And these uncertainties neglected were.

Œdipus.

But, step by step, beginning from the first,

I'll bring this dreadful mystery to light:
Most worthy is it Phœbus, worthy you,
To point your cares to vengeance for the dead:
And you shall find in me a warm assistant
To vindicate the country and the god:
Not for remote and distant friends I struggle,
But for myself cleanse off this villainy:
For the same hand that struck great Laius down,
Against my life may raise the fatal point:
Therefore, avenging him, I save myself.
Then rise, my children, from these wretched seats,
And with your suppliant branches haste away:
Let one collect th' assembly of the people:
No effort shall distress my searching power:
For by the god's assistance we will rise,
Or sink for ever in eternal night.

Priest.

Yes—let us rise, my children: we have gain'd
The purpose of our visit in this answer:
And Phœbus, who this prophecy has sent,
Will stretch his saviour arm and grant us health.

Chorus.

Sweet voice divine! what numbers dost thou roll
From golden Python o'er Thebes' lofty tow'r?
I shake with dread: terrors convulse my soul:
Declare oh Pæan! Delian, healing pow'r!
Reflecting on thy high decree,
I tremble for the destiny,
It dooms us now, or slow prepares
Through the silent lapse of years!

Offspring of hope! eternal fame!
The dreaded mystery proclaim!
Immortal Pallas, first invok'd, oh bend
A pitying eye! daughter of Jove, descend,
With sister Dian at thy side,
Whose radiant wheels through æther glide,
And circling rule the globe!
And thou in golden robe,
Far-shooting king! oh healing trinity,
Dispel my woes! oh save me or I die:
If e'er protectors of our state,
You check'd th' avenging bolt of fate,
If e'er amid disasters dire,
You quench'd the wide-consuming fire,
If e'er your heav'nly mercies flow,
Mid this immeasurable woe,
Descend and save me now.
I mark the dying and the dead,
Diseases o'er the people spread,
That with their mighty force defy
The powers of human remedy:
No longer earth's fair blossoms bear
The glorious promise of the year,
No more the mother's cries proclaim
The new-born babe—a rising name!
All, all around me sink in night,
Each heap'd on each, as birds in flight:
Exhausted is th' incessant fire
That idly lights the funeral pyre,
So quick they hasten to the shore
Whose monarch gives them back no more:

Low on the kindred ground they lie,
Unpitied fall, unpitied die:
The wife, the aged matron mourn
The cherish'd object from them torn,
From various altars round me rise
Their deepen'd groans, their suppliant cries:
'Tis lamentation only fills the air,
All is promiscuous—groan, and hymn, and prayer!
Wherefore, oh radiant child of Jove,
Whose eye is majesty and love,
Assistance give! the god of war,
Who, clad in arms more deadly far
Than helm or spear, with piercing cry
Breathes up the fatal fires on high,
Oh drive him back in fell disgrace!
May infamy his progress trace
To where the dripping sea-nymphs spread
Queen Amphitrite's mighty bed;
Or where the wasteful Thracian wave
Faithless presents a wat'ry grave!
What the night spares, the day destroys:
Oh father Jove! whose arm employs
The flaming bolt in deadly fight,
Oh crush him with thy thunder's might!
Lycæan king! with golden bow!
Let thy resistless arrows flow,
Ordain'd to check the torturing power!
And Dian! all thy splendors shower,
Splendors that chace the shades of night,
And gild Lycæan hills with light!

And thee I call, that nam'st our land,
Companion of the raging band!
Purple Bacchus! haste, return!
Come with thy flaming torch, and burn
This fatal god, of hideous name,
This god, whom all the gods disclaim.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD,

COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED.

THE specimen of the translation o
here given to the public, requires some short explanation. Two of our most celebrated and most favoured poets have translated the Iliad. The characteristics of Pope are too well known to demand any criticism. His Iliad is allowed on all sides to be a most splendid poem, but by no means a faithful representation of the Greek poet. He is generally too diffuse, sometimes too concise and flippant, and he veils his thoughts in an elaborate and unfailing pomp of diction which Homer either knew not or disdained. Nor does the bold, rugged, obtrusive sublimity of the father of poetry admit such an eternal sameness of cultivation along it's gigantic headlands and precipices. Of Cowper all men must think with reverence. His merits and his misfortunes are alike interesting.

Perhaps there is no one of our poets who would have translated Homer so well. He is correct, simple, easy, nervous, and often singularly happy in his phraseology. The leading fault of his style is, that his verses run off in too uninterrupted and flowing a manner for Homer. Not seldom however, he aims at the Homeric breaks, but unhappily, and perhaps in justice it must be said, that he exhibits a perverse infelicity in this respect, being rugged where Homer is smooth, and smooth where Homer is rugged. It must be added, that if his smoothness is too often feeble, and his breaks are occasionally misplaced, he sometimes totally fails. Who could imagine that the same man translated the speech of Achilles in the 19th book, when the hero calls the Greeks to council, and the masterly reply of Agamemnon immediately following. The last may be too diffuse, but the former is scarcely English. Now considering the vast excellence of the original work, and also the merits of the two translators just mentioned, may it not be asserted, that the only mode of producing a translation superior to any yet published, would be to collect from Cowper and Pope whatever is

excellent in them, improve each by the other, and translate afresh the parts where neither have succeeded. The objections to such a proposal will I think disappear on a near inspection. No contest with these great poets is intended when they are on the alert, and really put forth their powers. I would not steal from them as a plagiarist —I would do them homage in the face of the world and receive their bounty. The work will not be deficient in uniformity, provided he who is the collector and translator brings the joint labour to the test of the original with industry and diligence. Such a pressure will reduce the whole to a consistency— the parties will appear of the same size, just as by the side of a pyramid men lose their apparent difference of stature. The author, it is true, must descend in some degree to the rank of compiler and collator, but can he have a nobler object in view than to put into the hands of the English reader a fairer representation of Homer than he has yet possessed. Now surely his best mode of accomplishing such a purpose is to mingle in one channel the tributary efforts of his most illustrious predecessors.

The following pages exhibit the attempt here recommended, and should it be thought to fail, others have no reason to be discouraged from pursuing the same plan. Many failures will be necessary to overthrow the position, that when great advances have been already made to any end, the only safe scheme not only for proceeding farther, but even maintaining the ground so gained, must be to commence a new career precisely from that ground. He who would leap forward must go back for a run.

I have chosen the nineteenth book for my present purpose. It is short, and crouded with all the great characteristics of Homer's mind. It peculiarly invites an attempt of this sort, because both Cowper and Pope have in no part of their respective translations been occasionally so inferior to the original. There can scarcely be a more interesting scene in the whole poem than where Achilles makes his first speech in council after his long absence, nor a scene where Homer has better succeeded in describing the sullen majesty of his hero. His reluctant surrender, his recoiling determination, his gloomy delight in the dis-

asters which have proved his superiority, his final resolution, and his concluding menace and sneer against the Trojans, describe his nature with equal brevity and power. But how weak is Pope in this speech, and how intolerably cold, coarse, and unimpressive is Cowper! This is one of the places which require a totally new translation, which I have ventured to give. For the alterations I make, I shall state my reasons in notes, as the best mode of exhibiting in detail the idea I have formed of what would be an improved translation of Homer.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK NINETEENTH.

NOW rosy-vested morn from Ocean's streams
Uprose, illuming mortal and immortal beings:
Then to the fleet she brought the gift divine:
She found her son stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse,
Weeping aloud: around him num'rous friends
Wept also: in the midst the goddess stood,
And grasp'd his hand and call'd him by his name. *
My son, howe'er reluctant, leave we now
Patroclus on the bier, to which the gods
Long since ordain'd him, and, thyself, receive
By Vulcan's skill supplied these glorious arms,
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.
So saying, she plac'd the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.
Awe-struck the myrmidons all turn'd away
Their dazzl'd eyes, and, trembling, fled the place.

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* See notes.

Not so Pelides. He no sooner saw
The gift divine, than in his breast he felt
Redoubl'd wrath: and through his hanging brows
His eyes flash'd fire: delighted, in his hand
He held the glorious bounty of the god;
Then when his soul had feasted on the sight,
These winged words he to his mother spoke:
The god, my mother, hath bestow'd in truth
On me such armour as demanded skill
Like his, surpassing far all pow'r of man.
Now therefore I will arm: but anxious fears
Possess me, lest intrusive flies, mean time
Breed worms within the spear inflicted wounds
Of brave Menætus' son, and taint the dead:
For life is gone, and his whole frame may perish.
Him answer'd Thetis with the silver feet:
My son, let not such thoughts disturb your mind:
Be mine to drive far off the noisome swarms
That on slain warriors feed: and should he lie
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found
Uninjur'd, and it may be, fragrant too:
But thou, to council call the Grecian host,
Renounce thy wrath against the king of men,
And arm for war and clothe thyself in might.
Thus saying, his courageous strength she rous'd:
Then through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

Now by the shore divine Achilles went,
With dreadful shouts, rousing the host of Greece:
Then, even they, who never else were seen
But in the fleet, helmsmen, and those who held
In stewardship the food and public stores,
All flock'd to council, for that now at length
After long abstinence from dread exploits
Of war, Achilles had shone forth again.
Brave Diomed, and the divine Ulysses
Servants of Mars, each leaning on his spear,
Came limping, still oppress'd with grievous wounds:
And at the councils entrance took their seats:
And last came Agamemnon, king of men,
Wounded also: for in dreadful fight
Coon had struck him with the brazen spear:
The Grecians all assembl'd, in the midst
Upstood and spoke Achilles, swift of foot:*
Atrides! better had this been for both,
Both thee and me, when to contend we rose
In soul consuming passion, for a girl:
Would Dian's shaft had slain her in the fleet,
Then when I took and laid Lyrnessus waste:
So many Greeks in battle had not bit
Th' unmeasur'd earth, because I was in wrath:
For Hector and his Troy 'tis well: but long, I think,
The Greeks will recollect our mutual strife:

* See notes.

But evils past resign we, though in grief,
Bending our souls to dire necessity:
And now I cease from anger, for I ought not
For ever and * immovably to rage:
But quickly rouse the long-hair'd Greeks to war,
That I may meet the Trojan bands and try
If at our ships they wish to pass the night:
In transport those will bend their knees, I think,
Who shun my weapon raging through the fight.
He said: the warriour Greeks with rapture hear
High soul'd Pelides thus renounce his wrath.
Then Agamemnon spoke, the king of men,
Spoke as he sat, nor in the council rose.
Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!
Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear:
Even the skilful orator is wrong'd
And hurt by interruption. Who can hear
Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?
Vain the clear rhetoric of the ablest tongue:
I shall address Achilles: you, the rest,
Attend, oh Argives—and mark well my words:
This censure is not new; the Greeks have oft
Condemn'd me thus: yet am I not to blame:
But Jove, and Fate, and she, who roams the shades,
Erynnis, made me furious on that day
In council, when I seiz'd Achilles' prize.

* See notes.

For what could I? all things obey the gods:
Jove's daughter, Atè, most pernicious pow'r,
By whom all suffer, challenges from all
Rev'rence and fear. Delicate are her feet
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
She glides, injurious to the race of man,
Of two, who strive, at least entangling one.
She injur'd, once, almighty Jove himself,
Most excellent of all in earth or heav'n:
Him Juno, although female, craftily
Beguil'd, what time Alcmena should have borne
In bulwark'd Thebes the force of Hercules:
For Jove had vaunted thus to all the gods.
Hear, all ye gods and all ye goddesses,
That I may make my purpose known. This day
The birth-presiding Ilithya brings
An hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That boast my blood, his empire shall extend
Over all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.
To whom thus Juno purposing deceit:
Thou wilt defraud, nor bring this word to pass:
But swear to me, oh Jove, the binding oath,
That who, this day, falls from between the feet
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
Shall rule all kingdoms bord'ring on his own.
She spoke—nor Jove perceiv'd the stratagem,
But swore the mighty oath, and greatly suffer'd.
From the Olympian summit Juno rush'd,
And quickly to Achaian Argos came,
And found the noble wife of Sthenelus,

Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand;
But him the goddess premature produc'd,
And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due:
Then messenger herself, thus Jove address'd:
Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all!
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
Of Perseus: therefore he derives from thee,
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.
She spoke: and anguish deeply struck his heart:
Then seiz'd he Atè by the glossy hair,
Wrathful in soul, and swore the binding oath
That never to Olympus and the stars
The universal mischief should return.
This said, he whirl'd and cast her from the skies:
And soon she mingl'd with the works of men.
He curs'd the fury, when he saw his son
Bend to unseemly toils for Eurystheus.
So also I, when crested Hector slew
The Argives at their ships, mourn'd for the crime
Which Atè first impell'd me to commit.
But since infatuated by the gods
I err'd, behold me ready to appease
With gifts of price immense him I have wrong'd.
Rise to the war thyself and rouse our troops:
Be thine those gifts, which yesterday, from me,
Divine Ulysses promis'd in thy tent:

But, if it please thee, wait, though hot for war,
Till from the ship my people presents bring
To glad thy sight, and satisfy thy soul.*
Him answering spoke Achilles swift of foot:
Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all
In glory! retribution fair and just
By gifts to make me or to make me none—
That rests with thee: now let us haste to battle:
This is no time to wile away the hours:
For yet remains the mighty work undone:
And when you see Achilles in the van
With brazen spear wasting the ranks of Troy,
Mark him—and as he fights, fight also ye.†
To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied:
Nay—valiant as thou art, godlike Achilles,
Urge not Achaia's sons up to the walls
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd:
For long shall be the battle, when engage
The phalanxes, and heav'n both hosts inspires:
Then bid the Achaians at the ships enjoy
Both food and wine: for they are strength and might:
For no man all the day till setting sun
Can destitute of food sustain the war:
For though his soul may pant with warrior-fire,
Yet shall his limbs in secret weary grow,
And thirst and hunger bend his failing knee.

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* See notes. † See notes.

But who with wine and meat is satisfied,
Shall through the day contend with enemies,
Nor shall his brave heart nor his body shrink,
Till all retire and leave the bloody field:
Come then—dismiss the people, with command
That each prepare refreshment: and meantime
Let Agamemnon, king of men, his gifts
Produce in presence of th' assembl'd Greeks,
That all may view them—and thyself rejoice:
Then let him rise among the Greeks and swear,
That spotless as she came, he gives the maid,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his love:
And be your mind to quiet thus restor'd:
Lastly a princely banquet in his tent
Let him prepare, to give thee all amends:
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove
More just to others: for no shame it is
When kings themselves appease whom first they wrong'd.
Thus Agamemnon, king of men, replied:
Son of Laertes, I return thee thanks:
Wise and discreet is all that thou hast said:
This will I swear, for thus my soul exhorts,
And by the gods the oath I take is righteous:
But let Achilles wait, though hot for war,
And wait, all, thus assembl'd, till the gifts
Come from the tent, and oaths of peace are sworn:

To thee I give it in peculiar charge,
That choosing forth the most illustrious youths
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts
From my own ship, and bring the female captives:
And let Talthybius, throughout all the camp
Of the Achaians, seek in haste a boar
For sacrifice to Jove and to the sun.
Him answ'ring spoke Achilles swift of foot:
Atrides! most illustrious! king of men!
Another time will better suit these cares,
When from the war there shall be some repose,
And in my breast my anger less shall burn:
Our friends now strew the field, by Hector slain,
When Jove gave glory to the son of Priam:
But haste: take some refreshment: tho' in truth,
Might I direct, the host should by all means
Unfed to battle, and at set of sun
All sup together, this affront reveng'd:
But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips,
Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet
Turn'd to the vestibule, a mangl'd corse,
And compass'd by my weeping train around.
These things are not my care—my wishes call
For carnage, blood, and agonies, and groans.
Him answ'ring spoke the ever-wise Ulysses:
Achilles! son of Peleus! first of Greeks!
Thou far excell'st, in brandishing the spear,
My feebler pow'rs: but use and age, perchance,
Have given me wisdom far transcending thine:

Then let thy heart with patience hear my words:
Soon are men sated of that fight, in which,
Though steel with plenteous crops may strew the ground,
Small is the harvest, when the scales are turn'd
By Jove, great arbiter of wars to men.
'Tis most unfit that Greece should mourn the dead
With fasting. When such ranks are daily mown
In fight, what respite could our sufferings find?*
'Tis our's to pay the dead their obsequies,
With minds collected, having mourn'd a day:
Let those who scape the ruin of the field
Think on their food again, and thus be strong
To wage continued battle with the foes
In vests of stubborn steel: no other summons
Let any soldier of the host require.
For evil shall this summons prove to him
Who lurks among the ships: impetuous now
Bear we on Troy the iron storm of war.
So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious chief,
He chose, with Meges, Phyleus' noble son,
Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus,
And Lycomedes: they together sought
The tent of Agamemnon, son of Atreus:
They ask'd and they receiv'd: at once were brought
The seven promis'd tripods from the tent,

* See notes.

Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high mettl'd steeds,
Seven spotless women, skilful at the web,
Briseis last, in beauty's freshest bloom.
Ten golden talents then Ulysses number'd,
And led the Grecian youths that bore the gifts:
Full in the midst they plac'd them: then arose
King Agamemnon; and beside the king,
His herald, loud in utterance as a god,
Talthybius, standing, held the victim boar:
Atrides, drawing forth his knife, which hung
Always attach'd to his huge faulchion's sheath,
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,
A previous off'ring: next, with lifted hands
To Jove he pray'd: while all around the Greeks
Sat silent, list'ning to the monarch's voice:
He look'd to the wide heav'n, and thus he pray'd.*

First witness Jove! best and supreme of Gods!
And earth and sun! and the infernal fiends
Who vengeance hurl on human perjuries!
Untouch'd by me the fair Briseis stands,
Unconscious of my love or mean employ:
Sacred her person in my tent was held:
If this be false, ye gods, pour down your griefs,
Prepar'd for those who swear but to deceive:
So saying, he pierc'd the victim in his throat,
And whirling him around, into the deep

* See notes.

Talthybius cast him to be fishes' food:
Then spoke Achilles to the warlike Greeks.
Jove! father, greatly thou afflict'st mankind!
Not else Atrides had so rous'd my soul
With piercing wrath, nor forc'd from me the maid
Against my will: but inauspicious Jove
Design'd that many of the Greeks should die:
Now take your food—and then collect the war.*
So saying, he dissolv'd the hasty council:
Dispers'd they went, each Grecian to his ship.
The valiant Myrmidons toil with the gifts
And bear them to divine Achilles' ship:
They place them in the tent and seat the captives:
His noble train to pasture drive the steeds:
Briseis then, resembling golden Venus
When she beheld Patroclus' mangl'd corse,
Infolding him around, shriek'd loud, and tore
Her bosom, her smooth neck, and beauteous cheeks:
Then thus divinely fair, with tears she said:
Patroclus, in my woes my dearest friend,
Living I saw you, when I left the tent,
And now I find you dead, leader of men,
At my return—from ill to ill I plunge:
The man, to whom my honor'd parents gave me,
I saw before the town fall by the spear:
Three brothers, whom my mother bless'd me with,

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* See notes.

How dearly lov'd, have found the fatal hour:
But when the swift Achilles slew my husband,
Wasting the town of Mynes the divine,
You check'd my tears, and said that I should be,
As virgin bride of Peleus' godlike son,
That you would take me in the ships to Pthia,
And mid his Myrmidons perform the rites:
Thee therefore always kind, I ever mourn.
She spoke in tears, her sister-captives wept,
In shew, Patroclus, but in truth themselves:
Around him gather'd then the Grecian chiefs,
Praying him to eat—but he with groans refus'd:
I pray—if my dear friends I may persuade,
Exhort me not to satisfy my heart
With food—for I am torn with dreadful anguish:
And till the sun goes down, I will abstain.
Thus speaking, he the other chiefs dismiss'd:
But the two sons of Atreus, and Ulysses,
Nestor, Idomeneus, and aged Phœnix,
Still tried to soothe him: his afflicted soul
All soothing scorn'd till he should once again
Rush on the rav'ning edge of bloody war:
Then stung with sad remembrance, thus he said:
Thou too, for me, most hapless, best-lov'd friend,
Hast in my tent the mirthful table spread,
With speed and care, when the Achaians panted
On Trojan ranks to pour the fatal war:*

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* See notes.

Now art thou cold and prostrate: but my heart
Shall fast untempted mid surrounding food,
Mourning for thee: no worse ill can I suffer:
Tho' the news reach me of my father's death,
Who now in Pthia sheds the tender tear,
Regretting such a son: who far remote
Fights for detested Helen under Troy:
Nor even were he dead, whom, if he lives,
In Scyros I support, my darling son,
My Neoptolemus, of form divine:
My mind with pleasing hopes my bosom fill'd,
That I alone, from Argos far, should die,
Here on this spot: but thou to Pthia go,
With a swift ship to bring my son for me
From Scyros, and to shew him all my state,
My wealth, my servants, and my stately dome:
For Peleus, I believe, is dead already,
Or yet a little while shall live in pain,
And miserable age, expecting ever
The dreadful tidings, that I am no more.
Weeping he spoke—the chiefs responsive groan'd:
Each man rememb'ring what he left at home:
Jove, with compassion mov'd, their sorrow saw,
And to Minerva spoke these winged words:
Daughter, abandon'st thou that noble chief?
And is Achilles banish'd from thy mind?
Lo! where he sits before his gallant fleet,
Lamenting his slain friend! the other Greeks
Eat and are satisfied—he only fasts.

Go then—and nectar with ambrosial sweets
Pour in his breast, that hunger may not come.
So saying, he urg'd Minerva prompt before:
In form a shrill-voic'd harpy of broad wing,
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks,
In all their camp, for instant battle arm'd:
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
Of strength thro' abstinence, then soar'd again
To her great sire's unperishing abode.
And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet
All pour'd themselves abroad: as when the snow,
Descending thick from Jove, is driv'n by gusts
Of the clear-blowing north, so smil'd the field
With dazzling casques, boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong,
And polish'd weapons issuing from the fleet:
Up went the flash to heav'n: wide all around
The champaign laugh'd with beamy brass illum'd,
And tramplings of the warriors on all sides
Resounded—amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; fire glimmer'd in his eyes;
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
And fury against Troy, while he put on
His glorious arms, the labour of a god.
First to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
Studded with silver, then, his corslet bright
Brac'd to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.

Such as to mariners, a fire appears,
Kindl'd by shepherds on the distant top
Of some lone hill: they, driv'n by stormy winds,
Reluctant roam far off the fishy deep:
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
A lustre struck the skies; his pond'rous helm
He lifted to his brows; star-like it shone,
And shook it's curling crest of bushy gold,
Consummate work of Vulcan's glorious art:
So clad, the godlike hero trial made,
If his arms fitted him and gave free scope
To his proportion'd limbs: they were as wings,
And high upbore the shepherd of the people:
Forth from it's case he drew his father's spear,
Heavy, and huge, and long: that spear of all
Achaia's sons, none else had pow'r to wield:
Achilles only could the Pelian beam
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
From Pelion's top, for slaughter of the brave.
His coursers next Automedon prepar'd,
And Alcimus, adjusting with dispatch
The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits
Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat
Extended and made fast the reins behind.
Then grasp'd Automedon the splendid scourge,
Commodious to his hand, and seiz'd at once
His place: behind on high Achilles rose
All bright in arms, like the meridian sun:
Then awfully address'd his father's steeds.*

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* See notes.

Xanthus and Balius, fam'd, Podarges' blood!
Not so, beware, you render back your chief
To join the Greeks, when we shall cease from war:
Not, as you left Patroclus, leave him dead.
Him answer'd from the yoke the matchless steed
Xanthus, bowing his head, while all his mane
Descended by the yoke and swept the ground:
For then the white-arm'd Juno gave him voice.
Yes—now we shall preserve thee, stormy chief:
But near thy fate approaches, nor are we
To blame, but the great god and mighty fate:
For not through sloth and tardiness in us
The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms,
But that best god, fair-hair'd Latona's son,
In the van slew him, and gave Hector glory.
But tho' we match'd the blast of Zephyrus,
Esteem'd the swiftest of all winds, yet thou
Shalt meet thy fate, by god and man subdu'd.
The interposing furies at that word
Suppress his utt'rance—and indignant, thus,
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.
Xanthus, why prophecy my death? thou ought'st not!
Full well I know I am to perish here,
Remote from my lov'd parents: but howe'er
Not till I glut the Trojans with the war.
He spoke, and, shouting, drove into the van.*

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* See notes.

NOTES.

Line 1—7. I have given a new translation of these lines, for the reason before mentioned. If the reader will compare Cowper with the Greek, he will perceive that our English poet's verses want breaks to resemble Homer. I have tried to remedy this fault. In many places I have given a new version, because Cowper has been most unnecessarily diffuse. Thus a little farther on the lines.

αυταρ ο Ϛη παρα θινα θαλασσης διος Αχιλλευς,
σμερδαλεα ιαχων, ωρσεν δ' ηρωας Αχαιους·

Cowper translates

And now forth went Achilles by the side
Of ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To council all the heroes of the host:

I have given Homer's lines almost word for word in the same number as the original.—45—46.

Again the lines 74—75 in Homer,

ως εφαθ'. οι δ εχαρησαν ευκνημιδες Αχαιοι
μηνιν απειποντος μεγαθυμου Πηλειωνος·

Cowper translates.

He ended—and the dauntless Grecians all
Rejoic'd that Peleus' mighty son had cast
His wrath aside.

Is there not a little poetic extravagance in the diction here? I have chosen Wakefield's translation a little altered, to make it quite literal.—Line 80—81. I shall take this opportunity of observing, that in translating Homer and Virgil, I have often found the English line fall precisely, or very nearly, word for word,

into the track of the Greek or Latin. Thus the first line of this book

ηως μεν κροκοπεπλος απ ωκεανοιο ροαων

is translated—" now rosy-vested morn from ocean's streams: ' The line just above—σμερδαλεα ιαχων, ωρσεν δ'ηρωας Αχαιους Becomes—" With dreadful shouts rousing the valiant Greeks."

ος δε κ'ανηρ οινοιο κορεσσαμενος και εδωδης

But who with wine is satisfied and meat:

Ξανθε τε και Βαλιε τηλεκλυτα τεκνα Ποδαργης

Xanthus and Balius, fam'd, Podarge's blood:

Αλλως δη φραζεσθε σαωσεμεν ηνιοχηα

Not so.beware you render back your chief:

Αψ Δαναων ες ομιλον, οπως χ'εωμεν πολεμοιο

To join the Greeks when we shall cease from war:

I could multiply instances both from Homer and Virgil, and it seems necessary to insist upon the propriety of regarding even words, and their order, in translating ancient authors, more than is customary. The licence of the translator should be diminished. If in former times the spirit was sacrificed to words, it by no means follows that now the translator is to use rashly the mastery acquired over language by many ages of labour, and that having just caught the meaning of the original, he is to shut the book and give that meaning as he pleases. The truth is, the translator cannot represent the spirit of an author without acquiring his style. If the latter is bold and rugged, the former must be bold and rugged: if the latter is concise and laboured, the former must be so too. It may be painful to the translator, when he is warmed with the ideas of his author, not to be allowed to exhibit them in his own way—but this is the point to be accomplished—he is not master of his art, till this point is accomplished. Otherwise whatever may be his other excellencies, he is in the situation of a dancer, who, however remarkable for his activity and his grace, has no notion of time. It appears to me that with great care the English blank verse will be found to square almost perfectly with the Greek and Latin hexameter. Word for word is not indeed material, and the harmony might suffer in such an

attempt, but line for line is extremely desirable, and should be seldom dispensed with. I must observe however, that, as far as my short and unimportant experience goes, this close agreement of the Latin or Greek line with the English, will not be found without the frequent use of the spondee or rather trochee at the close of the latter. I have not scrupled to adopt this resource, because it has always seemed to me to improve the harmony of our blank verse. It may certainly be used too frequently, but I would never fly from it, with the sacrifice of a better word, or an idea more exactly similar to the original.

L. 53—61. Both Pope and Cowper are sadly too flippant here. The wounded heroes did not get to the council so fast. The three lines 54, 55, 56, are Mr. Wakefield's, whose edition of Pope's Homer is to me one of the most attractive books I ever read—it is so full of literary enthusiasm and gossip.

L. 158. "Immovably"—The Greek word ασκελιως furnishes a happy instance of the force of the Greek language, its derivatives signifying *without legs*, and means not a disinclination only but an absolute incapacity to move.

L. 74. Wakefield is alarmed lest the reader should condemn Homer in his speech. The poet seems to me peculiarly to be admired. Agamemnon feels that he must give way. His peevishness at the beginning displays a proud mind in such circumstances. He then solaces himself, and endeavours to engage the attention of his audience by a long speech, in which he takes shelter under the example of Jupiter, and which is far more to the purpose than long speeches usually are. Besides, the story he tells is sufficiently entertaining.

L. 165—168. Cowper is unhappy here. "Achilles must go forth." This is more like the speech of ancient Pistol than a real warrior, however conscious of his superior prowess. The original has nothing like it. I notice this, because in translating Homer, it is most necessary to guard against any addition to the character of Achilles. The mighty genius of Homer, with a dexterity peculiar to him, has just stopped on this side burlesque, and perilous is the edge on which the trans-

lator has to walk. Cowper however, atones for a momentary error by his noble line immediately following.

" Mark him—and as he fights, fight also ye."

It will not be out of place to remark here, that, though Dryden seems to have thought himself peculiarly qualified to translate Homer, it is extremely dubious whether he would have succeeded. He certainly would not have been tame or feeble, but he would probably have distorted the character of Achilles into a perfect caricature. The specimen he has left us strengthens this probability, and as the chief excellence of the original consists in the delineation of character, the master-art of Homer would have been but splendidly sacrificed. The truth is, Dryden was not made to follow but to lead others: he had nothing of the " proud submission, the dignified obedience" necessary to a translator—and it was probably the narrowness of his circumstances only, which ever engaged him in works so foreign to his disposition.

L. 233—244. These literal and elegant lines are Wakefield's, who has translated the whole of this Speech in a manner superior to Cowper's version in this place. The two lines however,

αλλα χρη τον μεν καταθαπτειν ος κε θανησι,
ηλια θυμον εχοντας, επ ημαρι δακρυσαντας·

he has unaccountably omitted. I have endeavoured to supply this defect. The conclusion is from a collation of Cowper, Wakefield, and the original, by which means I have been able to correct a redundancy.

L. 268—278. Cowper is almost always extremely happy in translating those parts of Homer which describe inferior actions. We have an instance in these lines, which are equally distant from bombast and meanness. It is the humbler part of the sacrifice, but the scene is laid before the monarch and the host of Greece.

L. 290—296. I have endeavoured to give this speech of Achilles more concisely, literally, and characteristically, than Cowper. How admirable is the original! After all the

speeches, and presents, and sacrifices, the son of Peleus recurs to the ancient grievance, even the beginning of it, and in the way most soothing to his own pride and most galling to Agamemnon. One cannot help exclaiming—" Rest, rest, perturbed spirit—think of thy country, thy slaughtered friend, thy great fame—all thou hast done, and all that is expected from thee, and be as magnanimous as thou art strong and brave." It will be allowable here to observe a most extraordinary criticism of Voltaire, where, in his essay on epic poetry, he prefers Tasso's Rinaldo to Homer's Achilles. " La Jerusalem," he says, " paraît, a quelques égards, être d'après l'Iliade: mais si Renaud est une copie d'Achille et Godefroi d'Agamemnon, j'ose dire que le Tasse a été bien au delà de son modele. Ses héros ont tous des caracteres differens, comme ceux de l'Iliade; mais ses caracteres sont mieux annoncés, plus fortement décrits et mieux soutenus." Any man at all conversant with Voltaire's writings will not be easily surprised by his remarks, but still, after comparing the character of Rinaldo with that of Achilles, some wonder may be permitted to escape him on being told, that the former is better sustained than the latter. All men know the character of Achilles—every feeling he possesses is excessive—he has no passion that does not belong to greatness—he rests solely on himself—he cannot be daunted, he cannot be bribed, he cannot be persuaded, he cannot be overawed. Now what is the character of Rinaldo? What do we know of him in the Jerusalem delivered? He kills a fellow warrior who insults him, and he flies from trial. After an act of service to his fellow christians at a distance, he becomes the victim of an enchantress, with whom he lives in the midst of the most enervating voluptuousness. He is sent for by the leader of the Crusaders, returns, acknowledges his fault, and expresses his hope that he shall atone for it by his future conduct. He then performs wonders in the field, and brings the war to a successful issue. Surely however mere vigour of arm is no very distinguishing characteristic, and it appears to me, that so far

from the character of Rinaldo being well sustained, the leading fault of the Jerusalem delivered consists in the hero, on whom depends the fate of the enterprize, having no character at all. Tasso has certainly imitated Homer, and has proved, that the Grecian bard is as high in excellence as distant in time. We may extend the same remark to all the heros in the Christian cause. In what respect does Godfrey differ from Tancred or Raymond, except that Tancred happens to fall in love, and Raymond to be of greater age? How does Rinaldo vary from any of them, but by the commission of one rash act, of which he repents, and which perhaps a similar provocation would have occasioned in them? Not so the errors or virtues of Achilles. He confesses no fault, he is no fugitive from justice, he bends under no enchantment—when he comes forth, he is the sovereign, not the suppliant. Achilles acts, Rinaldo suffers, the former is all cause, the latter all effect, the former all agent, the latter all creature. It may be doubted whether Rinaldo's character, feebly as it is drawn, is even consistent, and whether his vast military prowess is natural to such meekness and contrition as he manifests for a fault, which is certainly at least that of a soldier. However, to prefer Tasso to Homer in this particular, is truly astonishing even in an author, whose rule of writing seems to be to produce effect, consistently with truth if he can, but at any rate to produce effect. The Jerusalem Delivered is undoubtedly a most attractive poem. The mixture of male and female warriors gives birth to all kinds of romantic incidents, and the gothic machinery of enchantment is more beautiful than that the ancients could employ. It has also much merit of a higher class, but still to prefer it to Homer or Virgil can belong only to such taste as would deem one of our modern melo-dramas a more valuable composition than a regular tragedy, or a pantomime, than such a comedy as the School for Scandal. All this however is as it should be, for the fame of Milton and Shakespeare (the former of whom Voltaire calls a gloomy fanatic, and the latter a drunken savage,) will scarcely languish irrecoverably under

the displeasure of a critic, who thinks the character of Rinaldo more interesting and better sustained than that of Achilles.

L. 342.

τρωσιν ιφ ιπποδαμοισι φερειν πολυδακρυν αρηα·

literally thus—"against horse-breaking Troy to hurl sad war:" But I dare not venture the horse-breaking.

L. 382—429. Cowper in the arming of Achilles has the felicity no man but a genuine poet could have. There is, I think, a short exception which I have endeavoured to correct, and a feeble redundancy in the last six lines, upon which also I have ventured to lay my hand. He has scarcely given the word κορυσσαμενος sufficient strength, and, I apprehend, *orient*, is an erroneous translation of υπερτιονος. Perhaps Homer thought the orient sun hardly bright enough for Achilles in arms.

L. 455. The reader will observe by a comparison of my adventurous attempt with Cowper's version, that I have cut off more than fifty lines—Cowper being 508 lines—my translation 455—the original 424. If I shall be found to have given the original as fully as Cowper and with equal harmony, I have gained one advantage. I cannot help repeating my belief that with due labour and discipline, a patient struggle with the difficulties of the task, a vigorous application of our language to the Greek, I will not say, word for word (because harmony must be consulted) but line for line, a determination to admit no line without wrestling hard to make it tally with its corresponding one in the original, that so taking advantage of the materials already possessed in the versions of Pope and Cowper, a man of moderate power and capacity may now produce a translation of Homer, which shall prove a lasting service to England, and wherever the English language is known. It will moreover be a consolation to him, who has failed in such an attempt, that in making it he has gone through a labour calculated above all others to give him a concise and vigorous mode of expressing his thoughts, whether in speaking or writ-

ing, whether in prose or verse. Indeed it is a question whether such an exercise might not be introduced into our schools with great advantage. Homer and Virgil might thus contribute as much to make orators and writers as Demosthenes and Cicero.

IMITATIONS

OF A FEW OF THE

ODES OF HORACE,

WITH PREVIOUS

OBSERVATIONS.

IMITATIONS

OF

ODES OF HORACE.

THE distinguishing and most valuable characteristic of Horace, considered as a lyric author, consists perhaps in this, that he is the poet of life. He does not, like Cowley, labour out thoughts, themselves too distant and obscure, into painful and evanescent subtilty; nor, like Gray, placing ideal persons in ideal situations, give them the language which such persons so situated might have used; nor, like Dryden and Collins, does he hurry us through the extremes of the passions; but his sentiments are obvious, his morality practical, his events either historical or contemporary, his persons, his friends, or the eminent men of past or his own times. In his familiar,

convivial, and pathetic odes, this characteristic must be expected from any author of acknowledged merit, but it is equally striking in those where he aims at the sublimer objects of lyric composition. I will take two instances the better to exemplify my meaning. Certainly in general a reader would seldom be in greater pain for the success of his author, than where he finds the latter comparing himself to a bird of an unusual vigour of wing. Horace, in that affectionate address to Mæcenas, where he declares he will not outlive his patron and friend, begins his ode with such a comparison. Now it is truly admirable to perceive how he blends facts and nature with so bold an image. This white and double-formed bird soars over regions accurately described, over the *groaning* Bosphorus and the plains of the north; it is seen by the Dacians, *remarkable for dissembling their dread of the Italian cohorts;* by the *most remote* of all people, the Geloni, by the *learned* Iberians, and those who *drink the waters of the Rhone.* In a short ode of six stanzas, which seemed to promise only a warm expression of affection, we obtain geographical and national knowledge. The

other instance I shall adduce may be found in that singularly happy effort of the poet's genius, in which he celebrates Drusus. After comparing his hero to the bird, the minister of Jove's thunder, or to the young lion, just weaned from it's dam, such he says has Drusus appeared to the Vindelici under the Alps. He then with most beautiful art introduces a remarkable fact, that these Vindelici are armed with the Amazonian axe. Not staying to inquire, as he tells us, into the origin of this custom, he passes rapidly on through a felicitous compliment to Augustus, to some wise reflexions upon the utility of education grafted on noble birth. This leads him back to his hero, and having represented Hannibal confessing the irresistible power of Rome, he concludes with a panegyric upon the services of the Claudian family, of which Drusus was the great ornament.

The style of Horace it is difficult to praise beyond it's merit. Unencumbered by epithets and metaphors, free from prettyisms and puerilities, concise, clear, and appropriate, he charms and fixes the attention by a grave and weighty simplicity, or an unforced and playful gaiety.

We have indeed two lyric compositions in our language, which for felicity of expression, natural and beautiful description, historical or fabulous allusions and illustrations, multiplicity of topic and rapidity of transition, may be fairly put on a level with any of the most admired productions of antiquity; but as writings after the Horatian model, these productions, the "Il Allegro," and the "Il Penseroso," of Milton stand, I believe, alone amongst us, as they certainly stand unrivalled.

Of a writer of such various and exalted merit as Horace, I am aware how much I require indulgence to the following few imitations. Yet I shall perhaps appear to forfeit this claim by making some observations on the present state of our lyric poetry, under which title must be included all the productions called odes, songs, effusions (or whatever other names have been used by modern ingenuity) which are constantly issuing from the press. Against these, with a very few exceptions, too much indignation cannot be expressed. If, as we are told, and as we may learn from the great establisher of the lyric art, Pindar, its original purpose was

to hymn the praises of the gods, celebrate the actions of heroes and demi-gods, or inculcate the great precepts of a strenuous, vigorous, and courageous morality; and if a highly esteemed Latin author is justified in recommending the lyric poets as proper for the perusal and discipline of young orators, we must surely lament that this style of composition should be now so degenerated as to retain no features of it's high extraction, and no possibility of application to such great objects. Ghosts and apparitions, affected and unnatural sentiments, which never existed but in the morbid heart of the author, and perhaps not even there, indecencies without passion, familiarity without friendship, and jollity without mirth, characterize the productions which have fairly beaten from the field the taste of Pindar, Horace, and Milton. It would require more, much more than the satiric pen of him whose name adorns and reproaches my page, to rouse the people of England to a sense of the danger arising from the puerilities, or the worse than puerilities, that, under the sacred name of poetry, are daily and hourly given to the world. They poison the public mind.

They follow life through all it's minutest details. They are intended for the hours of unguarded relaxation. On the toilette, the tea-table, in the walk, by the fire-side, in the town, in the country, these mischievous duodecimos continually haunt us, with shining paper, ample margins, and clear types; while nature is displaced by monsters, the affections are perverted, the sentiments are sickly, and the indecencies only disguised to be recommended.

Let it not be thought that the intellectual dimensions of the authors of these productions are too small to excite alarm. A disease, not mortal, may cast a gloom over existence. A hurricane only may destroy, but the everlasting hum and sting of a swarm of Mosquitos may render life a burden. No reflecting man, I believe, has not perceived how much conversation and manners have suffered from the constant intrusion of literary insipidities and poetic affectations. The influence of these is peculiarly destructive as being directed chiefly to the other sex. Men, when they wander from life, are soon called back by it's business, but women, who are the appointed guardians of the manners and affections,

have leisure to receive and encourage the poison, and charms to spread it over the earth. Puerility is never innocent but in children. It is that dissipation of maturer minds which leads to crime. Sentiments overcharged and refined fall back into grossness, and those who fancy themselves above nature to-day, will probably soon sink below it. Hence those who are capable of the most splendid exertions are sometimes degraded by their conduct, and hence the glitter of sentiment is too often attended with real profligacy.

We may consign supernatural horrors to children and their nurses, but if the elaborate nothings of some authors deserve so heavy a censure, how much deeper must be the accusation against those who avail themselves of certain of the lower requisites of poetry, to divest the affections of their natural degree of real and unquestionable purity. They do not attempt to refine the gross, but they lower the better feelings. There is a class of sensations which all polished nations agree to bury in obscurity, but these authors would decorate such sensations with a new, unheard-of, and most inappropriate splendor, and make them the

open and only currency of life. Whatever may be the intentions of the writers I allude to, I am sure I have the concurrence of every correct and manly mind, as well as of every real voluptuary, when I conjure them no longer to spin the affections into unprofitable and noxious webs, or to exhibit themselves as pandars to superannuated and incipient passion. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

While the lyric poetry of Horace and the Æneid of Virgil remain, as they are, shut out from the English eye, a better employment may be found than in this mischievous originality. Let not poetry concur with so many other causes to accelerate the downfal of a country which can boast of a Milton or a Pope. Let not that great, that primeval art, which has stimulated the warrior to deeds it afterwards immortalized, which has given to virtue a steadier energy by conferring rewards upon it's failures, to devotion a keener rapture by throwing a warmer glow on the representations of hope, which has sanctified public and embellished private life, in it's infancy so majestic, in it's maturity at once so lovely and so profitable, now, at last, with

a disastrous redemption of all service, communicate round it a disgraceful and withering decrepitude.

> Tuque, prior, tu parce! genus qui ducis Olympo,
> Projice tela manu.

BOOK I. ODE I.

WRITTEN, NOVEMBER, 1802.

To Lord Henry Petty.

PETTY, in whom concenter'd shine
The virtues of a noble line,
My proudest boast, my honor'd friend,
Till life with all it's pride shall end:
There are who joy in war's alarms,
The cannon's roar, the din of arms;
With laurell'd brows they soar on high,
And vict'ry lifts them to the sky:
He, whom the fickle people raise
Exults in their eternal praise,
And as he glides in lofty chair,
Madly forgets who plac'd him there:
More peaceful he in legal state
Decides the shiv'ring client's fate,
And loudly prodigal of law
Asserts the right, detects the flaw:
Others immers'd in vulgar toil,
Laborious waste the midnight oil,
And tremble at uncertain storms
And ev'ry cloud that heav'n deforms,

To add one thousand to a store
Too great for human wants before:
Through winter's cold the huntsman bounds
And leaves his tender wife for hounds,
Should woodman shew the fox to trace,
Or Windsor yield a nobler chase:
Him his paternal acres charm,
And the bland labours of his farm,
Contented with a frugal board,
He runs no chance, he wants no hoard:
On fashion's gilded current swim
A summer-croud, the sport of whim,
Or deem on earth the noblest prize
A soften'd glance from Laura's eyes:
You in the senate take your stand
Amid the small illustrious band,
Who yet corruption's offers brave,
Who curse the tyrant, free the slave,
Defeat the factious statesman's will,
And bid a warring world be still:
For me, exempt from passion's woes,
Where'er the beach it's branches throws,
By lucid stream, whose moisture feeds
Of southern climes the verdant meads,
I roam, and fancy at my side
Points where the bashful wood-nymphs glide;
Or leads to learning's fane along,
Or bids me raise the poet's song:
Oh grant me but the lyric prize,
I soar and mingle with the skies!

BOOK IV. ODE XV.

WRITTEN, DECEMBER, 1802.

OF martial feats I wish'd to sing,
Of captur'd towns: but not a string
Would sound, and then the muse, in glee,
Bid me not venture out to sea:
Oh Fox! thy manly eloquence,
That rolls thy mighty depths of sense,
From patriot breasts has banish'd far,
Vain fears, the source of endless war:
And now the merchant trusts the gale,
And ev'ry port receives his sail,
Nor mart defective shades with gloom
The splendors of the varied loom:
By arts like these our Empire grew,
No bounds her spreading glory knew;
United, free from home alarms
In peace: invincible in arms:
Oh Fox! wert thou our guide, no more
Should civil faction scourge our shore,
Nor false religion malice feed,
Nor man be tortur'd for his creed;
Th' Hibernian free from wrath or fear,
Should find his faith a solace clear,
At hurling all his strength display,
Or dance the livelong holiday:

While far o'er Ganges' golden wave,
Thy vigorous arm should stretch to save,
Nor should the royal Indian mourn
His parent slain, his purple torn:
And then in all the pride of leisure,
No cares to interrupt the pleasure,
Quick through the laughing ring should flow,
Wine bottl'd twice three years ago.
Of ancient legends would we chat,
How at round-table Arthur sat,
And how the fates forbad to die
The noblest pride of chivalry:
Or deeper yet in story trace
Our ancestors of Trojan race,
And tell with patriotic joy
How London rose a second Troy:
Or how the fifty virgin wives
Cut off their Grecian husbands' lives,
(Save one whose splendid falsehood shed
Protection on her bridal bed,)
And sailing then to British ground,
A giant brood to marry found,
That hence the mighty warrior came,
The heart of oak, the sword of flame.

BOOK III. ODE I.

THE vulgar croud I hate, I fear:
Be silent, pray: another hear:
I who have serv'd the muses long,
Will tell you truths unknown in song,
And either sex and every age
Shall draw a moral from my page:
To monarchs man obedience brings,
O'er monarchs rules the king of kings,
From heav'n who faithless angels hurl'd,
Who with a nod directs the world:
How various men! some buy, some sell,
The trees he plants his heir shall fell,
One trusts to noble birth for fame,
Here glory breathes a genuine flame,
This party rules: from the first hour
All own alike th' almighty power,
The noiseless round pursuing still
Of destiny's eternal wheel:
Above whose head a slender hair
Suspends the vengeful sword in air,
Tasteless to him the Gallic art,
Elaborately tops it's part,
No music lulls his fev'rish brain,
The lute, the nightingale, how vain!
To lowliest cot soft sleep shall fly,
And light upon the labourer's eye,

Or steal along the shady vale,
Where streamlet murmurs to the gale:
Ask but enough—to you 'tis giv'n
Careless to mark the stormy heav'n:
No baleful constellations shed
Disasters on your humble head:
What tho' the tempests blast the earth,
And chilling vegetation's birth,
The produce of the year destroy,
You have enough—enough enjoy:
See the proud mole's intruding sweep,
Confines the monsters of the deep:
Behold the great projector stand,
The sovereign of the sea and land;
Loads after loads the work encrease:
But say is that man's mind at peace?
Passion may still his bosom tear,
" Disdainful anger, gnawing care,"
Terror may dim his galley's pride,
Or mount his horse and with him ride.
If then no pomp can soothe in woe,
The marble hall, the pictur'd shew,
The splendor of a birth-day dress,
Or wine from Champagne's richest press,
Why should I raise the lofty dome,
Or call your ponderous mass my home,
Why should I change my vale and health,
For grandeur and laborious wealth?

BOOK III. ODE XXIX.

To WILLIAM ORD, Esq.

DEAR Ord, I have a pipe of wine
Untouch'd, a room where eight may dine
The rose and every flow'r that blows,
It's fragrance through my window throws,
My bedded turf is ever-green,
In velvet variations seen:
Come, come, forsake without delay,
" Old father Thames," as poets say,
I think of Rotten-Row with fear,
You'll find far better riding here:
Fastidious splendor leave—your eyes
Are tir'd with domes that brave the skies,
Come, cast a momentary frown
On all the noise and smoke of town:
You, that reside in Grosvenor-square,
For change may love a humble fare,
A table unadorn'd with gold,
Shall oft the wrinkl'd brow unfold:
Th' almighty ruler of our days,
The fiery sign in air displays:
Now Procyon rages, and the land,
Long has no breathing zephyr fann'd:
See with what wearied, languid look
The ox stands panting in the brook,

The herdsman lies beside the stream,
Indulging in his noon-day dream:
But you of politics debate,
And deeply ponder on the fate
Of French or Germans, or discuss
The measures of the warlike Russ:
Future events evade our sight,
Wise heav'n hath rapt them deep in night,
Angels may smile upon the cares
Of busy man: his hopes, his fears:
Enjoy the present as it goes:
The rest a copious river flows
Seeking the channel, now in peace,
Now tribute streams it's waves encrease,
And down it rolls with thund'ring force,
Trees, houses, vainly check it's course,
The mountains echo to the sound,
The neighb'ring woods, the rocks rebound:
How self-collected, who can say,
At close of each successive day,
I've liv'd: to-morrow let the skies
Shine cloudless, or let tempests rise,
Not the great pow'r that rules the ball
Can one past action e'er recall,
How vain to undo what is done,
Or check the hour already run!
The human heart is fortune's scope,
Her fav'rite jest, our fondest hope,
Behold the man her honors try,
How soon she hurls the wretch from high!

I praise her stay: then if she wave
Her rainbow wings, whate'er she gave,
Resign: on virtue still rely,
And clasp my spotless poverty:
What tho' resistless o'er the deep
Inevitable whirlwinds sweep,
And India's wealth no art can save
From th' avarice of the swelling wave,
No fears my tranquil breast await,
(A sigh may rise for others' fate)
My boat, depending on it's oar,
Shall brave the storm and ride to shore.

BOOK IV. ODE II.

GRAY, who attempts to emulate,
Resembles that fam'd boy in fate,
Too near the sun who urg'd his flight,
And falling sunk in endless night:
Now as the mountain torrent strong,
Fervid, immense, Gray boils along,
Now soft as music's melting note,
On the sooth'd ear his numbers float:

For ever to his brows belong
The wreaths that crown the chief of song,
All excellent! whether his muse
Her lyric splendors wide diffuse,
Or pensive, low, in elegy,
Instruct the village hind to die:
  Oh bard! that erst by Conway's flood,
Loaded'st the gale with words of blood,
Thyself mid murder'd brethren free,
By death worthy thy harp and thee!
Who, as he reads the historic page,
Who but must curse the barbarous age:
Yet had'st thou struck the chords of Gray,
The fates had still prolong'd thy day,
Stern Edward's-self had shook with dread,
Gloster had dropt his launce and fled:
  And ye immortal! Albion's boast,
Bright glories never to be lost,
Despots of the poetic state,
In epic should the muse relate,
Or nobly scorning rules of measure,
Agonize or soothe at pleasure,
Or holding the dramatic mirror,
Croud forms of mirth, or woe, or terror,
Milton! to whom alone 'twas given,
To approach the throne itself of heaven,
Redeem'd are all thy evil days,
And evil tongues are lost in praise;
And thou belov'd! the dauntless child,
" That stretch'd thy little arms and smil'd"

At nature's voice: and thou whose ear
The thund'ring courser from afar
Thro' ether whirls with reckless might:
Oh welcome to the realms of light
Your son! he caught your genuine flame,
His grateful efforts stamp'd your fame:
Oh! for his ample wing to soar
In azure fields: to creep no more:
Vain wish for me, with only pow'r
Bee-like to fly from flow'r to flow'r,
Feebly the slender deed rehearse,
Or labour out the moral verse:
Or would I sing in deathless lay
O Britain! of thy proudest day,
That Europe's mighty champion gave,
Thy rights from bigot fraud to save:
The lord, that for the world had fought,
From coward hands the sceptre caught,
Dissolv'd grim superstition's tie,
And gain'd a peaceful victory:
And then the soften'd muse should shed
A tear upon the royal head
Of James: whose blood for ages flows
Through kings connected more in woes:
Unhappy race! bruis'd by misfortune's rod,
Unjust to men, but faithful to your god,
Constant to heav'n, your sainted relic here,
No longer antedates his glory there.
Or would I sing how Marlborough fought,
Sublime in action as in thought,
Or Wolfe, above e'en death's control,
Breath'd out in smiles his mighty soul,

Or while the drooping warrior sighs,
As low his fellow-hero lies,
While beauty drops the graceful tear,
On Abercromby's bier,
The fancied bier, for in far distant lands
The victor fell, where Egypt spreads her sands,
The muse to whom her country's woes belong,
Slow, as she mourns, should chaunt the funeral song:
Or gently should she tread
By suff'ring Russel's bed,
Where unappall'd, yet conscious of his doom
The youthful patriot sinks into the tomb:
Not where, resplendent in the field,
Glory forbids the heart to yield,
With front majestic and serene
He leaves this decorated scene;
Now consolation weak! his sacred name,
The muse records it on the rolls of fame,
To teach mankind to live, mankind to die!
The patriot's earthly immortality!
Or by the holier grave
Where the great in council lies,
Who knew the world to save:
They honor'd but his obsequies:
Hence the north and south combine
To form the vast unbroken line:
Hence the self-crown'd monarch's reign,
Hence the tens of thousands slain:
What the result of every bloody day?
Irrevocably fix'd the universal sway:

Ye, who scorn'd the statesman's lore,
Come, catch instruction from his death,
Receive the pledge his parting breath
To the heart's best affections bore:
When, sunk in deep despairing gloom,
His struggling friends betray'd his doom,
One thought the mighty spirit stay'd,
One thought the quiv'ring flame delay'd,
So many disappointments past,
He felt that he was lov'd at last,
No suffering could the generous torrent stem,
Happy he call'd himself: he died in pitying them.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE FRANCIS DUKE OF BEDFORD.

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

WHO can in grief be moderate,
For such a loss? mourn, mourn his fate,
Oh muse! that lov'st the scene of woe,
And let thy saddest numbers flow:
Does then eternal slumber press
On Russel's eyes? the grave possess

That naked truth, that sisters' throne
Where spotless faith and justice shone:
Widely search through human kind,
Where, where shall we his equal find?
All good men wept: yet on his bier,
Oh Fox! was shed no warmer tear
Than your's: oh! impotent to save!
Russel still slumbers in the grave:
Yet if to mortal man 'twere given
To change the dread decrees of heav'n,
Your grief had sure revers'd his doom,
And call'd your patriot from the tomb:
Vain dream! 'tis hard: but who can fly
The ills of poor mortality.

SPECIMENS OF

A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL,

WITH

PREVIOUS REMARKS.

SPECIMENS, &c.

IT has long afforded matter of regret to those who wish the treasures of Roman literature to be opened to their countrymen, that the merits of Virgil should be so little known amongst us. It will not be hazardous to assert, that there is no English translation of the Æneid, which bears the characteristic excellencies of the original. This circumstance is the more to be lamented, because unquestionably of the four great epic poets, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, Virgil is the most conversant with the feelings and passions of men. Not attempting like Homer to draw and sustain extraordinary characters; not describing like Tasso an event so solitary in

the history of mankind as the crusades; not like Milton, expatiating only in the other worlds or in this at its beginning, he avails himself of numerous and constantly recurring opportunities to exhibit that common life, which his circumstances and fortune enabled him to understand so well. Thus in the first book the dialogue between Juno and Æolus displays a sort of worldly humour, which can never be read without fresh pleasure. His heroes also act very much like common men. Their conversation, their thoughts, their manners only differ from the conversation, thoughts, and manners of life, in a superior polish and elevation. The fourth book is, I imagine, the most faithful exhibition of a violent and injured passion to be found in any language. Virgil's leading error seems to be, that he aims not at attaching very distinct characteristics to the persons who figure in his poem, yet whenever he has to allude distantly and generally to the motives of men under particular circumstances, his full and vigorous observations are strongly imbued with a deep knowledge of the world. He merits the same praise when he interests us in the affections and the vir-

tuous sentiments of the heart. Another circumstance calculated to recommend the Æneid is its utility in giving a general view of the Roman history. The conclusions of the sixth and seventh books, the description of the shield of Æneas, the lines relating to Evander, may be particularized in this respect. Add that the glow of patriotism thrown round the Æneid is singularly attractive, and when we recollect the ancient fable which gives us a common origin with the Romans, we may in reading the adventures of Æneas, ourselves partake of the warmth and brilliancy the poet has thrown round them. For these reasons the Æneid has always appeared to me preeminently formed to be the poem of the people in all countries, and particularly in England. Wherever it is unknown, we shall surely find the causes of its obscurity in the ill-success of translators, who have stripped it of its peculiar and irresistible charms, or interposed their own blemishes and errors between Virgil and the public affection. If the extreme modesty of this author was not sufficiently ascertained, we might almost attribute to him the spirit of prophecy, and suppose that he condemned

his work to destruction because he foresaw into what hands it would fall.

A translation of Virgil should be very literal, very musical, and very easy. No epithets should be allowed, which he has not, and still less pardonable is it to omit any, which he has chosen. Perhaps the principal and the only fault in the style of the Æneid is, that its brevity sometimes makes it obscure, and therefore however presumptuous it may be to add, it is still more dangerous to abbreviate. The high finishing of Virgil is in a manner quite his own, and it is absolutely necessary that the translator should dwell long and laboriously, not only upon the meaning, but upon the words and phrases of the original. He must be harmonious, but he must be so in the very words of Virgil. He must be smooth and easy, but let him beware of thinking himself most successful in these excellencies when he toils least. After all his exertions, whatever may be his mastery of a language admitting little or no variation in its moods, tenses, and cases, however long his pauses, however acute his comparisons, and however frequent his revision, if he does not still acknowledge his

great inferiority to his original, he is probably unfit for the task he has undertaken. He will find, I believe, that he has often diffused a meaning, conveyed by Virgil in one or two lines, over a much wider space, at once weakening his strength and diminishing his beauties; that he has used words of which he can scarcely hope Virgil would have availed himself, had the difficulties of the Roman poet been increased by our less perfect language; or that he has frequently incurred the greater censure, and been guilty of the stronger presumption of omitting words and phrases where every word and phrase are real beauties.

To detract from the general merits of Dryden would be as vain as invidious. His Æneid however is his own, not Virgil's. Some perhaps may think him occasionally superior to his original. It will be much safer to say that he is commonly very far inferior. Seldom indeed does he represent the style of Virgil. Perhaps in the whole range of poetic biography, there are no two men so widely dissimilar, whether in disposition or circumstances, as Virgil and Dryden. Virgil was affluent, and wrote at ease and leisure, what he was too

modest to value. His happiest efforts were but the materials for future labour, nor did twelve years tranquillity, with the encouragement of the imperial court and the criticism of such a friend as Horace, enable him at his death to bequeath his Æneid to the world. Dryden on the other hand, too often urged by his necessities, and at all times fired by his genius, allowed little or interval between the pen and the press, but carelessly poured upon the public the torrent of his unpremeditated verse, with the hope of bread and the full confidence of fame. Accordingly we shall find Dryden's translation of the Æneid most successful in the parts least characteristic of Virgil's mind. The last four books are in Dryden, I think, the best, but Virgil had doubtless reserved them in a peculiar manner for his subsequent corrections. In the fury of the battle, in the somewhat extravagant description of Camilla, Dryden is perfectly at home, but the reader must not imagine that the prophetic history of Anchises, in the sixth book, is delivered in the language and spirit of the original. All those beauties, which Virgil only possesses, his brilliant repose, his ornamented

simplicity, his clear and copious brevity, his consummate felicities of expression, those silent, and, if I may be allowed the phrase, domestic graces, which grow and fasten upon the reader as he dwells with them, are totally lost in the rapid, though luminous whirl of his hurrying translator.

After the mention of Dryden, it will not be expected that much notice should be taken of his follower Pitt. Dryden has such an absolute power over his language, that his errors seem owing to carelessness or enthusiasm, but never to inability, while occasionally he is singularly excellent. Pitt on the contrary, when best, is moderate, and his faults prove that he felt not the distinguishing beauties of Virgil's style. I will produce three or four instances of his failure, particularly as they will tend to shew, by being contrasted with the original, how little Virgil endures a rude, heedless, or unfeeling inspection. Dido in her address to Æneas, when she has discovered his intended departure, tortures her mind with the supposition that he leaves her for the sake of a rival. She has determined to die, and she asks him, *for whom* he forsakes her and

consigns her to her grave. This question, which includes the agonizing ideas both of her rival and her suicide, Virgil, in that manner which is peculiar to him, and which cannot be sufficiently praised, puts in four words.

Cui me moribundam deseris?

Now is it tolerable that the translator should here drop the feeling of the rival and produce such a common place line as this?

Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore?

Indeed the whole speech as given by Pitt, is completely foreign to the character of Dido, who, though the victim of Æneas and two celestial powers, is in Virgil, even when she rages most, at all times a gentlewoman and a queen. Another instance of Pitt's total failure or rather misrepresentation, is in the panegyric upon Augustus in the sixth book, where the translator ought to have been extremely careful, because Virgil is so. The latter tells us, that when Augustus appears upon earth, the most distant regions, the Caspian kingdom and the Mæotian land tremble with oracles, and

that the Nile is disturbed through all it's seven mouths. Virgil was able to say this in three lines.

> Hujus in adventum jam nunc et Caspia regna
> Responsis horrent divûm et Mæotia tellus,
> Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.

Pitt has affected to express the same meaning in four, thus:

> He comes, he comes—proclaim'd by every god:
> Nile hears the shout and shakes in every flood:
> Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,
> And distant nations tremble at his arms.

Now, (to say nothing of proud Asia being thus upon the wing) in the original there is no shout, which the river is aukwardly said to hear, nor is Augustus proclaimed by all the gods, but by the oracles of some, nor is it at his arms the east trembles, but at his bare approach or advent. Thus circumstances are introduced, which totally destroy the elegance and force of the whole passage, while whatever is descriptive, and local, and natural, is entirely omitted. I will beg to make one more quotation. Virgil in touching upon the conduct of the Brutus who put his two sons to death, attributes it with the experience of a man of the world, and

the penetration of a philosopher to patriotism, and an immense love of praise, evidently meaning to repress unqualified approbation of so mixed a motive.

> Infelix! utcumque ferent ea facta minores,
> Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque emensa cupido.

How coarsely and unfairly are such lines thus spun out into English!

> Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
> The judge compels the sire to be severe,
> And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move
> To sink the private in the public love.

These few but important passages sufficiently prove the demerits of Mr. Pitt.

For the translation of a work in which scarcely a word is superfluous or ill-chosen; in which the author prefers lines, avowedly unfinished, to verbal tricks and poetic subterfuges; in which the problem was to exhibit the greatest possible quantity of fact, wisdom, and feeling, in the most exact, appropriate, concise, and beautiful language, our blank verse is evidently a more suitable instrument than rhyme. Indeed of rhyme in general it must be said,

that it originated in a barbarous age, and under the sanction of men, who seem to have thought it an embellishing appendage even to the Greek and Roman languages. The monks of the middle ages deserve all our gratitude for having recovered and preserved the precious works of antiquity, but surely as establishers of rules of writing they are not highly to be esteemed. The workmen in a quarry produce the materials, which afterwards adorn the earth in magnificent edifices, or exhibit almost living forms, but their opinion would not be required either by the architect or the statuary. Verses in rhyme, whether French or English, have been written by such great masters of poetry, that we are no longer fair and impartial judges upon it's propriety or necessity, yet, as in itself it adds nothing to harmony, being totally unconnected with quantity or measure, as it frequently must displace the best expressions, as it is little more than a difficulty to overcome, as in the course of a work of length it's jingle always tires, I can scarcely help wishing that in French Racine and Boileau, and in English Dryden and Pope, had been employed to make the

most of their respective languages, free from the fetters it imposes.

On the other hand it is difficult to reflect upon the singular advantages of our blank verse, in admitting like the languages of antiquity many of the graces of harmony, while it imposes very trifling restraints on phraseology, and to remember to what a degree of excellence it has been already carried occasionally by Shakespear and Milton, and in later times with minuter care by Akenside and Cowper, without hoping that we may yet see the beauties of Virgil shine with no very diminished lustre in an English dress. At present however, they remain buried in the coarse and clumsy texture thrown round them by Andrews and Trap.*

* It is allowable to feel some indignation at a translation given by Addison, of the story of Achemenides, in the third book. Perhaps no man was ever better qualified to be the translator of Virgil than Addison. In many respects both as to fortune and character he resembled the Roman poet. He was a great master of the English language and a sufficient scholar, and it is truly provoking to find him announcing his attempt, as "Milton's style imitated in a translation of a story out of the third Æneid." The consequence is, that both Milton and Virgil are misrepresented. At any rate the former we already have in the original, while it is the latter only we want.

In a race where those, who have yet appeared, have either run out of the course or been disgracefully distanced, I had once determined to contend; and though I ever despaired of catching the spirit of Virgil, I was in hopes of following him at a somewhat shorter interval than had been accomplished by the unbridled and ungoverned velocity, or the vulgar heaviness of my competitors. At all events I should have stepped with caution, not so much dazzled with the brightness of the prize at which I aimed, as impressed with the difficulty of attaining it. Whether the few examples I shall now give the reader, will awaken much regret in his mind that I have relinquished my design of translating the whole of the Æneid I scarcely venture to ask, but I must be permitted to feel that even the name of Virgil throws a splendid, evening ray on the close of this miscellaneous volume.

BOOK I.

ARMS and the man I sing, from Troy who came,
Fate's eldest fugitive, to Italy,
And the Lavinian shores: o'er land and sea,
The victim long of heaven's severest scourge,
To satisfy avenging Juno's rage:
Much too in war he bore, till he should form
A state, and fix his gods in Latium:
The Latin race, the Alban fathers hence,
Hence the proud walls that gird Imperial Rome.
Tell me, oh muse, the cause—what wounding insult,
What fatal wrong, the queen of heav'n impell'd,
A man pre-eminent for piety,
In such unnumber'd woes and toils to plunge?
Can anger thus celestial souls inflame?
There was a state, by Tyrian colonists
Establish'd and possest—of ancient fame—
Carthage—far off oppos'd to Italy,
And Tiber's mouth: in wealth magnificent
And sternly busied in pursuits of war:
Juno, 'tis said, beyond all other climes,
Beyond her favorite Samos, lov'd this state:
Here were her arms, her chariot here, and here
For future times—should so the fates permit—

A kingdom, that should widely rule, she forms,
And fondly cherishes: but she had heard
How from the Trojan blood should spring a race,
To o'erthrow in after-times the Tyrian towers:
A people that should reign with regal sway
And all the pride of war, whose mighty arms
Libya should desolate—so fate decreed:
Saturnia, fearing this, remember'd too
The ancient war she first had wag'd at Troy,
For Greece belov'd—nor had her soul resign'd,
Other keen griefs, from various causes sprung:
Deep in her breast th' insulting judgment liv'd,
When Paris spurn'd her form; that hated race;
The honors paid to ravish'd Ganymede:
By all these feelings stung, what still remain'd,
From Grecian force, and stern Achilles' rage,
Sad relics of a mighty name, she drove,
Mid ruthless tempests far from Latian shores:
And thus o'er the wide sea for many years,
Fate's hapless victims, still they wander'd on:
So vast the toil to build the Roman race.

Scarce to their sight was lost Sicilian land,
And urg'd by swelling sails, the brazen keels
Furrow'd the foaming wave, when to herself,
Still deeply brooding o'er th' eternal wound,
Thus Juno spoke: and shall I then desist?
And vanquish'd thus my fondest wish resign?
Shall Italy be sway'd by Trojan kings?
The fates forbid me: yet could Pallas burn
The Grecian fleet and in wild ocean plunge
It's guiltless mariners for one man's crime,

Th' infuriate rage of great Oilæan Ajax:
Hurling herself the rapid fire of Jove,
She tore their ships and high upturn'd the deep:
Him breathing flames from his transfixed breast,
In whirlwind seiz'd she fetter'd to a rock:
But I, who move thro' heav'n, acknowledg'd queen,
Sister and wife of Jove, so many years
Have wag'd with this one race perpetual war:
Who shall adore the pow'r of Juno now?
Who suppliant pile with sacrifice my altars?
  Thus with her heart on fire the goddess rav'd,
Then to the land of storms, to places big
With raging blasts, Æolia, she comes:
There in his mighty cave king Æolus
With chains and dungeons to enforce his sway
The struggling winds and sounding tempests rules.
Around the gates indignantly they roar
With mighty crash: on high sits Æolus:
His sceptre sooths their mind and curbs their wrath.
Or would they sweep, in one wild whirlwind mix'd,
The sea, the land, and vast profound of heav'n:
But th' almighty father, fearing this,
In gloomy caverns buried them, and there
The mighty mass of mountains high uprear'd
And chose a regent, who, at his command,
Knew to restrain—or give the reins a loose.
To him with suppliant voice thus Juno spoke.
  Æolus (to whom the sire of gods and men
The winds that calm or raise the waves has given)

The race I hate sails o'er the Tuscan sea,
Bearing their Troy and Gods to Italy.
Exert your force and whelm their foundering ships
Or widely scatter them in separation.
Twice seven nymphs have I of form excelling,
Of whom, the loveliest, Dëiopea,
I will devote to you, your wife for ever,
For such deserts her life to pass with you,
And make you father of a beauteous race:
Thus Æolus—'tis your's, Oh queen, to know,
If your commands are right—mine to obey:
To you I owe (whate'er it be) my pow'r,
To you my sceptre and the grant of Jove:
By you I banquet at the feasts of Gods:
You make me master of the clouds and storms.
Thus having said, turning his spear, he struck
The mountain's side, and with embodied might,
From the great hollow, thro' the passage given,
The winds rush whirling, and sweep o'er the land:
Together from the lowest vaults rush forth
Eurus and Nrotus and fierce Africus,
Brood on the sea and roll vast waves to shore:
Loud roar the men and all the cables crack:
Sudden the clouds all Trojan eyes deprive
Of sky and day—and night is on the waters:
Thunder the poles: oft æther glows with fire:
Each circumstance a present death portends:
A creeping chill unnerves Æneas' limbs:*
He groans, and with both hands to heav'n uprais'd,

* See note.

Thus he exclaims: Oh thrice, thrice happy ye!
Who in the presence of your fathers died
Beneath Troy's lofty walls! Oh, Diomed!
Thou bravest hero of the Grecian name,
Could'st thou not crush me on the Trojan plain,
And with thy mighty arm release my soul?
Where Hector sunk to glut Achilles' rage,
Where great Sarpedon fell: where Simois rolls
It's interrupted waters rudely on
O'er shields and helms and mighty heroes slain.
l. 1.—101.

BOOK II.

THE ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF THE WOODEN HORSE.

THRO' walls, thro' houses we divide the way:
All urge the work, supply the feet with wheels,
Or bind around their necks the ropy bonds:
Pregnant with arms the dread machine climbs on:
Around, the boy and the unmarried girl
Hymn sacred songs and eager touch the rope:

To the mid city glides the threat'ning form :
Ilion ! my country ! once the abode of Gods !
Ye warrior walls, eternal in renown !
Four times it struck the threshold as it pass'd,
And four times sounded from within the arms :
Still on we press, unmindful, blind with rage,
And in the consecrated citadel
The fatal monster place : of future fate
Cassandra pours the direful oracles,
By heav'n directed ne'er to be believ'd !
We wretched Trojans croud the holy temples,
And our last day are crown'd with festal leaves.
234—249.

THE SHADE OF HECTOR.

IT was the hour, when first, o'er wretched man,
Sleep gently steals with all it's heavenly blessing :
Before me drown'd in sorrow Hector stood,
And from his eyes flow'd tears in torrents down :
Whirl'd by the sweeping chariot, as he was,
And black with gory dust, and still his feet
Swollen with the wounds infix'd by piercing thongs :
Alas ! alas ! how from that Hector chang'd,

Who once return'd clad in Achilles' spoils,
And hurl'd on Grecian ships the Phrygian fire:
Squalid his beard and clotted was his hair:
And many a wound he bore, he had receiv'd
Around his country's walls: Weeping, methought,
Thus I in vision drew my sorrows forth:
Oh light of Troy! Ilion's most trusted hope!
What tedious cause has held you from our wish?
Whence, long-expected Hector, art thou come?
How wearied are we, whom thou thus revisitst!
How many deaths have thinn'd thy hapless friends!
What various toils oppress the lab'ring state!
What hated cause that front serene deforms,
Or why do I behold those bleeding wounds?
He heeds not—nor delays in converse vain,
But groaning deeply from his inmost soul,
Fly, goddess born, he says, escape these flames:
The foe is on the walls—Troy's towers are falling:
Enough is given to Priam and your country;
If any arm could have defended Troy,
It had defended been by this right arm.
To you she now intrusts her sacred gods:
Be they companions of your fate: with them
O'er ocean seek your mighty destin'd walls.

268—295.

THE MEETING OF CORÆBUS AND CASSANDRA.

LO! from Minerva's hallow'd shrine was dragg'd
Cassandra, royal maid, with hair dishevell'd,
Lifting in vain her burning eyes to heaven:
Her eyes! for fetters bound her tender arms!
With madden'd soul Coræbus saw that form,
And plung'd amid'st the foe to avenge and die!
403—408.

BOOK III.

THE MEETING OF ÆNEAS AND ANDROMACHE ON THE SHORES OF EPIRUS.

INCREDIBLE reports now reach our ears,
That Helenus the son of Priam reigns
O'er Grecian towns, and calmly there enjoys
The bed and sceptre of Æacian Pyrrhus:
And that Andromache again has yielded
To the addresses of her country's suitor.

Astonish'd am I—and my bosom burns
To see the man and learn these strange events:
Leaving the fleet, I from the port advance:
It happen'd then, that customary feasts
And melancholy gifts, Andromache,
Fast by fictitious Simoeis, a stream,
Wat'ring a grove, that grew before the city,
Was off'ring to the dead in sacrifice,
And Hector's shade invoking at his tomb:
That empty tomb, but of green turf compos'd,
Where she devotes two altars to her tears:
When my approach she saw, and all around
Wildly beheld the Trojan arms—affrighted,
At the dread wonder stiff'ning as she gaz'd,
The heat of life forsook her—and she falls:
Scarcely—at length—after much time—she speaks:
And is the vision true? the message real?
Liv'st thou, oh goddess-born? yet if the light,
The blessed light is gone—oh where is Hector?
Her words were follow'd by a shower of tears,
And all the place re-echoes with her cries.
Scarcely a word I answer to her frenzy,
And hesitate—perturb'd—with broken speech:
I live indeed: and through the last of ills
Draw out my life—doubt not—the vision's true.
What woes are thine? so great a husband lost!
Or hast thou found a fate not quite unworthy?
Hector's Andromache, dost thou preserve
A wife's obedience to Æacian Pyrrhus?
With downcast head and smother'd voice she
spoke:

Oh royal virgin ! happy above all !
Under Troy's lofty walls, at hostile tomb
To perish doom'd, who thus all chance escap'd,
Nor press'd in slavery a victor's bed !
We from our country's flames, thro' various seas
Were borne to suffer Achillean pride,
And give an offspring to a haughty youth:
Who lastly Spartan Hymenæals choosing
Hermione Ledæan, me his servant,
To Helenus, his servant too, transferr'd:
But him Orestes, of his wife depriv'd,
With boundless love inflam'd, and for dread crimes,
By furies madden'd, him incautious waits,
And at the altar of his father slays.
The death of Neoptolemus confirms
To Helenus the kingdom's part bestow'd:
Who with a name from Trojan Chaon taken,
Has fix'd Chaonia on all the land,
And on these hills erected Ilian towers:
But you ! what winds, what fates, your course direct ?
What god impels your accidental coming ?
The boy Ascanius too ! breathes he the air ?
And does the boy regret his parent lost ?
To ancient manly virtue is he rous'd,
Hector, his uncle, and Æneas father ?

294—343.

BOOK IV.

BUT deep and long, with care oppress'd, the queen,
Mingles with ev'ry vein the cherish'd wound,
And fast the secret flame steals o'er her soul:
Full oft the hero's worth, his nation's glory
Her mind revolves—fix'd to her heart adhere
His looks, his words; nor to her fev'rish frame
Her restless thoughts one tranquil moment give:
Scarce had the morrow rais'd the lamp of day,
And humid shades before Aurora vanish'd,
When ill at ease her sister she addresses,
Who had one soul with her: Anna, my sister,
What wakeful thoughts affright my anxious soul!
Who is this stranger on our shores arriv'd?
What is his language! what his soul! his courage!
Safely I may believe his heavenly race,
For base degenerate minds are mark'd by fear:
Alas what adverse fates have follow'd him!
What wars he sung! unfinish'd, till exhausted!
Oh! were it not the purpose of my soul,
Fix'd and immovable, to live no more,
Beneath the influence of marriage bonds,
Since death deceiv'd my hopes of early love,
If still the torch could light my wearied bed,
Haply to this one fault I could have yielded!

For, Anna, I confess, since the sad death
Of poor Sychæus, when the household gods
Were stain'd with brother's murder, he alone
Has chang'd my thoughts, or struck my tott'ring mind:
I own the vestige of a former flame:
But may the gaping earth it's centre ope,
May the almighty hurl his flaming bolt,
And fix me deep in Erebus and night,
Whene'er I break thy laws, oh! modesty,
Whene'er I violate thy holy name.
He, my first husband, bore away my love,
He shall retain it with him in the grave:
Now stifl'd tears in torrents fill'd her breast.
Anna replies: Sister, more lov'd than light,
Shall lone perpetual sorrows waste your youth?
Scorn you the beauteous babe and love's rewards?
Think you you please the ashes of the dead?
Or be it so—oppress'd, you nobly conquer'd
In Libya now, as formerly in Tyre:
Iarbas you despis'd, and other leaders,
Children of proud triumphant Africa:
And will you also spurn your bosom's choice?
Can you forget what land you fix for empire?
Here the Getulian towns, in war unconquer'd,
And fierce unyok'd Numidians gird you round,
And desert Syrtis: there the thirsty region
Ever unquench'd and Barce raging wide:
Why should I mention, wars may spring from Tyre,
To glut the threats of a vindictive brother?

I verily believe that favoring Juno
And the auspicious gods have rul'd the wind,
To give the Trojan ships the course they took:
What splendor, sister, will your city own!
How such a marriage will your kingdom raise!
When Trojan arms shall wait upon your nod,
What limits shall the Punic glory know?
Be it your care alone to pray the gods,
And, sacrificing, hospitality
Freely indulge: reasons of stay contrive:
While the sea rages with the wat'ry star,
The ships are founder'd and the tempest threatens.
Such were the words that fann'd the kindl'd flame,
Exchang'd her doubt for hope and sav'd the blush.
First at the holy shrine they pray for peace:
With usual rites, the chosen sheep they offer
To Ceres founder of the law, to Phœbus,
To father Bacchus, but to Juno chief,
Preferr'd to all, for marriage bonds are her's:
Holding the vase herself, all beauteous Dido
Pours the libation on the snowy victim,
Before high heaven to it's altars walks,
And consecrates the hour and anxious searches
The breathing entrails of the open'd victim:
Oh prophecies, as ignorant as vain!
Can vows, can temples soothe the raging breast?
Th' insinuating flame eats all within,
The silent wound lives buried in the heart;

Unhappy Dido burns and wanders on
Raging through all the city: just as a stag,
At distance, careless, 'mid the Cretan groves,
A shepherd pierc'd, unconscious of all aim,
And leaves the flying weapon in the wound;
Thro' the Dictæan thickets on its roams
And to it's side adheres the deadly reed.
Now mid the walls she takes Æneas with her,
Sidonian wealth in all it's pomp displays,
And shews the city she prepares to build:
When she would speak, her tongue denies it's office:
Now, as the day declines, she seeks the banquet,
And madly there entreats to hear again
The lengthen'd story of the Trojan woes,
And hangs again on the narrator's tongue.
At length departing, when the moon obscure
Yields up her light to the alternate day,
And setting stars persuade the tardy sleep,
Alone she grieves thro' all the vacant palace,
Or sorrowing broods o'er her forsaken bed:
Absent, him absent still she hears and sees:
Or young Ascanius in her bosom fosters,
That o'er the image of his father hanging,
Thus, thus she might deceive—her cruel passion:
No longer rise the city towers begun,
No more the warrior youth appear in arms,
No more prepare the fortress or the port:
All hangs suspended—every work forgot,
The vast machine—the walls that threaten'd heav'n!

The wife of Jove perceiv'd the dreadful pest,
The mighty rage that bore away her fame,
And Venus thus Saturnia addresses:
Noble indeed the praise and vast the spoils,
You and your boy have won: by deep deceit,
Two deities one woman to subdue,
Displays a great and memorable power:
Yet not your wiles conceal from me your fears,
Your dark suspicions of the walls of Carthage:

1—97.

DIALOGUE BETWEN ÆNEAS AND DIDO, WHEN SHE DISCOVERS THE INTENDED DEPARTURE.

PERFIDIOUS man! what, hop'st thou to dissemble
A crime so great, and leave my land in silence?
Shall nor my love, nor faith by you once plighted,
Nor Dido's instant, cruel death detain you?
And would you trust your fleet to wintry stars,
And brave the boistrous north to leave these arms?
What! tho' the land you seek were known and lov'd,

AndTroy in all it's ancient pomp remain'd,
Not Troy itself would now invite your sails:
Or is it me you fly? oh! by these tears,
And by the sacred pledge of your right hand,
(For I have robb'd myself of all besides)
By holy marriage rites, scarce solemniz'd,
If e'er a smile of pleasure I inspir'd,
Pity, I supplicate, my falling house,
If yet my prayers may reach you, change this scheme.
For you the Libyans and their monarchs hate me,
The Tyrians are my foes: it is for you
My honor sinks extinguish'd, and the fame
By which alone before I soar'd to heav'n:
For whom deserted, am I left to die,
Oh guest? of husband that sole name remains:
Why, why should I delay? what! till these walls
Shall sink beneath a cruel brother's power,
Or the Gætulian king shall lead me captive!
Oh! if at least some pledge of love remain'd,
If in my palace, with his infant sports,
A young Æneas had resembl'd you,
I should not then appear so very hopeless!
She spoke: on Jove's commands his eyes unmov'd
He fix'd, and struggling, deep his cares repress'd:
At length thus brief replies: never, oh queen!
Will I deny this long enumeration
Of favors great conferr'd: nor but with pleasure
Shall I remember lost Eliza's name,
Till self-forgotten is, till life expires:

Few words suit best my theme: I never hop'd:
Suppose it not, to steal myself away,
Nor has the torch confirm'd a marriage treaty:
Did the fates suffer me to pass my life
By my own wishes, and thus soothe my cares,
My object first would be the Trojan city,
And my lov'd friends remaining: then should stand
The lofty walls of Priam—Troy again,
Recover'd by the vanquish'd, I would build:
But to great Italy, Grynean Phœbus,
To Italy the Lycian fates direct:
There my affections point—there is my country:
If you, of race Phœnician, are detain'd
By towers of Carthage and a Libyan city,
Why, I would ask, object that we of Troy
Should be establish'd on Ausonian land?
We too may surely seek a foreign kingdom:
Me, when with humid shades night covers earth,
When rise the fiery stars, Anchises, father,
Perturb'd, terrific, in my sleep has warn'd:
Me too Ascanius, that lov'd, injur'd boy,
Whom I defraud of destin'd Italy:
E'en now Heav'n's messenger, from Jove himself,
(By both of us I swear) commands brought down:
In light most manifest I saw the god
Enter the walls—these ears drank in his words:
Let not complaints enflame yourself and me;
Not for my pleasure Italy I seek:
Thus as he spoke, her long averted eye
She fix'd upon him, and perus'd him all

With silent eloquence, then burning said:
Not goddess-born art thou: nor Dardanus
Thy race began: but mid the flinty rocks,
The rugged Caucasus, thy father was,
And wild Hyrcanian tigers gave thee milk:
For why dissemble? are there greater insults?
Laments he as I weep? looks he upon me?
Do tears betray him? has he mourn'd his love?
What choice of ills have I? these are extreme!
Now! highest Juno and Saturnian Jove
Behold not scenes like these with patient eye:
No where is faith secure: a shipwreck'd outcast,
I madly plac'd the beggar on my throne:
Your fleet, companions, I brought back from death:
Ah! I am hurried on by burning furies:
Prophetic Phœbus and the Lycian fates,
And the swift messenger from Jove himself
Proclaim the horrid tidings thro' the air:
Is this the labor of the gods above?
Do cares like these disturb the peace of heav'n?
I keep you not nor would refute your words:
Go brave the winds in search of Italy,
And seek a kingdom thro' the raging waves:
But if the righteous powers prevail, I trust,
Mid rocks all punishment you shall exhaust,
And often call upon the name of Dido:
Absent I follow with the fires of darkness:
And when cold death shall separate the soul,
My shade shall still pursue you thro' the world:
Perfidious wretch, vengeance awaits thy crimes:

And deep below the proud report shall reach me:
Midway she thus breaks off, and flies in pain,
The light, and from his presence tears away.
Much he delays thro' fear, and much would speak:
Servants receive their mistress, lifeless, fallen,
And in her marble chamber give her rest.

305—392.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

AND now Tithonus' rosy bed forsaking,
First with new light Aurora sprinkl'd earth,
When from her towers the queen perceiv'd the dawn,
And equal progress of the numerous sails,
And shores on which was left no mariner:
Oft with her hands she struck her beauteous breast,
And tore her yellow hair: Almighty Jove,
He's gone, she cries: the stranger scorns my pow'r.
Shall not the city pour out all my troops,
While others launch my vessels from the strand:

Go, scatter fire! sail on! strike hard the oar:
What have I said? What madness now to change!
Unhappy Dido, thy remorse so late!
It had become thee when thou gav'st a sceptre:
This is *his* plighted faith, and this *his* honor,
Who bears, they say, with him his country's gods,
Who sav'd his age-worn parent on his shoulders!
Oh! might I not have torn him limb from limb,
And on the waters scatter'd wide his body?
His friends, Ascanius might I not have slaughter'd,
And plac'd the banquet on paternal tables?
Haply the chance of war were doubtful—true:
Whom could she fear who has resolv'd to die?
Into his camp I would have borne the torch,
And fill'd the ships with fire, and son, and father,
With all the race destroy'd: then died myself:
Thou sun whose flaming light all things surveys,
And thou, that know'st these griefs, all conscious Juno!
And Hecate, that scar'st with nightly howls
The haunts of men! and ye avenging furies!
And ye the gods! that watch Eliza's death,
Employ your might for vengeance merited,
And hear my prayers! If that atrocious wretch
Must touch the port and reach the wish'd-for hav'n,
If so the fates demand, let this be all:
But may a valiant race in war torment him;
From the embraces of Iulus torn,
Driven from his camp, may he implore for aid,

And mark his friends unfortunately perish!
Nor let the terms of an unhallow'd peace
Give him a kingdom and complete his hopes!
But may he fall before his day, and lie
Unwept, unburied, mid the desert sand!
For this I pray! these words with life I pour:
Then you, ye Tyrians! all his future race
Pursue with deadly hate! and to my shade
Offer in sacrifice this detestation!
Be intercourse, be treaties never known!
Oh! of my race may some avenger follow
These Trojan colonists with fire and sword!
Hereafter, now, may force be only law!
Shore against shore, waves against waves contending,
Arms against arms, I pray—be war eternal!
She speaks, and meditates in various ways
How she may soonest break from hated life:
Then Barce thus, Sichæus' nurse, accosts:
Her own was buried in her ancient land:
My sister Anna, gentle nurse, send to me!
Tell her to hasten, and the living stream
To sprinkle o'er me—chosen sacrifice
And victims bear she on: thus let her come,
While you your temples bind with holy fillet!
Sacred to Stygian Jove are these great rites,
That now I shall perform to end my woes,
Consigning to the pile the Trojan form:
She speaks: with doating speed the nurse obeys.
Then Dido, trembling, madden'd with the thought

Of that dread act intended, rolling round
Her blood-stain'd eye; with quiv'ring cheek that shew'd
The burning flush—yet pale with future death—
Bursts o'er the inner threshold of her palace,
And wildly raging climbs the lofty pile,
And the Dardanian sword draws from it's sheath,
A gift, requested, not for such an use!
But here when she beheld the Trojan robes,
And well known couch—in tears a moment pausing,
Low, prostrate on the bed, she spoke her last:
Lov'd spoils! how lov'd! while God and fate permitted,
Receive this soul—absolve me from these woes:
My life has run the course decreed by fortune,
And to the earth my mighty shade shall go:
A noble town I built: these are my walls:
And when I suffered from a brother's hate,
'Twas that I strove a husband to avenge:
Happy, too happy! had but my shore
Been never touch'd by the Dardanian ships!
She spoke: then falling on the couch exclaim'd:
Die shall I unaveng'd—yet let me die:
Thus, thus, exulting, to the shades I pass:
Oh may the stern Dardanian from the waves
With aching eye-balls deeply drink this flame,
And the dread omens of my death pursue him!
She spoke—nor had she ended, when she fell
In sight of her attendants on the sword,
That foam'd with blood and crimson dy'd her hands.

NOTE.

Page 544. The original here has not escaped the censure of Mr. Gibbon. The courage of Æneas, he says, suffers from an unguarded expression of the poet.

> " Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra.
> Ingemit."

It seems to have appeared to the great writers of antiquity perfectly consistent with the character of their heroes to fear in the midst of dangers, the causes of which they could not perceive, and which therefore no mortal efforts could resist. Achilles, we are told by Homer, trembles when he is surrounded by the hostile waters of the Simois and Scamander. But is it certain that Virgil meant to attribute the same feeling to Æneas? Was it the chill of fear that unnerved his limbs, or that chill which generally foreruns a sublime sensation, such as would give birth to the exclamation that follows? Dryden translates in the former sense—

> " Struck with unusual *fright*, the Trojan chief,
> With lifted hands and eyes invokes relief."

Yet the same poet in his Palamon and Arcite shews how well he was aware that there might exist a chillness independent of fear.

> " So stands the Thracian herdsman, with his spear,
> Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
> And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
> His course, at distance, by the bending trees;
> And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
> And either he must fall in fight or I:
> This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart:
> *A generous chillness* seizes every part;
> The veins pour back the blood and fortify the heart."

Dryden here describes the sensation we call horror, which all will acknowledge to be perfectly distinct from fear. To shew that this sensation is accompanied with chillness, I will quote a passage from Mr. Bell's essays on " The anatomy of expression in painting." " We speak commonly," he observes,

" of horror running through the veins and of horror congealing the blood. The sensation is in the nerves, but as the state of the veins is the visible accompaniment of horror pervading the limbs, it sanctions and accounts for the phrase. The circulation is affected through the medium of the nerves. Those depressing passions which induce a debility of the limbs are attended with paleness of the surface. The blood forsakes the minute vessels, and is accumulated at the centre, and this is naturally accompanied with palpitation and irregular motion of the heart; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that the effect of passion is to disorder the motion of the heart; and the consequence is, that the blood is no longer carried with its usual velocity to the surface. The surface is cold and shrinks, and a shudder is felt upon it, like a breeze of air."

After all, as the conduct of Æneas before us is evidently an imitation of that of Achilles in circumstances not very dissimilar, who is positively declared to tremble, though Virgil, I apprehend, may be interpreted in such a sense as to remove Gibbon's censure, he probably did mean to represent his hero as *fearing*, nor, I believe, in the situation described is such a sensation at all inconsistent with heroism, if it may not be said to belong to it. When a man, who has generally found all things yield to his prowess, whom difficulties have inflamed, not impeded, finds himself so circumstanced, that his exertions are palsied by some hidden powers, that, while he is entirely oppressed, he sees not where to direct his efforts for his salvation, that, while he sinks, he sinks inglorious and impotent, when such a man is so situated, it seems not unnatural for him to tremble, though as much from perplexity and vexation as from alarm. And when we remember that the two illustrious poets here mentioned have been followed in this respect by Ariosto, who makes Rogero grow pale with fear, when mounted on the Griffin, by Tasso, whose best heroes return in dismay from the enchanted forest, and by Shakespear, whose Macbeth trembles at one *not of woman born*, we may safely resist the opinions of a host of commentators, on a point connected with the description of lofty characters, though the critical band should be headed by Mr. Gibbon.

BOOK VI.

THE BLEST IN ELYSIUM.

WHEN this was done, the law divine perform'd,
To blest abodes they came and pleasing shades
Of ever happy groves, and seats of bliss:
Ether more widely spread here clothes the plains
With purple light; a sun and stars their own:
Some on the grassy area try their limbs,
Or sport and wrestle on the yellow sand:
Some ply the footed dance and pour the song:
Here too the Thracian priest, in lengthen'd stole,
Thro' seven numbers utters notes distinct,
With finger beating or with iv'ry quill:
The race of Teucer here, ancient as lovely,
Heroes high-soul'd, that liv'd in better times,
Ilus, Assaracus, and founder Dardan:
In distant view he gazes, and admires
The arms and empty chariots of the men:
The spears stand fix'd in earth, and wide dispers'd,
Unbridl'd horses graze along the plain:
Whatever pleasures had been found on earth,
In arms and chariots, or what cares to breed
The shining steed, the same attend the dead:
On right and left, lo! others on the grass

Careless, and singing, glad the choral pæan,
Mid laurel fragrant groves, whence thro' the wood,
Eridanus descends in copious stream:
Here bands that bled in fighting for their country,
And priests whose chastity till death remain'd,
And holy seers with language worthy Phœbus,
Or they who life adorn'd by arts invented,
Or they whose merits caught the minds of others:
All these are crown'd with fillets white as snow:
Them scatter'd round the Sybil thus address'd,
Musæus chief, for mid a num'rous croud,
His shoulders seen above, he draws their homage:
Say, happy shades, and thou, noblest of bards,
What region, what abode Anchises holds:
For him we cross the mighty waves of darkness:
An answer brief the hero thus return'd:
No fix'd abode have we: in shady groves,
On bedded banks, and river-water'd meadows,
Our dwellings are: but you, if so you wish,
Ascend this hill: I'll point an easy path:
He spoke and led the way: and shining plains
Shews from above: they then forsake the summits.
It happen'd, then Anchises was employ'd
With fond delight and study in surveying
Shades quite secluded in a verdant vale,
That were to issue to the light above:
And he review'd the numbers of his race,
The whole at once: his lov'd posterity,
Their fates, their fortunes, manners, and their power:

He, when Æneas coming thro' the grass
He saw, eagerly stretch'd out both his hands:
And tears wat'ring his cheeks, these words escap'd him:
Welcome at length, oh thou, whose tried affection
Has vanquish'd ways of peril: given is it
To see your face, my son: to hear and answer
In well remember'd converse: thus I thought
Thus measuring time concluded it would be,
Nor has the event deceiv'd my anxious hope:
I hear how vast and wide the land and seas,
How great the dangers you have pass'd, my son!
What was my terror at the Lybian mischief!
Thus he replies: 'twas your sad spirit, father,
Meeting me oft, impell'd to this attempt:
Our vessels ride upon the Tuscan wave:
Give me, my father, give me your right hand,
Nor now withhold yourself from my embrace:
Thus as he spoke, torrents roll'd down his cheeks:
Thrice he attempts to hang upon his neck,
And thrice the spirit grasp'd in vain, escapes,
Thin as the winds and like a passing dream.
Mean time in vale retir'd Æneas sees
A grove secluded, sounding to the breeze,
And Lethe's stream that flows by seats of peace:
Around it flitted nations without number:
Just as in meadows, under summer sun,
When bees fly scatter'd mid the various flowers,
And on the spotless lily eddy round,
O'er all the plain the busy murmur glows:
Æneas trembles at the sudden sight,

And information on the cause requests;
What are those rivers too he would demand,
And who the men whose crouds so fill the banks:
Then sire Anchises: souls the fates intend
For other bodies, at the stream of Lethe,
Drink deep the long secure forgetfulness:
These to describe and point them out before you,
To number all your race I long have wish'd,
And raise your joy on finding Italy:
Oh father! is it to be credited,
That souls sublime should hence ascend to day,
Again returning to the sluggish body?
What wretched victims of a direful passion!
Then hear—and be your doubts remov'd, my son!
Anchises now takes up the wond'rous tale,
And in long order opes each circumstance.
The sky and earth, and the wide liquid plain,
And lucid lunar globe, and star of day,
An inward soul from the beginning feeds:
And thro' the universal frame infus'd,
Mind quickens all and mingles with the mass:
Hence spring the human and four-footed race,
And all the creatures that exist in air,
And the fierce monsters of the marble deep:
In the originating seeds resides
A fiery vigour and celestial birth,
As far as noxious body cannot check,
And earthly limbs or mortal fibres chill:
Hence are our fears and wishes, pains and joys,
And hence the soul in gloomy dungeon pent,
Has longings for a region more serene:

Hence too when breath with the last light recedes,
The wretched victims are not quite set free,
Nor passes off all the corporeal pest:
Thus the inveterate, long collected ills
By modes miraculous must be consum'd:
For this in torments are they exercis'd,
And pay the forfeit of their ancient crimes:
Some hang suspended mid the empty winds,
Under the vasty whirlpool others cleanse
Th' infecting guilt, others by burning fire:
Each ghost below the consequence endures
Of ev'ry act in mortal shape perform'd:
Then thro' the wide Elysium are we sent,
And a small number reach the seats of bliss:
Till the long day, the orb of time fulfill'd,
Removes the concrete stain, and purifies
Th' æthereal sense, and simple airy flame:
All these, a thousand rolling years complete
God calls in crouds to the Lethæan stream:
That all-forgetful they may see again
The convex æther, and begin once more
To wish to reassume corporeal forms:
Thus spoke Anchises: and leads on his son
And Sybil with him, mid the sounding croud:
And takes an eminence, whence he peruses
In long array all opposite that pass,
And marks each countenance of those approaching.

Now hear: what future glories shall attend
The Trojan race, and what posterity
Of the Italian nation shall remain,

Illustrious shades, that shall assume our name,
I will record and teach you all your fate.
The youth that leans upon the shining spear
Has his allotted station next the light:
He first to air æthereal shall ascend,
His blood with that of Italy commingl'd,
Silvius, an Alban name, your last offspring:
Him shall your wife Lavinia to your age
In woods produce: a king, of kings the father:
Hence shall our race in Alba fix their sway:
Him follows Procas, ornament of Troy:
Capys and Numitor, and he nam'd from you,
Silvius Æneas, or in arms, or virtue,
Excelling, should he ever reign in Alba:
Observe those youths and what the strength they shew:
But they, whose brows the civic oak surrounds,
Shall build Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ:
Or on the mountains raise Collatian towers,
Pometii, Cora, and the camp of Invus:
Those names shall be on lands at present nameless:
The martial Romulus shall take his place
Companion of his grandsire: him a mother
Descendant of Assaracus shall bear:
See you the double crest that crowns his head,
And how heav'n's father marks him for his own:
Lo: by his auspices shall glorious Rome
It's empire make co-equal with the earth,
And raise the souls of men Olympus high:
And seven citadels with walls surround
In her great offspring blest: as Cybele,

With turrets crown'd, is borne thro' Phrygian towns,
In her maternal dignity rejoicing,
The mighty mother of a hundred gods,
Celestial all, all tenants of the sky:
Now hither turn your eyes: behold this race,
And your own Romans: conqu'ring Cæsar there,
And all Iulus' progeny, decreed
Under the rolling orb of heav'n to dwell:
This, this is he, you hear so often promis'd,
Augustus Cæsar, of the race of Gods!
He shall restore the golden age to Latium,
Thro' the same fields, where Saturn once bore sway:
He beyond Garamas and Ind shall stretch
The imperial bound: beyond the stars it lies,
Beyond the solar road, that tracks the year,
Where heav'n-sustaining Atlas, with his shoulders
Rolls the great axis fill'd with burning stars:
At his approach now, now, the Caspian reign,
And land Mæotian, quake with oracles,
And seven form'd Nile flies turbid to the sea:
Not e'en Alcides travers'd such a space,
Tho' he could tire the brazen-footed stag,
And tranquillize the groves of Erymanth,
Or with his bow make coward Lerna tremble:
Nor he, the victor, who with tendril reins,
Subdues and easy winds his car, Bacchus,
Driving his tigers from the tops of Nysa:
And doubt we yet to spread the deed of glory?
Shall fears expel us from Ausonian land?

But who is he, that distant form distinguish'd
By th' olive branch and sacred signs he bears?
I know his rev'rend head and hoary beard,
The Roman king, first founder of our laws:
His senate little and his country poor,
Destin'd for mighty rule: Him shall succeed
Tullus, who breaks his country's peace and arms,
Pacific men, and troops unus'd to triumphs:
Him follows near the louder-boasting Ancus,
E'en now too happy in the people's smile:
There too the Tarquins and the lofty soul
Of vengeful Brutus, and the fasces given:
He first the consul's empire shall receive,
And bear the axe severe: and tho' a father,
His sons renewing an extinguish'd war.
To death shall summon for fair liberty!
Unfortunate! Howe'er in after times
Those acts are told, our country's love shall reign,
And an immeasurable thirst of praise:
See too the Decii and far off the Drusi,
And the unbending father, stern Torquatus,
Camillus too, bringing the standards home:
But those you see, glitt'ring in equal arms,
Souls now in concord, while oppress'd by night,
Alas! how vast a war shall rage between them,
Should they attain the threshold of the day!
What armies and what carnage will they rouse!
From Alpine ramparts and Monæcus' towers
The one descending on his daughter's husband,
That husband furnish'd with the adverse east:
Stay, stay, my sons! relinquish such a war!

Nor on your bleeding country turn your strength:
And thou! the first, spare thou! from gods deriv'd,
Thou, my descendant! cast away thy spear!
From humbl'd Corinth to the Capitol,
Triumphant he, the victor, drives his car,
Illustrious from the slaughter of the Greeks!
Him too behold who Argos shall o'erthrow,
And Agamemnon's city, proud Mycenæ,
And the Æacian himself, who boasts
Amongst his race, Achilles, lord of war!
His ancestors of Troy he shall avenge
And the polluted temples of Minerva:
But who, great Cato, shall pass thee in silence,
And Cossus thee? or who the race of Gracchus?
Or the two Scipios, thunderbolts of war,
The scourge of Libya? Fabricius too,
His power extended far beyond his means;
And thee, Serranus, following the plough;
Give me my needful rest, ye Fabii!
Thou shalt be call'd the greatest, thou alone,
Whose long delays restore the sinking state:
In softer forms, I can, indeed, believe it,
Others shall labour out the breathing brass,
Or from the marble living looks educe,
They shall plead causes better, and the skies
Thro' ev'ry motion, with the radius trace,
And fix a name upon each star that rises;
Roman! do thou to rule the world remember!
Be these thy arts, in peace to settle manners,
To spare the fallen and subdue the proud.
Thus sire Anchises to their wond'ring minds,

Nor pauses yet the sage: see how Marcellus
Illustrious with the spoils of hostile chiefs
Proceeds, and towers pre-eminent o'er all:
He when a vast confounding tumult rages,
Shall stay the downfal of the Roman state,
And strew the Punic horse and Gallic rebel:
And thrice to father Romulus suspend
Arms torn in battle from his country's foes:
And here Æneas: for with him he saw
A youth all beautiful and bright in arms,
But sad his brow, and countenance dejected!
Who, sire, is he, attendant on the hero?
His son? or some one of his mighty race?
What loud applause by his companions giv'n!
How like his great original he is!
But the sad shades of night fly round his head!
With stifl'd tears Anchises answers thus:
My son! search not the sorrows of your race:
Him shall the fates just shew upon the earth,
And grant no more: to you, ye powers above;
The Roman state too mighty had appear'd,
Were gifts like these confirm'd and fix'd their own!
How deep the groans, the martial field shall pour
Thro' the vast city! and what deaths, oh Tiber!
Mark'd by the long procession shalt thou see,
As glide thy waters by the recent tomb!
No youthful hero of the race of Ilion
Shall raise to such high hopes his latin fathers!
Nor shall the land once sway'd by Romulus
So greatly boast of any of her sons:
Alas! for piety, for ancient faith,

And a right arm invincible in war!
No man unpunish'd shall meet him in arms,
Whether on foot he challenges the foe,
Or pierces with his spur the foaming steed:
Oh youth, for ever mourn'd! canst thou reverse
Stern fate's injunction, thou shalt be Marcellus:
From hands o'erflowing, shower down the lilies,
The purple flower I will scatter thick,
And on the spirit of my lov'd descendant
These gifts at least I will accumulate,
Discharging thus a vain and fruitless office.

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END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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